October 17, 1936

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Collier's

THE NATIONAL WEEKLY

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Mr. Lemke Stops to Think By Walter

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There are two thoughts behind this picture

THE first thought behind this picture is this: Tonight, turn your after-dinner coffee into delicious Coffee Royal by serving Four Roses whiskey with it. (Just pour the whiskey in the coffee—stir—and sip!)

The second thought is this: that whiskey, like coffee, must be *blended* to be at its best.

For various whiskies, like various coffees, have their own outstanding virtues. And the way to get *all* these virtues is to blend several fine whiskies together in exactly the right quantities—to mingle and merge them in such a way that you get a liquor more magnificent than any one of the separate whiskies could be alone.

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FOUR ROSES

A blend of straight whiskies—94 proof

WE BELIEVE IT IS AMERICA'S FINEST WHISKEY, REGARDLESS OF AGE OR PRICE

Often a bridesmaid but never a bride

EDNA'S case was really a pathetic one. Like every woman, her primary ambition was to marry. Most of the girls of her set were married—or about to be. Yet not one possessed more grace or charm or loveliness than she.

And as her birthdays crept gradually toward that tragic thirty-mark, marriage seemed farther from her life than ever.

She was often a bridesmaid but never a bride.

* * *

That's the insidious thing about halitosis (unpleasant breath). You, yourself, rarely know when you have it. And even your closest friends won't tell you.

Sometimes, of course, halitosis comes from some deep-seated organic disorder that requires professional advice. But usually—and fortunately—halitosis is only a local condition that yields to the regular use of Listerine as a mouth wash and gargle. It is an interesting thing that this well-known antiseptic that has been in use for years for surgical dressings, possesses these unusual properties as a breath deodorant.

It halts food fermentation in the mouth and leaves the breath sweet, fresh and clean. *Not* by substituting some other odor but by really removing the old one. The Listerine odor itself quickly disappears. So the systematic use of Listerine puts you on the safe and polite side.

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Collier's
THE NATIONAL WEEKLY

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Associate Editors

Next Week

JOHN BARRETT was getting ready to leave Tunganan—just ahead of a typhoon. All along the beach the fronds of the palms hung motionless and sad, unstirred by the faintest breath from the sea; but off in the direction of Borneo a lightless, purple cloud was rising, shutting out the sky. In the harbor the yacht Seasweep, with John's fiancée aboard, waited uneasily.

And then a girl appeared, a very beautiful girl. There was no conceivable way for her to have got there—and she was not giving any explanation. Out of this situation grows Alan LeMay's absorbing mystery-romance of the Philippines, "Dark Tropic Sea."

FOR years people have been telling us "What This Country Needs." Some of the gags were pretty good. John T. Flynn in a spirit of earnestness set out to find out just what our needs are. The list, at first glance, is staggering—trains, roads, houses, machinery, power. At second glance it turns out to be very good news. For when we need things badly enough we proceed to supply ourselves and in doing that we confer benefits on all concerned. Our immense needs are the basis for a new and unlimited prosperity.

"THE Youngest Delegate" was a girl—twenty-six years old and rich. At the convention two men proposed to her: Senator Storrs and a newspaperman. Both proposals were contingent on the outcome of the convention, and Ruth didn't like contingent proposals. She was too good a politician to leave things to chance. Her story is told by Elmer Davis.

IN 1917 the Bolsheviks, busily creating a new earth, decided to abolish the Family. More recently they have had to change their minds. In the process they acquired a lot of experience. Walter Duranty, watching at first hand their experiment with human relations, reports it in "Up Pops the Family."

THERE was a touch of crudity about Jules Farmier's sense of humor. His idea of a joke was to pour water on a bound and helpless man in a temperature of twenty-two below. When Pete Shields, the deputy marshal, went after him he had to take a girl along—against his will. But it turned out to be a good idea. "Trailing Trouble" is by Will F. Jenkins.

CONTRIBUTIONS by Corey Ford, Jim Marshall, John S. Kelly, Richard Powell, John Paine, E. Phillips Oppenheim, J. D. Ratcliff, Freling Foster and others complete the bill. We can hardly wait.

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October 17, 1936

Cover by Arthur Crouch

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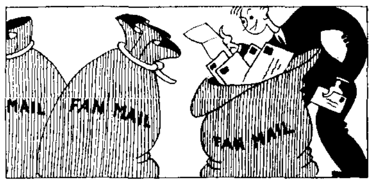
●

Any Week

FOR a very small outlay of money, if we had any, we could become pretty famous. We have here an invitation to "join" an association which, for a relatively trifling sum, will see that we get a thousand fan letters. For a slightly less trifling sum we'd get five thousand fan letters "from North America, South America and Europe." This service, we are assured, would be "of inestimable value to you in advancing your true worth in the eyes of your employers, to say nothing of giving you a confidence in yourself which so many important men lack."



FORTUNATELY we do not need this undoubtedly excellent service. As long as we get free boosts such as Mr. Jack Santoni of Stockton, California, sends us postpaid, we will require no hired claque. "If," says Mr. Santoni, "I had my way you would be compelled to tell the truth or get out of business, and I know you cannot tell the truth."

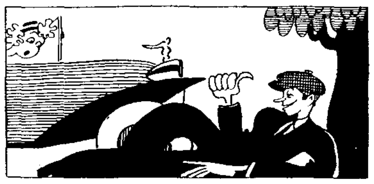
MR. SANTONI is not as specific as Miss Nan Wilson of Kis-Lin, Pennsylvania. "I protest," writes she, "the following paragraph from Kathleen Norris' serial, 'Bread into Roses': 'A man and a woman walked briskly by in the gloom; not country folk, for their voices sounded cultured and the woman's laugh was unmistakably that of a gentlewoman.' I am pained and surprised," says Miss Wilson, "that a writer who has given so much pleasure should stoop to such a statement. Are culture and refinement found only in city life?"

AND while we said that no more would be said in this column about General Santa Anna's wooden leg, we have to be fair. "You have been misinformed about the whereabouts of the general's timber limb," writes Mr. C. R. Collins of Mason City, Washington. "He lost it on the Great Plains while hurrying away from a political rally. A covered-wagon driver found it and used it as a singletree until he got to what is now Walla Walla. It is now a flagstaff in front of a beer joint."

MRS. MARYENE DOCTOR of Oklahoma City, Oklahoma, has never visited us. Never, as they say, put a foot inside our door. Therefore, she asks: "Are the men and women who appear on your cover pages posed for by members of your staff?"

AND Doctor Benjamin D. Nichlause of Washington, D. C., informs us that "All the bonus-seeking veterans who had the bad judgment to invade the capital of their nation while Mr. Hoover was President have not left yet. Anyway, three of them haven't. One of them joined the marines and has been stationed here ever since. Another is a Treasury Department guard and the third—glory be—is a special policeman or something like that in Rock Creek Park. His job is to keep the place free of unwelcome visitors and the like."

SO WHY should we, getting bags of mail like this free, hire somebody to write to us? Miss Ola Pritchard of Denver, Colorado, reports that while driving to Salt Lake City she heard a shout from the roadside. Stopping, she saw a large, frayed gentleman lolling against a tree and jerking his thumb in a generally western direction. "What do you want me to do," asked Miss Pritchard indignantly, "get out and carry you to the car?" And the prostrate fellow replied, "No, ma'am. I'm afraid you'd let me fall."



IT IS possible that even such an upright citizen as we are may some day be arrested. If we are, all we hope is that Mr. Joseph J. Killern of Battle Creek, Michigan, is not warden. Mr. Killern read Frank Taylor's piece about Alcatraz in Collier's and gathered therefrom that we are pretty sorry for the inmates. "They are all rats, and you know it," storms Mr. Killern. "The trouble is that the government sympathizes with them too much. If I was the warden none of them would ever see the light of day again. It would be a living death which would be a warning to all criminals."

WE THINK we'd like to introduce Mr. Killern to Mr. F. Mannheim of Kansas City, Missouri. What a jolly time they'd have! Mr. Mannheim would abolish prisons by abolishing crime. And he would abolish crime by abolishing "the movies, automobiles, booze, mixed bathing, cigarettes and ninety per cent of all books and magazines." And we, says Mr. Mannheim, are as bad as the next. "Instead of most of the filth you print, why not publish an occasional book of the Bible?"

HOW'S that for fan mail?

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SQUIBB
Tooth
Powder
Acid-neutralizing

Most tooth decay can be prevented

MANY children today may never need to know the pain and the illnesses later in life that have their source in tooth decay.

Dental science has reached a point where it can be truthfully said that for men, women, and children, most tooth decay can be prevented.

The House of Squibb is stressing a simple plan developed in cooperation with members of the medical and dental professions which everyone can follow, which costs little, and which provides a purpose for dental care far more important than brightening the teeth or sweetening the breath.

This plan requires the use of a scientific dentifrice—one that penetrates into many tiny crevices where the toothbrush fails to reach and neutralizes bacterial acids wherever it comes in contact with them.

For this purpose the Squibb Laboratories have produced Squibb Dental Cream and Squibb Tooth Powder, both of which contain an acid-neutralizing element many times more effective than Bicarbonate of Soda. They may provide the best possible daily aid in safeguarding the health of teeth and gums.

These products are available today in drugstores everywhere at little cost.

THE SQUIBB PLAN ***by which most tooth decay can be prevented***

1. Go to your dentist and follow his advice. This will include the kind of toothbrush to use, and how to use it; what kind of dentifrice to use, and what kind not to use; and whether you should supplement your own home treatment with the use of dental floss and oral perborate.
2. Check your diet with your physician or dentist—to be sure your system is getting the elements essential to the health and strength of your teeth.
3. Brush your teeth thoroughly, at least twice a day, and be sure you use a dentifrice scientifically prepared to clean teeth effectively, and safely.

START TODAY on the Squibb Plan for the care of the teeth and gums. It costs little and may prevent pain, ill health and expense later in life.

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Tooth
Powder
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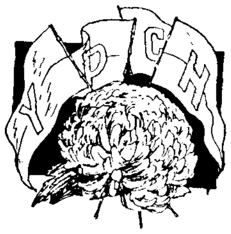
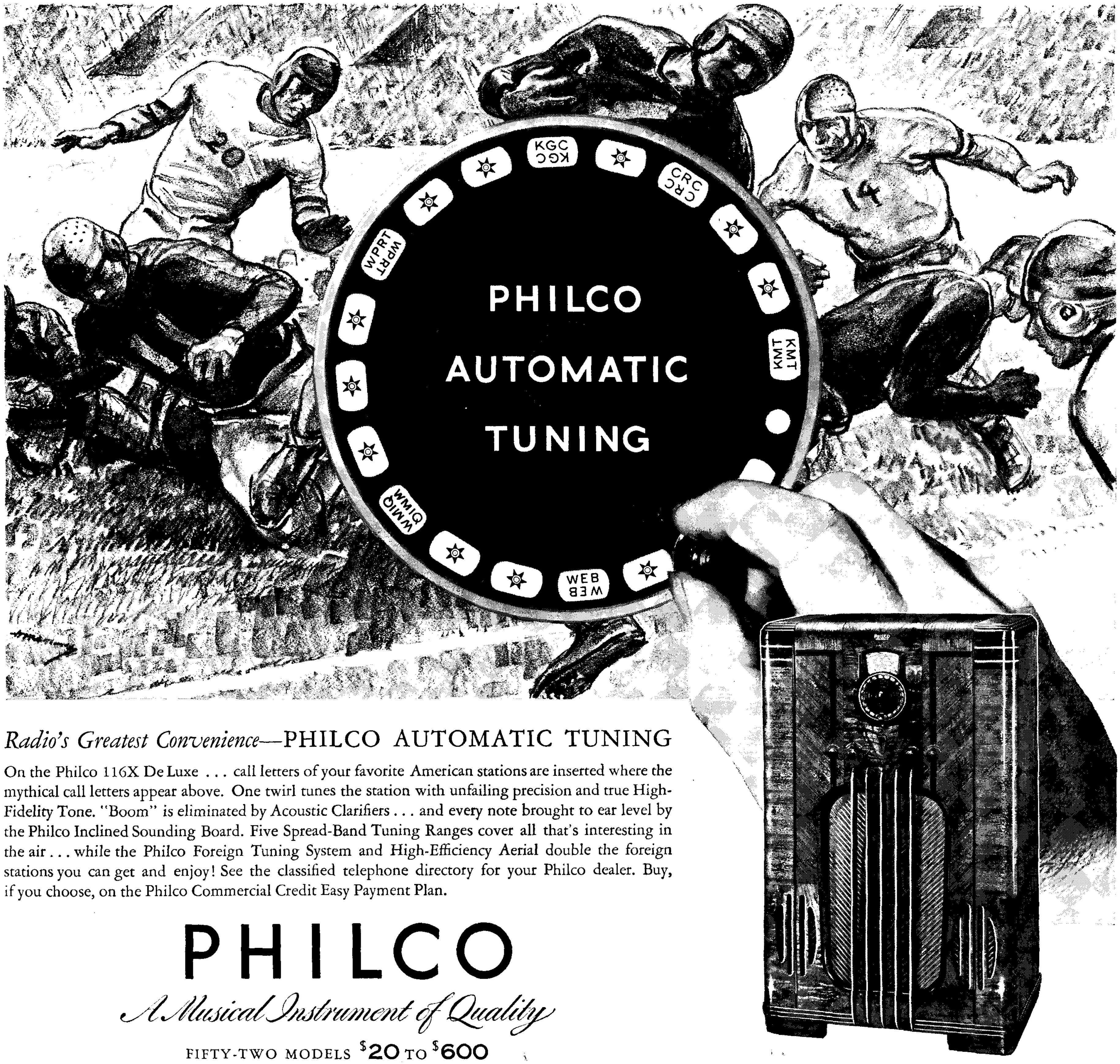


"Fourth down and goal to go! They're lining up . . . wait a minute . . . here's a substitute coming in . . . he's reporting . . . time's getting short" . . . football is on the air again! Ancient rivals in the East . . . Big Ten battles in the Midwest . . . tense struggles on the Pacific Coast. Philco High-Fidelity reception puts you right on the fifty-yard line! You not only hear the cheers . . . but you catch the thudding impact as the ball is booted out of the danger zone. Now Philco adds another thrill . . . *Automatic Tuning!* When the first half is finished on one gridiron . . . a single movement of your fingers tunes another game instantly, perfectly! And in a flash you can be back following the first game. With Philco Automatic Tuning you swing from one favorite station to another with lightning speed and perfect precision. No trouble to tune foreign stations either! All the important ones are named and located on the 1937 Philco Spread-Band Dial!



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Collier's The National Weekly for October 17, 1936

Mr. Lemke Stops to Think

By Walter Davenport

Things are not easy for the Honorable Bill Lemke. Even the arduous business of running two campaigns—one for re-election to Congress from North Dakota, the other for the presidency—leaves him a little time for thought. Mr. Davenport visited him during one of these thoughtful pauses when the lions and the lambs of his political philosophy were not reposing quietly together. Then, too, there was Father Coughlin. Have a chat with Bill Lemke, the people's choice—by proxy

BACK home again, the Honorable Liberty Bill Lemke sat down to think. Doubtless Mr. Lemke would rather have talked, particularly to a large emotional audience, an activity at which he is far from inept. But, popular belief to the contrary, there come spaces in the politician's life when neither the flesh nor the spirit is willing and when the downtrodden would just as lief make the best of their shackles. Such a period had arrived in the life of Mr. Lemke.

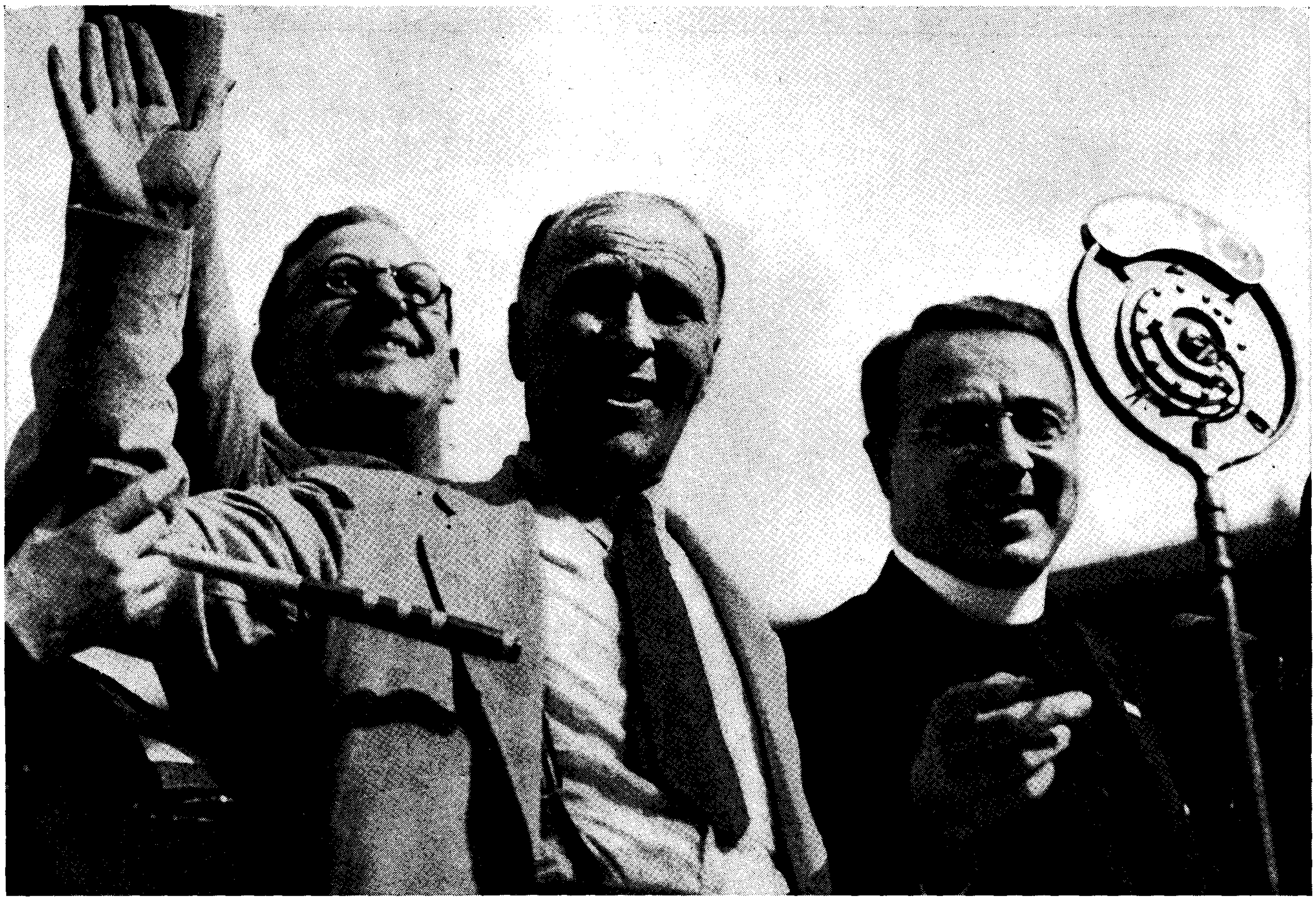
In Cleveland he had had his brief but violent moment. All but lost in the vast shadow of his master, Father Coughlin, Mr. Lemke had been permitted to address the convention of that reverend gentleman's National Union for Social Justice and had been rewarded by a shatter of noisy approval plus a nod from his dictator and patron.

And yet it must have occurred to him that he had cut a figure somewhat short of heroic. After all, Mr. Lemke was running for President of the United States. But in Cleveland Mr. Lemke's share of the applause, while hearty, was as nothing compared with the prolonged fury that greeted every gesture, every red-plush metaphor and every prophecy of the Father. Without the benediction of the Coughlin hand, lacking the sanction of the Coughlin trade-mark, Mr. Lemke might readily have been hooted out of the place, if not thrown out.

For Mr. Lemke (and well he knew it) was "the people's choice" only by proxy. No convention of beery patriots had named him to lead them out of bondage. He had not been called by the oppressed masses to lead a holy war nor to show humanity the way to glory. The Honorable Bill had been pulled out of a hat. And while he was not one to quibble over the method which might induct him into a seventy-five-thousand-dollar job, Mr. Lemke was not unaware that he was not the idol of anybody's multitude. Merely an ambitious politician who had had his share of the ups and downs of office-seeking, lifted out of obscurity to obey a master's hand upon a master's knee.

But be not misled. Back home again, Mr. Lemke was not being tortured by a visitation of a new humility. Nor of remorse. Liberty Bill was merely reflecting. At Cleveland and elsewhere he had been at poignant pains to be for every-

Dr. Townsend, the Hon. Bill Lemke and the Rev. Gerald Smith, leaders of the Coughlin-controlled Union party, which aims to install Lemke in the White House



WIDE WORLD

In Cleveland, Mr. Lemke had his brief but violent moment. But he was all but lost in the shadow of his master, Father Coughlin

thing his audiences wanted and against everything that annoyed them. Money? As President he would print what we needed, as fast and in such quantity as we needed it. After all, what was money? A token. It needed no metal backing, neither of silver nor of gold. If it must have a base let that base be the sweat of labor's brow, the product of the worker's toil, the product of the soil and the product of industry. Perfectly simple.

"You see," Bill told us as we sat with him in the oak and plush parlor of his home in Fargo, North Dakota, "I'm a technocrat too. Ergs."

The banks? He would abolish some—the foul lairs of international bankers forthwith and in particular—but permit certain others to keep their doors open provided that they obeyed Father Coughlin who, being Canadian-born, was ineligible for the presidency. Father Coughlin's bill, creating a Bank of the United States—

"I wrote the real bill," said Mr. Lemke, giving us ample evidence that he was not relishing our frequent references to the Detroit genius. "Father Coughlin did write a bill, that's true. But the bill introduced into Congress was my bill. People's money, not bankers' money. Understand?"

So Congress, guided, driven and wheedled by President Lemke, would issue money. No more bank notes. No more federal reserve certificates. Congress would issue all moneys and such banks as had the approval of President Lemke (and incidentally the sanction of Father Coughlin, with whom Bill would not be above consulting from time to time) would rent or hire it, paying the government so much for the privilege of middlemanning it. This may sound a trifle naïve but, as we shall show you in a few moments, Mr. Lemke is not without experience in public finances. In fact, a few years ago he went into the subject so thoroughly that he managed to get himself indicted. A nasty mess.

"If," said Mr. Lemke gloomily, "you must recall that, you may say, too, that I am proud, proud of that indictment."

As everybody knows, Mr. Lemke would lead the farmer out of bondage. He would begin by declaring a farm-debt moratorium. Next he would summarily call in all farm-debt paper, buying it with greenbacks (get 'em while they're hot) and refinancing it at two per cent. Thus the government, rather than the bank or individual mortgage holder, would become the farmer's creditor. And it may as well be understood now as later that any administration desirous of continuing in office would not be obnoxious when interest or amortization day rolled around.

As Mr. Lemke was going over this early stage of farmer rescue with us the phrase "velocity dollars" broke loose and became entangled in our conversation.

"Velocity dollars?" we repeated. "Not long ago we visited Mr. Aberhart in Alberta and—"

"Who?" asked Mr. Lemke.

"Bible Bill Aberhart, Premier of Alberta. He was elected on a Social Credit platform but—"

"I have no quarrel with him either," said Mr. Lemke agreeably, making a note. "Where were we?"

Saved by the Bell

But before we could re-establish ourselves the doorbell rang. Mr. Lemke answered it. On the stoop stood a gentleman who displayed every physical evidence of having done a great deal of bitter brooding at the sacrifice of sleep. Even a barber's apprentice could have improved his appearance and unless we are wholly mistaken a psychiatrist, too, would have found him interesting. He wanted to know what Mr. Lemke intended to do about machinery. He was against it. And did Mr. Lemke know that school education was ruining the youth of what used to be a pretty fair land? And was Mr. Lemke familiar with the second book of Kings? Also, what about the Pope?

Mr. Lemke handled the situation admirably, agreeing with his visitor (who was but one of several to interrupt us) at every turn, presently sending the fellow off with a powerful handshake and God-bless-you.

And yet, although another vote had been attached, Mr. Lemke was not elated. Tired. And why not? He was seeking the presidency on Father Coughlin's Union party ticket and was simultaneously running for re-election to Congress on North Dakota's Republican ticket. In the latter activity he was on his own, said what he liked, knew his way around, represented Liberty Bill Lemke and Lemke only. All the glory was his. Beholden to no boss. Overshadowed by no man. He could promise everything from free seed to free silver, and blame failure on the federal government. He could offer anything from moratoria to two-dollar wheat, and curse Wall Street when they didn't come to pass. So the Honorable Liberty Bill, demonstrably no fool and who knows all about the miseries of political beachcombing, was scanning the horizon with a tired but practiced eye. Thinking.

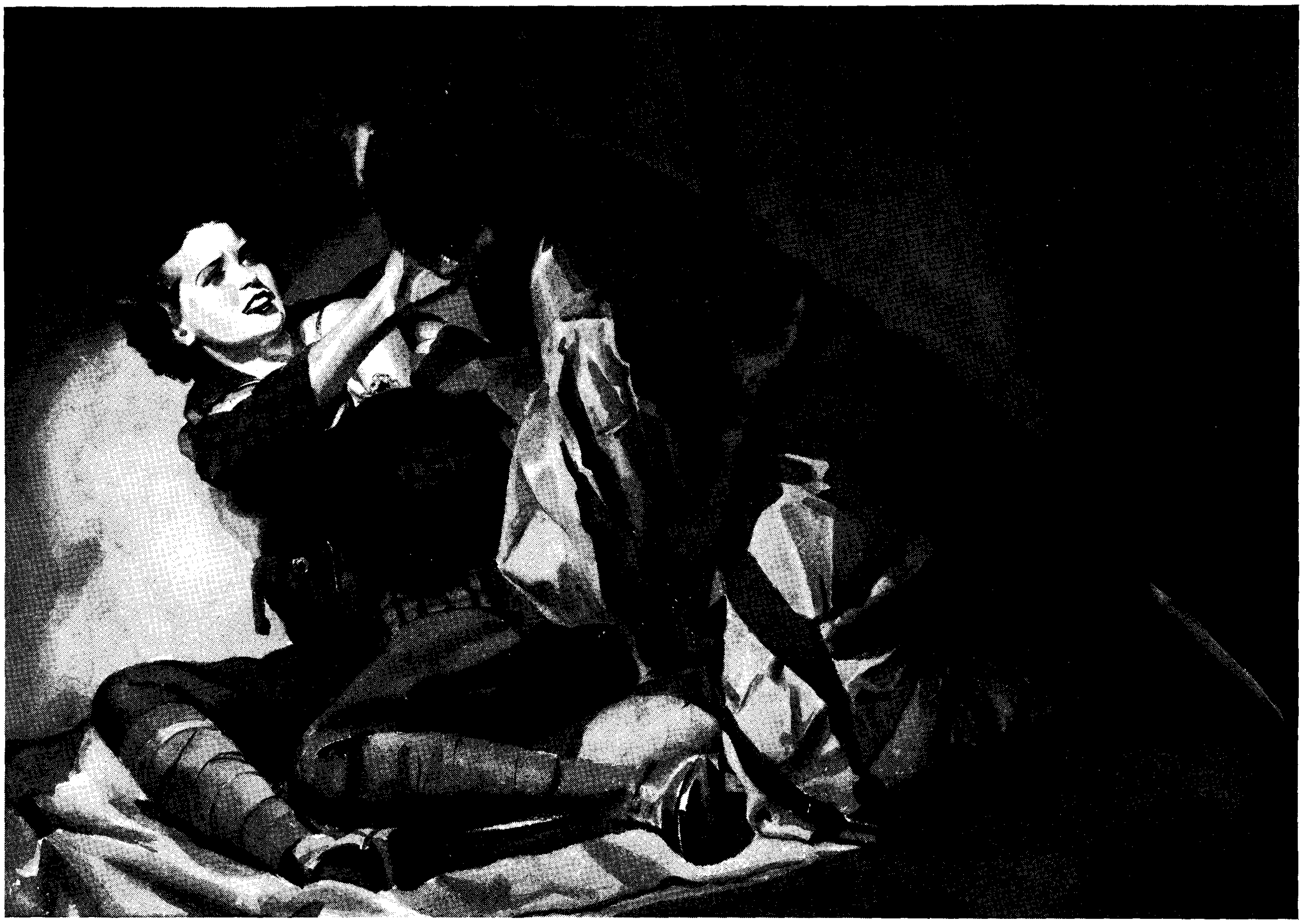
It was back about 1916 that a gentleman named Arthur C. Townley entered Mr. Lemke's life. Previous to that, Mr. Lemke was doing a neat law business—and doing it well as even his enemies will admit. Until he and Mr. Townley intermingled their somewhat dissimilar souls, Bill was definitely more interested in the welfare of his clients than the woes of the masses. But he was then, as now, an excellent orator of the wholesale hallelujah school, and Mr. Townley, shrewder than Bill, annexed him. As you see, playing tail to a kite is not a new experience for Mr. Lemke.

Mr. Townley had a political formula composed of ancient ingredients—part Populism, part Socialism and part Evangelism. Personally Mr. Townley was part emancipator, part redeemer but mostly promoter. All these he added together and created the Nonpartisan League. Mr. Lemke was just a good lawyer with a volatile heart and the healthy opportunist's enthusiasm for the new. In addition to these easy-flowing virtues Mr. Lemke bore a deservedly high character for honesty and professional astuteness. Just the man for the promoter.

Gabriel Over the Wheat Fields

Retaining Mr. Lemke as his legal adviser, Mr. Townley launched the Nonpartisan League. It was great fun. State flour mills, grain elevators, slaughter houses, wholesale and retail stores, crop insurance, unemployment insurance and old-age pensions were to be the league's foundation. Trusts, private corporations and combines of capitalism were to be exercised and then demolished by law. Big Biz, as all these outgrowths of American materialism were to be known in the Townley crusade, was tagged for oblivion. Newspapers were founded. Bedazzled farmers were hauled to rallies, picnics, revivals and jubilees in trucks. Mr. Townley bought a couple of airplanes. From roundup to roundup he flew, swooping from the skies upon startled audiences,

(Continued on page 25)



Annmarie cried out, once. Griff's name. Then she was caught. The red robe of the lama was against her face

Strange Meeting

Griff Cannon, American, answers all a girl's questions—a weird, fantastic story of adventure against the colorful background of the world's wildest land

By Sidney Herschel Small

ILLUSTRATED BY C. C. BEALL

GRIFF CANNON could see, ahead, the mysterious yellow and brick-red distance which was Tibet. Far to the northeast a white spire rose from tremendous surging mountains; below, on a scarred cliff, a stone lamasery clung. Cannon could see the narrow path, slashed out of rock, which led to it, past it, angling finally toward the pass where he sat his shaggy pony.

Figures of men and animals, on this other trail, were creeping back to Darjeeling, which Cannon's caravan had left six days before. Just two or three men and horses. Griff wished them luck if the way were more difficult than the one he'd come over. He had been in a hurry to reach the Jelap pass, but even so he had been advised against taking the shorter route.

The wind bit at him, trying to get through flannel vest and shirt, sweater, flannel-lined coat, Cashmere sheepskin. The prayers of his men sounded clear in the cold air of the pass. Prayer flags fluttered from sticks thrust into cairns, and tattered blue votive offerings snapped in the wind. Tibetan words were carved in rock. *Om mani padme hum* . . . Oh, jewel in the lotus . . .

Griff understood why the men prayed. The path, forward, was a series of nasty zigzags, with a torrent on one side and a rock wall on the other. The footing was certain to be poor. Shale, half covered with bracken. And rhododendron growing somehow in the rock, reaching out gnarled claws to push a man over the brink should he press too closely to the inside.

BEHIND him the trail had been no better. A ladder of stones would be a good description of it, as it climbed ten thousand feet without pause. Broken rock, with icy puddles between. It was no wonder that the natives believed demons tried to prevent men from crossing the pass into Tibet.

The shorter path, Griff thought, must be pretty terrible.

And it was over trails like these that the vice-resident had suggested that Cannon take a woman! When the request had been made, Griff had merely smiled . . . and hurried his departure. The woman was expected in Darjeeling the next day. Her name was Annmarie Catherwood. Wrote books, you know. Yes. French mother, who married Catherwood. Eh? Then, as if startled because he'd said too much, the vice-resident said nothing more.

The caravan leader was shouting the command to start again. Griff watched to make positive that all of the packs were secure, especially the one with his instruments, vials, maps, technical material. He'd lost a mule, three years ago, in the Sierra Madre country, and rock-testing had been a pretty slow job. He had also lost a finger of his right hand down in Tashigong gorge when the bandits caught him, but that hadn't hindered his work. He was able to report a rich mineral deposit that time, which was why he was being sent into Tibet now.

A woman! "She'd have brought along jolly little tins of marmalade and a notebook in which to write jolly little notes about the jolly local color," Griff supposed as he rode slowly down the trail. "It's a good thing I ducked." Naturally, she'd be tall, lanky, and horse-faced, and have opinions on everything. Want him to dress for dinner.

The gorge broadened; the caravan passed through an upper valley covered with unripened barley, and to a lower one, more fertile. The fields were terraced and enclosed within stone walls. The huts had low, overhanging eaves and long wooden tiles, each weighted down with a gray stone.

VILLAGERS surrounded the caravan: Tibetans with seared and parchment-like faces, one arm and one shoulder bare; Tibetan women with their faces painted with cutch, their hair adorned with silver and turquoise ornaments. Cannon thought nothing of the way they crowded around him, until his caravan leader, frowning, came over to him and took him to one side.

(Continued on page 54)

Scholars and Gents

A football story without any football. This doesn't matter, because it's in the bag

By Kyle Crichton

ILLUSTRATED BY EARL OLIVER HURST

HOW can you possibly know what those little fellows are thinking who work behind the grilled hedges in a bank?

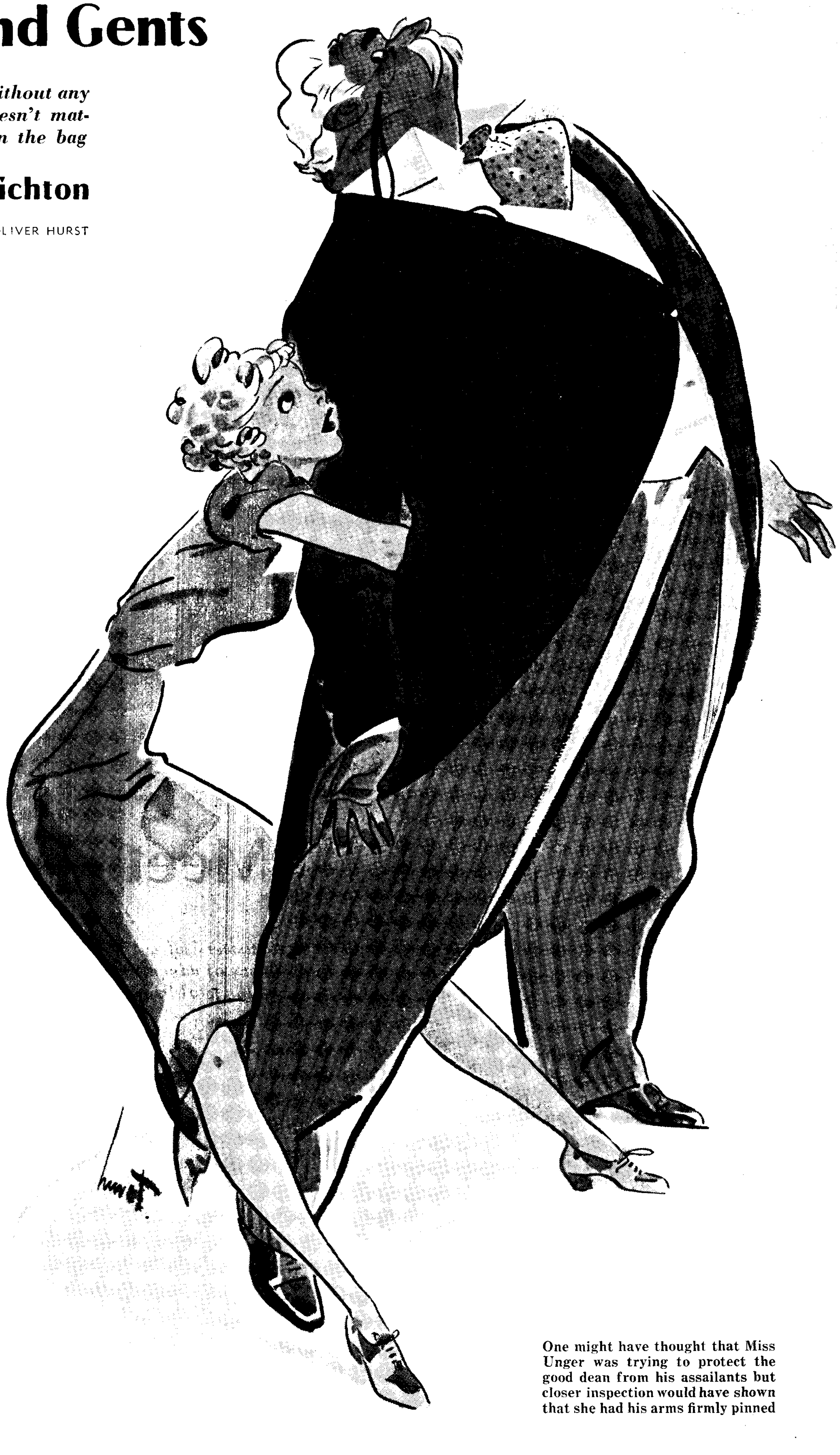
This young man, Lynn, was a thin, eager chap who flipped over checks to make sure of endorsements, wrote neat little scrawls in passbooks and wetted his fingers briskly before starting to riffle the dollar bills. You could imagine that he had a nice home and a kindly old mother but you would never have the faintest notion of what kept him alive unless you happened to drop a remark as innocuous as: "How do you think Princeton will make out with Yale?"

It could just as easily be Harvard with Army or Lehigh with Lafayette. The metamorphosis in Mr. Lynn would be complete. He would drop what he was holding, his body would lean over the ledge as if his stomach were about to be cut in two and his eyes would leap half out of his head. In a low rush of words Mr. Lynn would tell you how Princeton would make out with Yale. He would give you the weight and height of each player on each team. He would discuss the variable hopes as based upon a wet or dry field. He would inform you that although the matter was being darkly held at New Haven he had information that Blotz, left end, had cut his hand while opening a can of salmon and was doubtful of starting.

IT WAS not proper to say that Mr. Googs Lynn was the perennial undergraduate because he had never been an undergraduate at all. He had come straight from the senior class of high school to the Valley National Bank and although it was quite possible that he would end as president of the Valley National there was no faintest chance that he would leave it to take up the classics elsewhere. The truth is that Mr. Lynn suffered from a bad case of football, which was not lessened in any degree by Mr. Lynn's theory that football was a strictly amateur sport intended for gentlemen—i. e., studentgers and collegers.

As a quarterback who could catch punts on the run and wiggle his way through an open field like a man who had shattered a hip and moved in circles, he had been in some demand after graduation and had spent one extremely unhappy season with the Colombo A. C. The Colombo A. C. was made up of young men who had fought their way through the third grade and had wilted from the strain. They worked at the steel mills, hung around Sap Cunningham's poolroom and played such opponents as the Third Ward Terrors, the Greco-Roman Field Club and the Yo Eddie Bootblacks.

This was the farthest possible from what Mr. Lynn desired. He liked his associates well enough but he hated the



One might have thought that Miss Unger was trying to protect the good dean from his assailants but closer inspection would have shown that she had his arms firmly pinned

name. The matter weighed upon his mind until he finally founded the Vernon Preparatory School.

Vernon Prep consisted of one chair, an old table and a typewriter of the troglodyte period. These were installed in a room over Pfleuger's butcher shop, which Mr. Lynn got free for keeping Mr. Pfleuger's books.

He was sitting at the typewriter one evening in August when Mutt Mannix came in.

"Go on away," said Googs, keeping a worried look on his work. "I'm writing this big shot and I don't want to make a mistake. This will be the big game if I can land it. Vernon Prep against Secaucus Academy."

Mr. Mannix was a character in his own right, a little squirt weighing one hundred and nine pounds and possessed of a tongue which drove football officials and strange crowds to a frenzy. He had been a substitute on the Colombo A. C., had never played in a game but could talk a better game than most people played, and was now a member of the student body of Vernon Prep.

"Secaucus Academy," said Mutt lightly. "We'll knock the teeth out of them guys."

Mr. Lynn paid no attention. The stationery on which he was writing was dignified and plain, having been supplied by Ink Reese, who worked for a printer. It was headed "Vernon Preparatory School" and on the upper left-hand corner was the modest line, "Dr. Hiram Crothers, Headmaster."

"Now, listen to this," said Googs, stopping suddenly and looking up. He took the letter carefully out of the machine and held it daintily so as not to soil it.

"Dear Dr. Higginbotham," he read. "At a meeting of our Board of Governors yesterday it was decided unanimously that an invitation should be extended Secaucus Academy for a game between our respective institutions to be held, if possible, on October 9th, which happens to be the only available date on our schedule. This is our first year of interscholastic competition and it is our desire to establish friendly relations with Secaucus, whose excellent reputation is well known in this section. Should your reply be favorable, and we trust that your decision will be reached at an early date because of the pressure from other institutions wishing a place on the Vernon schedule, you may expect our boys on your campus on the morning of the date mentioned. They will be in charge of our coach, Mr. Saylor, and our student manager, Roland Lynn.

"With kindest personal regards, I beg to remain, Very truly yours,

"Dr. Hiram Crothers,
"Headmaster."

Mr. Lynn stopped and looked at Mr. Mannix.

"Who wrote it?" asked Mr. Mannix.

"Never mind about that. . . . Is it all right?"

"It's a miracle," said Mr. Mannix. "Who wrote it?"

"Mr. Lambert at the bank wrote out what I told him and I did the typing. It doesn't matter if you like it or not. This is the way it's going."

Whereupon Mr. Lynn plunged a stub pen into the inkwell and wrote "Dr. Hiram Crothers," with a flourish which he considered sufficiently mature and academic.

THE student body of Vernon Prep sat at its lessons over the butcher shop a week later. Present were Nate Siglin, Runt Gangawere, Hank Bardo, Bill Herman, Weary Collins, Ink Reese, Stuffy Doubs, Mose Dunstan, Perce Harris, Tubby Brown, Mutt Mannix and Mr. Lynn. Mr. Doubs and Mr. Dunstan had just finished a course in ping-pong, which had been lately added to the physical equipment of the institution and they were gathered now to hear the news from Dr. Higginbotham of Secaucus.

The news from Dr. Higginbotham was that he was deeply gratified at hearing from Dr. Crothers but since the date of October 9th was already filled it would be necessary to see what adjustments could be made. He regretted that it was not possible in the rush before term opening to make Dr. Crothers a call and in the meantime he wished to thank Dr. Crothers for his communication, etc.

"Coming up to call, eh!" cried Mr. Mannix, leaping aloft. "Just let one of those mugs try sneaking around here!"

MR. DOUBS pushed Mr. Mannix gently back into a corner.

"Why'd you tell them in the first place we only have one date?" he demanded of Mr. Lynn.

"We tell them they can have any date they want and how many dates would they want?" answered Googs, sensibly enough.

They were sitting around in glum silence when a messenger boy came in.

"Who's Dr. Hiram Crothers?" asked the kid.

"I am," said Googs.

"You're Dr. Hiram Crothers, my eye," said the kid.

"He's Dr. Hiram Crothers and you'll get a sock in the eye," said Mutt, bristling up close. "Deliver the telegram!" It read:

UNDERSTAND NEGOTIATIONS PENDING GAME WITH SECAUCUS STOP PLEASE SEND PICTURES YOUR SCHOOL FOR SPECIAL STORY SECAUCUS EVENING NEWS

"Pictures of our school . . . Yes," mused Mr. Doubs. "Mr. Pfleuger standing in the entrance of Vernon Prep dressed in his apron and cleaver."

"Well, I guess that sinks us," said Mr. Lynn morosely.

"Sinks us!" screamed Mutt Mannix. "If they want a picture of a school, I'll get 'em a picture of a school."

What he came back with half an hour later were seven pictures of the Windermere School for Girls, which was situated on the outskirts of town and was very beautiful indeed. . . .

Mr. Lynn resumed breathing.

VERNON had played three games and won them all, but Googs Lynn was still not sleeping nights. The matter of Secaucus remained unsettled. At Secaucus things were only slightly better. So far as Dr. Samuel Higginbotham was concerned the problem was simple. He had never heard of Vernon Prep and it was just as well.

However, the subject had become almost an obsession with Pip-pip Smithers. Pip-pip was a tall, angular English gentleman who was Dr. Higginbotham's assistant and a man with a deep sorrow. He was accustomed to sitting by the window of his study and thinking back over his life and grieving. Secaucus was all right but it was not what Pip-pip had envisioned when he set forth on his career. It was neither Eton nor Harrow nor Westminster. As one who had never had the advantages of such an education, Pip-pip yearned lustily thereafter. Indeed his arrival at Secaucus had been occasioned by a secret dream that in some way a fine bit of English tradition might be transplanted to the commonwealth of New Jersey. As he looked down on the campus he knew that failure had swamped him. Secaucus lacked tone—that indefinable something which meant everything in life to Mr. Smithers.

When next he saw Dr. Higginbotham he held in his hand a communication, the last of several, from Dr. Crothers.

"But, Pip-pip," said Dr. Higginbotham, who had invented the name and was not too modest about it, "we don't know anything about the place. It isn't even listed in the school directories. . . ."

"So much the better," said Mr. Smithers. "It is doubtless an institution which cares more for its exclusiveness than for a formal school listing . . . a nonsensical listing, I might add."

"It hasn't even got a football record," said Dr. Samuel.

"Again so much the better," cried Mr. Smithers. "Must gentlemen be under the necessity of bruiting their successes about for the benefit of the cheap and vulgar?"

He looked again at the pictures of Vernon Prep which had appeared in the Secaucus Evening News.

"What a lovely, cloistered setting," sighed Mr. Smithers.

"Now, Pip-pip; after all," protested Dr. Higginbotham. "If I knew you were going to take it like that. . . . Tome School has October 9th and we can't ask them to change it. The only chance . . ." He paused and then continued as if thinking aloud. "The only chance might be a game *after* the regular season."

"Oh, Dr. Higginbotham," cried Pip-pip ecstatically, "do you really think that might be possible! I can't tell you how happy I'd be. Might I write a letter to that effect . . . tactfully, very judiciously. I think at times we are apt to be a little wooden, a little matter-of-fact in our approach here at Secaucus. . . ."

WHEN the news reached Vernon Prep, there was a bit of a celebration and Mr. Mannix even mentioned the possibility of a can of beer, but was crushed.

"What this team has to do now," said Googs Lynn, in the sanctimonious voice of a high priest, "is keep in condition."

"Nothing must stand in the way of a glorious victory over our old enemy," cried Mr. Doubs, with the exaltation of a saint.

Mr. Mannix said no more about the beer.

The bombshell fell on the Monday preceding Thanksgiving. Vernon had won all its games and was in a state of frenzy. It was then that the letter came from Dr. Higginbotham. Secaucus was also undefeated and indeed was being considered the champion of New Jersey, wrote Dr. Higginbotham. This created such an interesting situation that he felt it only fitting that he should pay a call upon Dr. Crothers and discuss with him the contest between the two institutions. The Thanksgiving holiday would afford him an opportunity of visiting Vernon Prep and he had made plans (if Dr. Crothers approved) to visit the school on the day after Thanksgiving.

Mr. Mannix was the first to recover.

"That's easy," he said lightly. "Just write him that Dr. Crothers always goes on a West Indies cruise over Thanksgiving."

"And that would keep him away!" said Mr. Doubs. "You're nuts. This guy has smelled something and we're going to see him up here even if we say the whole faculty has died."

"Died?" said Mr. Mannix. "That's a good idea. We're quarantined. . . . Smallpox."

"And then he calls off the game so his team won't get it," said Mr. Lynn, who had been sitting in a condition of utmost moroseness since the coming of the letter. "I think we'd better write to him and tell him the truth."

By this time the agitated Mr. Mannix was practically walking on the walls in his excitement.

"Miss the chance of knocking the pot off the champions of New Jersey!" he howled. "You're crazy. What do we have to lose? The worst he can do if he comes up and finds out is to call off the

(Continued on page 45)

Buckaroo

By D. D. Beauchamp

The story of a rodeo champion who wouldn't take a timely warning from the girl he loved

ILLUSTRATED BY HARRY MORSE MEYERS

THE boots made him look taller than he really was. He was five feet eleven inches in his own right and the boots gave him two inches more. They were a rider's boots, conventional type, short length, with a stitched upper, high-heeled and practical. He wore a pair of jeans that fitted him tightly in the places where a rider's pants ought to fit, a blue shirt, and a blue denim jumper.

On his left leg, pinned to the cuff of the pants where it turned up over the boot, he wore his contestant's number, a large black figure on a white background. On the programs, under the heading "Bucking Horse Riding, Professional Class," they had it listed: Number 8. . . . Joe Cotton, Cody, Wyoming.

His spur chains jingled when he walked. He came around from the chutes in back of the deserted bleachers in the dusk and steered for the lights of the hamburger counter under an angle of the grandstand. He seemed to be the sole customer left on the grounds. He pulled up at the counter, let his legs fold at the knees and sat down on one of the stools.

"A hamburger an' a cup of coffee."

The girl at the counter put a glass of water and a paper napkin in front of him and said, "With or without?"

"With."

She yelled over her shoulder to the man standing at the grill, "One comin' up. Pickle and onion. . . . How do you like your coffee, cowboy?"

"Black," Joe said.

He watched her while she sliced a bun for the sandwich, and buttered it, and balanced a cup of coffee and a spoon in a saucer. She was the prettiest girl he'd seen since he'd left Cody in February.

Thinking about that made him homesick. He was only twenty years old and it was the first time he had ever been out of his own territory. He had been taming the wild ones in the local shows for four years, but this was his first year out over the rodeo circuit and he got pretty lonely at times. He hadn't been out long enough to know many people, and besides that he was shy and backward about making friends.

HE PUSHED his hat back on his head and watched the girl. She had black hair that curled close to her head, and a good body that showed firm and slender and strong under the attractive dress she wore. She'd be a nice girl, Joe thought, if you got to know her. He thought about how fine it would be to have a date with her but he didn't know how to go about asking for it. He dug tobacco and papers out of his shirt pocket and rolled a cigarette and sat smoking it while he waited for his sandwich.

When she brought the hamburger to him he was still thinking about her and without really intending it he heard himself say, "When do you get off shift here, anyway?"

It was the wrong thing to do. She looked at him and said, "Say, listen . . ." but stopped whatever she was going to add to that when she saw the shyness and eager friendliness in his face. "You got me wrong, cowboy."

"I didn't mean it that way, ma'am," Joe said. "I was just thinkin'!"

"It's all right," she said. "I don't mind. I just get tired of havin' passes made at me by every hired hand that comes in here for coffee. . . ." She looked over the outfit he was wearing. "You never rode this show before?"

"No."

"I could tell," she said. "I know most of the riders that make this show every year. . . . You don't come from around here either."

"No, ma'am," Joe said.

His speech was slow but it lacked the flat drawling intonation of the Southwest.

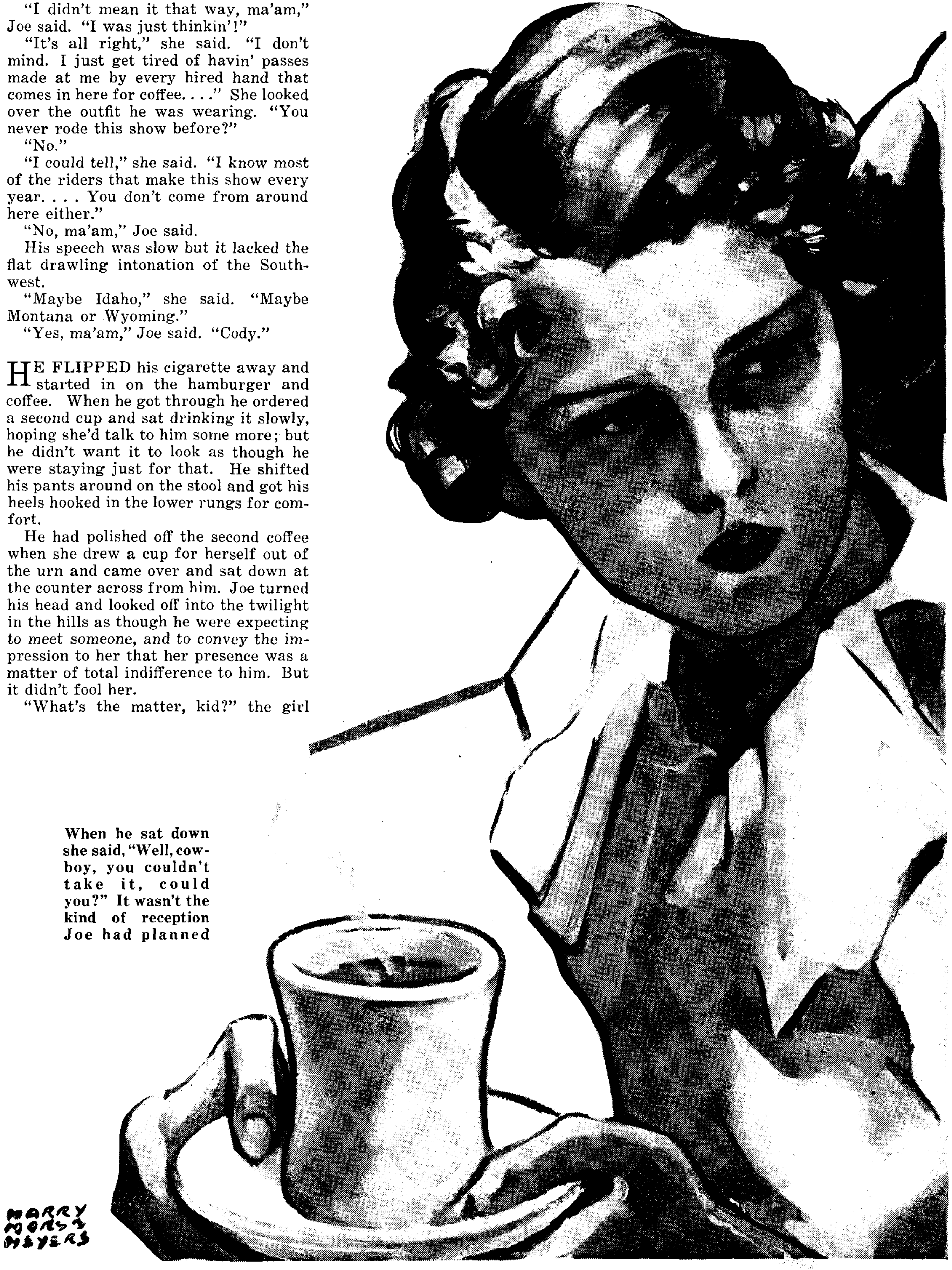
"Maybe Idaho," she said. "Maybe Montana or Wyoming."

"Yes, ma'am," Joe said. "Cody."

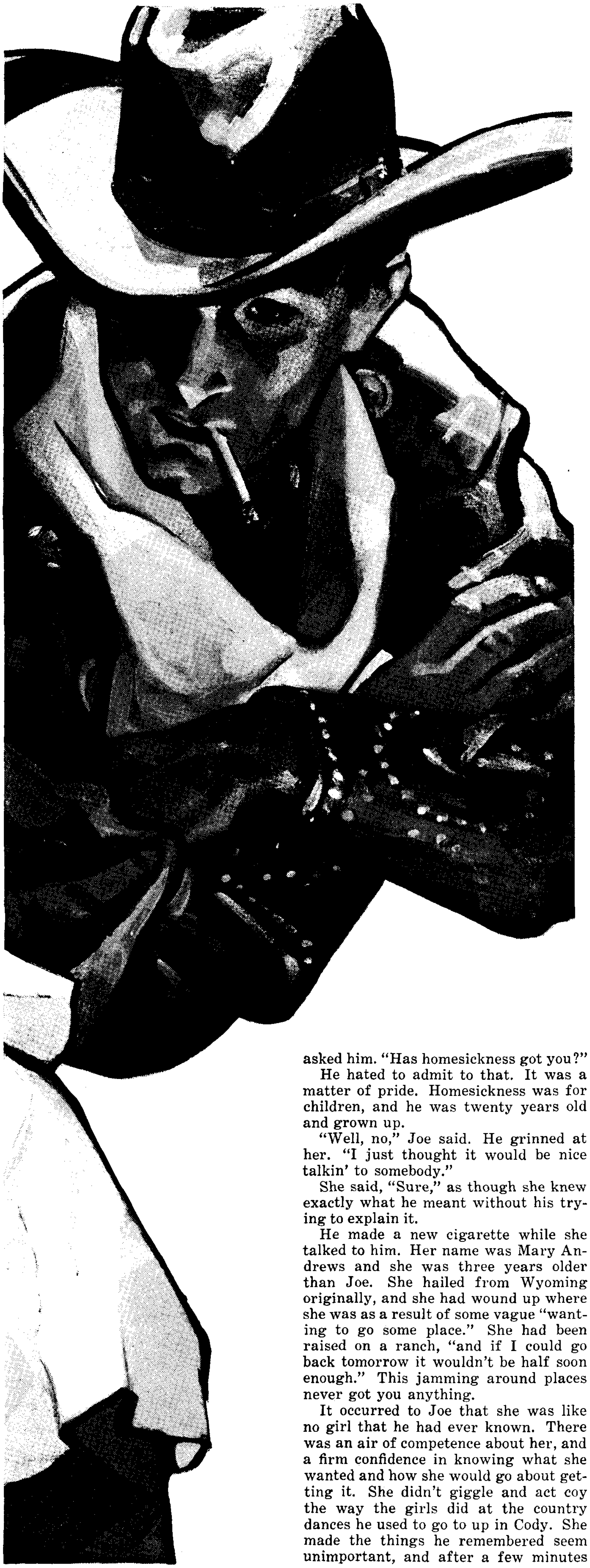
HE FLIPPED his cigarette away and started in on the hamburger and coffee. When he got through he ordered a second cup and sat drinking it slowly, hoping she'd talk to him some more; but he didn't want it to look as though he were staying just for that. He shifted his pants around on the stool and got his heels hooked in the lower rungs for comfort.

He had polished off the second coffee when she drew a cup for herself out of the urn and came over and sat down at the counter across from him. Joe turned his head and looked off into the twilight in the hills as though he were expecting to meet someone, and to convey the impression to her that her presence was a matter of total indifference to him. But it didn't fool her.

"What's the matter, kid?" the girl



When he sat down she said, "Well, cowboy, you couldn't take it, could you?" It wasn't the kind of reception Joe had planned



asked him. "Has homesickness got you?"

He hated to admit to that. It was a matter of pride. Homesickness was for children, and he was twenty years old and grown up.

"Well, no," Joe said. He grinned at her. "I just thought it would be nice talkin' to somebody."

She said, "Sure," as though she knew exactly what he meant without his trying to explain it.

He made a new cigarette while she talked to him. Her name was Mary Andrews and she was three years older than Joe. She hailed from Wyoming originally, and she had wound up where she was as a result of some vague "wanting to go some place." She had been raised on a ranch, "and if I could go back tomorrow it wouldn't be half soon enough." This jamming around places never got you anything.

It occurred to Joe that she was like no girl that he had ever known. There was an air of competence about her, and a firm confidence in knowing what she wanted and how she would go about getting it. She didn't giggle and act coy the way the girls did at the country dances he used to go to up in Cody. She made the things he remembered seem unimportant, and after a few minutes he had forgotten all about being homesick.

When she had to go back to work Joe paid for his sandwich and started away, but stopped after he had gone about twenty yards and came back.

"Say," he said, "how about seein' you tomorrow night?"

"You work fast, don't you?"

"I have to," Joe said. "I won't be here long."

He could look back over his shoulder and see the lights of the stand and see her working there after he had gone. Night had come down quickly. Ahead of him he could see the dark, and the vague gaunt shapes of the grandstand and the bleachers in the dark. A wind blew up from some place in the black hills and he could hear its passage above him, and feel it fresh and cool against his face.

HE TOOK a short cut across the infield and climbed the fence at the far side and dropped to the ground. A horse whinnied in the corrals off to his left, and he could hear the restless animal movements in the dark. He went on by the corrals and across the far stretch of the race track. Ahead of him the light of a fire went straight up and then bloomed in a red glow under trees. Someone hailed him from beyond that circle of light, "It's a nice night."

Joe said, "Yeah," and went on. He didn't want to talk to anyone. He felt fine the way he was. He pulled the flap of the tent back and went inside and undressed in the dark. With his eyes closed he could remember every detail of Mary's face and the way her voice sounded when she talked. If anyone had told him he was falling in love with her Joe would have said he was crazy.

By the time the show closed there was no doubt about the way he felt, and the way Mary felt too, and they had it pretty well settled between them. Joe saw her every night for a week and at the end of that time they both knew what they wanted. It was the thing Joe had always planned on having. He didn't want to be fighting broncs all his life. The thing he wanted was a ranch some place up in one of the valleys in the Big Horns, with good buildings and a string of horses, where you could run a few head of cattle, and maybe some dudes during the summer, and hunting parties in the fall.

When he talked about it he could feel Mary looking up at him in the dark. "When you get that, cowboy," she said, "come on back. I'll be waiting for you."

"In a year or two," Joe said, "if my luck's in. That's not so long."

"No," she said, "that's not so long."

LOOKING back at it later, he could never understand where it had gone wrong, because it seemed so simple at the time. The only problem he could foresee was one of money, and that was hardly a problem at all. There was plenty of money to be made if you knew your business.

The thing he didn't plan on was the reputation he made out of it, and the attention and applause that you get from even a mild sort of fame. That part seemed unimportant at first, but after a while he began taking it for granted, and liking it.

By the middle of June he was going good. He had a bank roll in his pocket and the local papers were carrying his picture and giving him write-ups. He hit Montana the first of July when it was hotter than the hinges of hell, and Mary's first letter reached him in Miles City with the various forwarding addresses scratched out and the new ones written in. He sat in the lobby of the hotel and read it. She simply said that she had been following his progress as well as she could from the papers and she thought it was fine. She worried about him of course, but she was glad for him because he could get that ranch pretty soon, she guessed. She wished him all the luck in the world.

It made Joe feel fine, and the part about the luck came true. They had the stands jammed on the Fourth in spite of the fact that the thermometer stood at a hundred and two. Joe topped off a black horse in the finals that knew every trick in the book. He did everything except turn himself inside out, but Joe pinned his ears back for him and had the crowd standing on their seats, yelling, "Powder River! She's a mile wide and an inch deep! Let 'er buck!"

He wound up by taking final money in two events in Miles City, and in two events a week later in Butte. He walked down Galena Street with six drinks under his belt and felt like he owned the world. He tied up with a rider named Breezy Wells and stood at a bar and talked about the ranch he was going to buy.

Breezy said, "Well, kid, I ain't sayin' a ranch ain't all right when you're older, but you got a lot of time yet. Why bury yourself out in the hills and grub out a livin' when you can make big money and have yourself a time?"

"I never strung with a lot of people much," Joe said.

"Sure," Breezy said. "You stick with me, kid, and you'll learn things."

He stuck with Breezy down into Wyoming. Breezy's wife, Sis, traveled with them, and they began having some fun; and Joe could see that Breezy was right then. That was the proper setup. There was no use tying yourself down to a ranch when you could get around and see people and do things.

HE LIKED Sis. She never drank much when they went out, but she was always along with them and seemed to have a good time. They met a lot of people and Joe started going out on parties and spending his money. It was expected of him, Breezy said. Nobody liked a piker.

He felt guilty about the money at first, but finally he saw it was the thing to do; and it didn't matter much because there was always more where that came from.

Joe won first money at the Frontier Days celebration in Cheyenne. He lost a stirrup and disqualified in Moosejaw, and took final money in Calgary.

By that time people began recognizing him on the streets and he began liking the feeling of importance. He liked the applause, and the gaiety and the excitement. He bought drinks for the handshakers and the bar flies and carried riders who were broke until they could hit another show and make a stake.

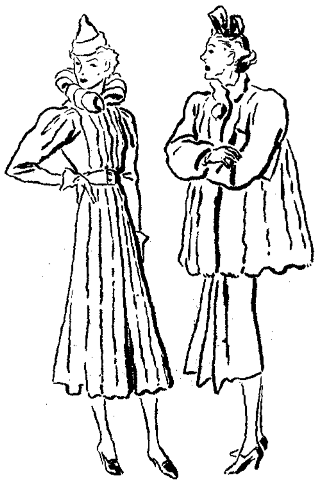
By the time he headed for Oregon the latter part of August even his costume had changed. The conservative dress had gone by the boards. He had a pair of checked riding breeches, and hand-sewed boots, and a collection of whipcord shirts in wild colors with pearl buttons on them the size of half-dollars. He had a new car, and a new saddle, and a following of prime, guaranteed, dyed-in-the-wool, fair-weather friends.

In Pendleton his luck still held. He drew good horses and made good rides. When it was over he came out with the main purse and a championship trophy in the bucking.

The year had gone quickly. He rode in Madison Square Garden in New York and then headed for the Southwest. He went through Forth Worth, Texas, and Arizona, and New Mexico, and Saugus, California, and wound up in Udall a week early in May.

He hadn't been in town ten minutes before he headed for the rodeo grounds, but if he expected any feminine acclaim

(Continued on page 61)



Your First Look

By Ruth Carson

Here's your chance to look into the future. Collier's presents the clothes of today and tomorrow, picked by fashion experts who combed the fashion centers of the world for them—glamorous works of art, all. You're not required to pause over the lovely wearers of these clothes, but it might be worth your while

BACKSTAGE the great dressing room is in a hubbub. Girls in giddy beach clothes crowd the doorway. Girls in sweeping evening gowns preen themselves before mirrored walls. Girls in next to nothing perch before the dressing tables scattered about the room, dabbing at their own pretty faces or being made up by experts. Great racks on racks of dresses line the room, long tables are covered with hats, other tables with bags, gloves, flowers, jewels, and shoes. In all this medley young women with a purpose dash about, in charge of things.

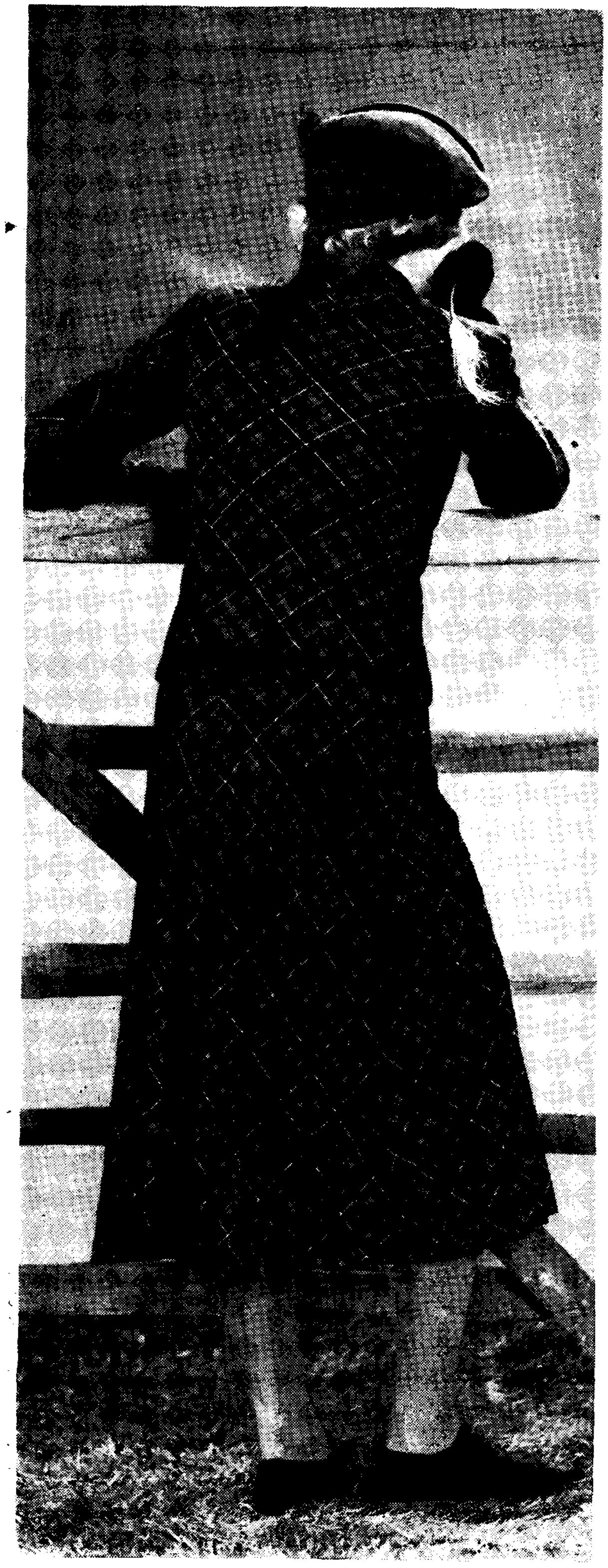
Out front the lights grow dim in the silver-and-gold ballroom of the Waldorf. From around the tables for ten that pack the floor and balconies, the white-tied and jeweled audience turns toward the stage. The orchestra strikes up, the curtains part, and the greatest fashion show in the world is on. The greatest and the best. Because it is put on by fashion experts whose year-round job it is to design, select, edit, purchase and sell clothes. They know their stuff.

Banded together and called the Fashion Group, aiming to "foster good taste in fashion," they number 800 women in America, with chapters in London and Paris. And now these editors, store executives, beauty specialists, designers, writers, artists, leaders in every field on which fashion touches, have put their heads and high-priced talents—for they boast many of the highest-paid women in the world—together and produced the magnificent, the ultra, the last word, in fashion shows. The best clothes in the world are here, on the best fashion models in the world, girls whose faces you have seen on magazine covers and in the ads, girls with an eye on Hollywood and Hollywood's eye on them. A hundred hand-picked costumes, garnered from the Riviera, the Tyrol, Paris, London, New York, Hollywood, and valued at a hundred thousand dollars, are modeled by forty hand-picked girls, to show you what these experts consider not only the most beautiful clothes of the year but important clothes that will have a definite influence on the mode to come; hence the name of the show—Fashion Futures.

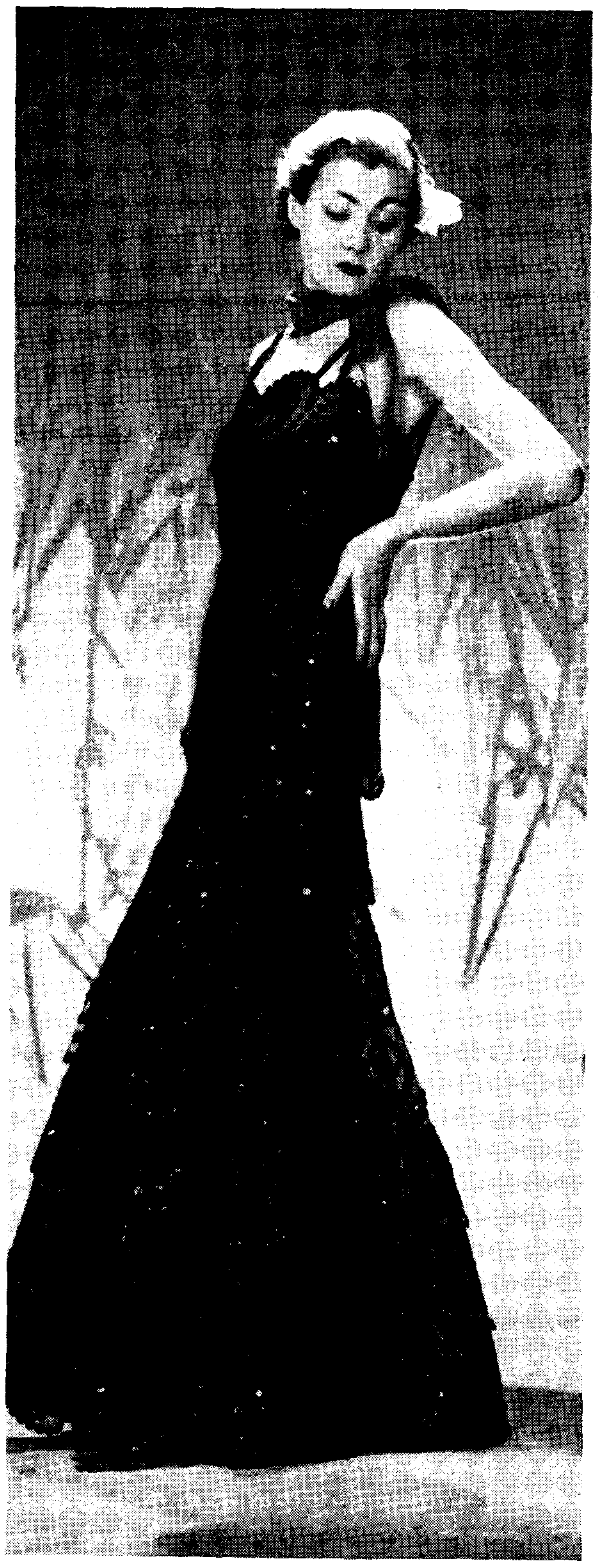
(Continued on page 28)

BEST AND COMPANY

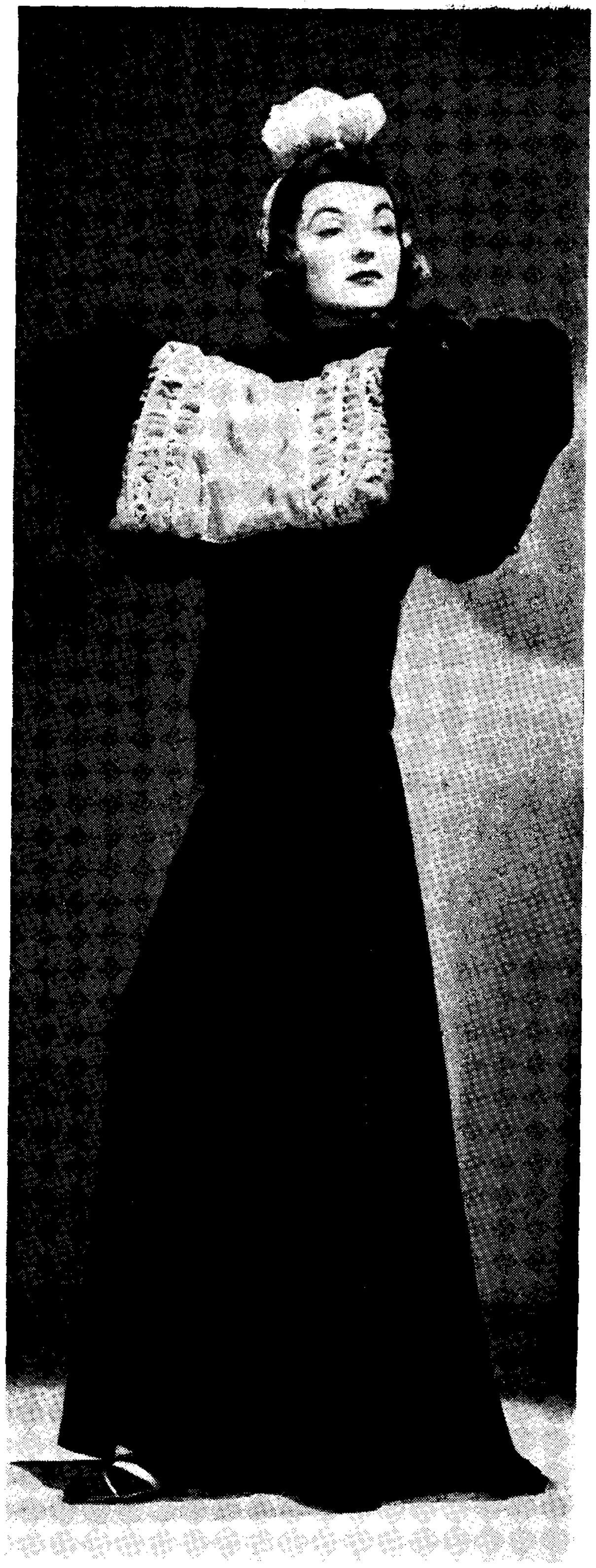
Opposite page: Norman Hartnell sends from England lovely pale pink shirred net, in the spirit of coronation days to come, for the Fashion Futures parade in New York; Molyneux contributes from Paris a rising fashion star, red Scotch plaid (below), young and gay and sporting with short jacket, sweater and pleated skirt



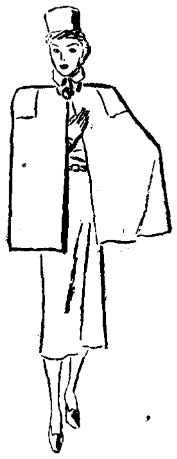
LORD AND TAYLOR



FASHION ORIGINATORS' GUILD



B. ALTMAN AND COMPANY



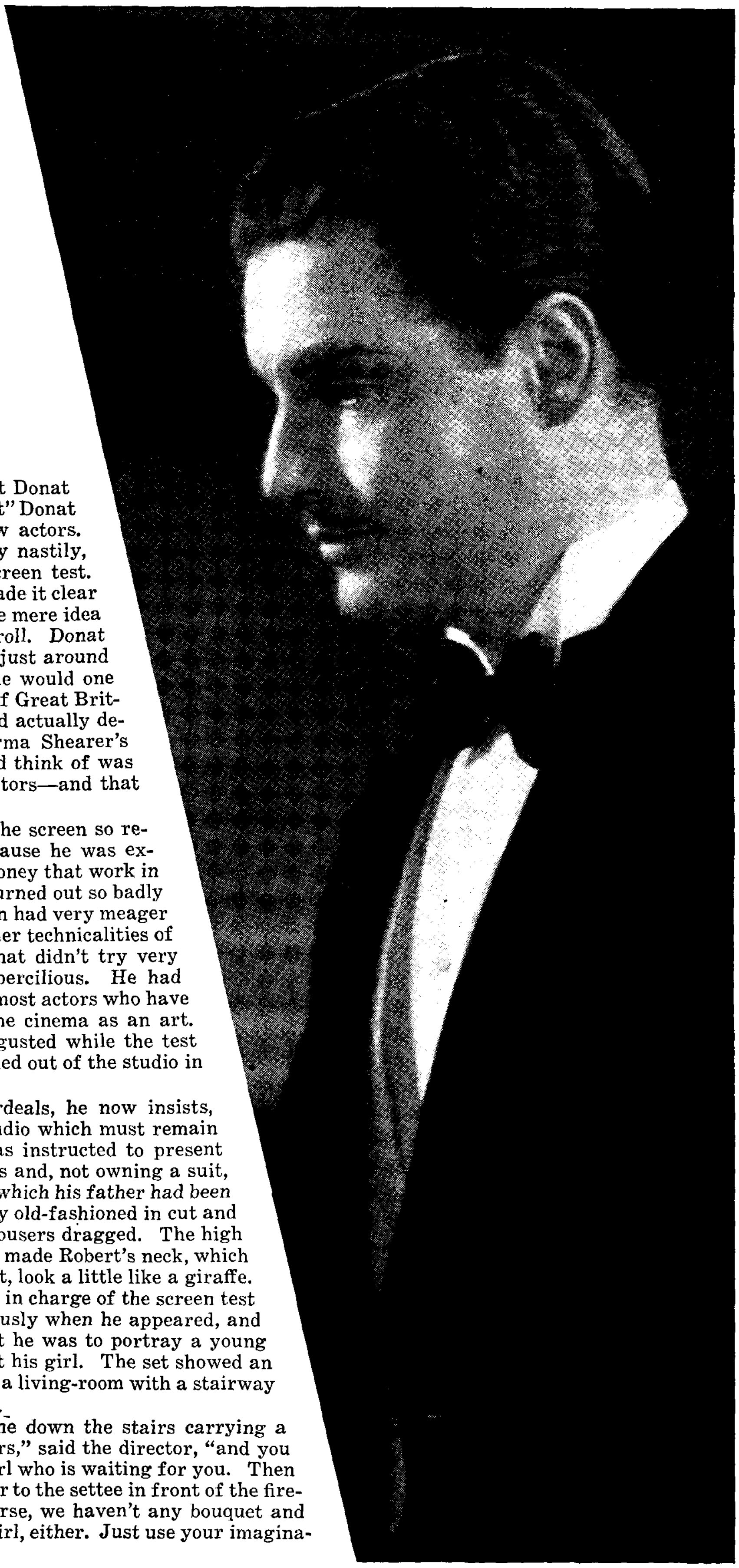
Above, left: Fragile black net, spangled over all with large black sequins, is an American entry in the international fashion parade. Above, right: Paris steps along in Alix's black velvet dinner suit, flaunting danger-red velvet muff and ostrich curl on her tiny dinner hat. Accessories are shown by courtesy of Bonwit Teller

PHOTOGRAPHS FOR COLLIER'S BY PAUL HESSE

No More Swords

The story of romantic Robert Donat, of Monte Cristo and The Ghost Goes West, who got tired of waving swords in Hollywood and went home to England. The producers formally accused him of being screwy, but he denies it

By Henry F. Pringle



UNTIL about five years ago, Robert Donat was sneeringly called "Screen Test" Donat by the more unkind of his fellow actors. "I say, old chap," they would say nastily, "I hear that you've taken another screen test. How frightfully funny, eh?" They made it clear that no job would ever result, that the mere idea of his becoming a cinema star was droll. Donat did not know that a last laugh was just around the corner. He had no idea that he would one day be the leading romantic actor of Great Britain or that, in due course, he would actually decline to be a Romeo to Miss Norma Shearer's Juliet. The only answer he could think of was to gnash his teeth at his tormentors—and that wasn't very convincing.

Robert Donat took tests for the screen so repeatedly in 1930 and 1931 because he was extremely poor and needed the money that work in pictures supplies. The tests turned out so badly because British producers then had very meager knowledge of lighting and other technicalities of the screen, and because Donat didn't try very hard. He can be quite supercilious. He had rather a low opinion, as do most actors who have spouted Shakespeare, of the cinema as an art. He frequently became disgusted while the test was under way and slammed out of the studio in a huff.

Typical among the ordeals, he now insists, was one at a London studio which must remain unidentified. Donat was instructed to present himself in evening dress and, not owning a suit, he borrowed the one in which his father had been married. It was pretty old-fashioned in cut and much too big. The trousers dragged. The high collar he wore with it made Robert's neck, which is long enough at best, look a little like a giraffe. The studio executive in charge of the screen test looked at him dubiously when he appeared, and then explained that he was to portray a young lover about to meet his girl. The set showed an old English home: a living-room with a stairway toward the back.

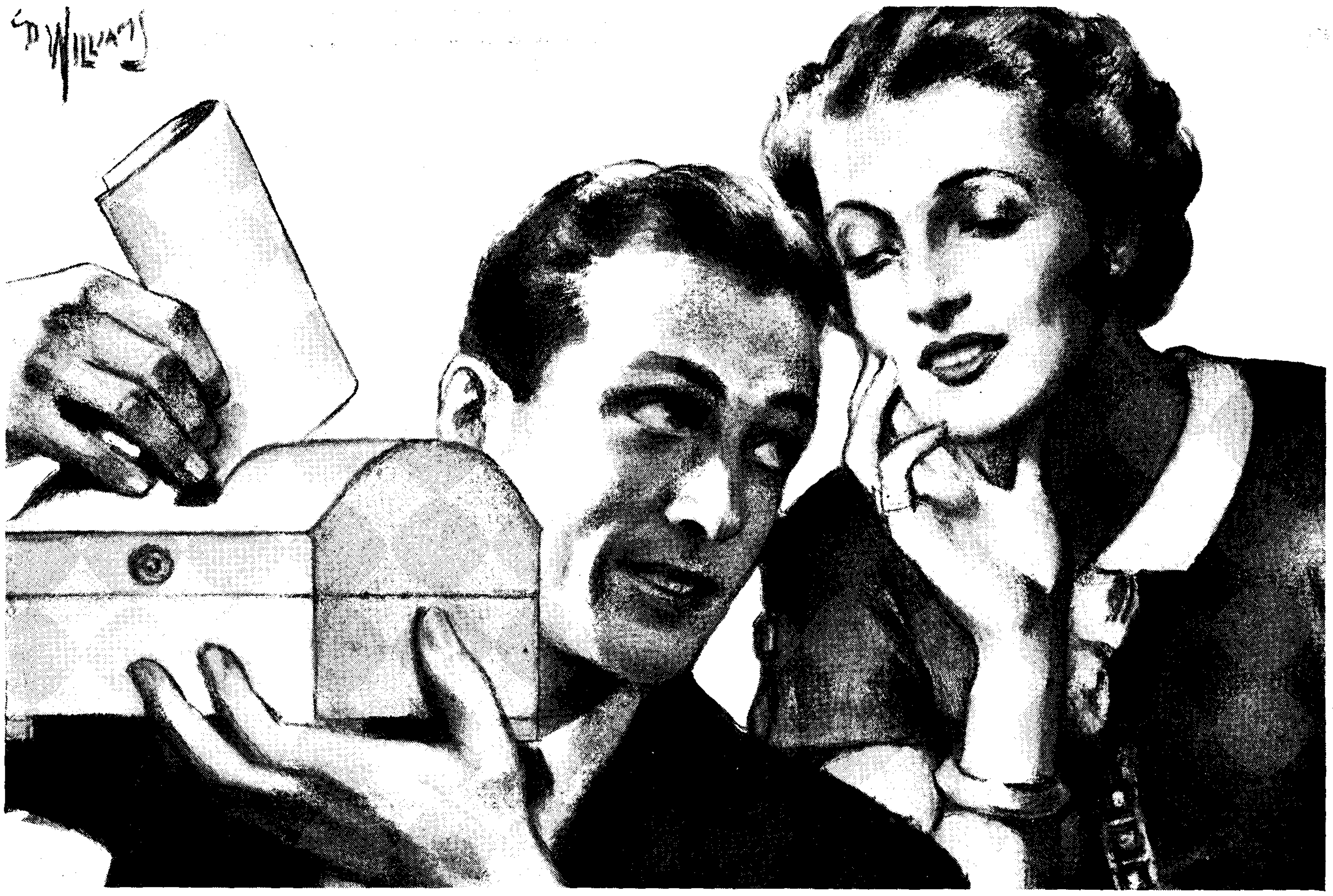
"You're to come down the stairs carrying a bouquet of flowers," said the director, "and you hand it to the girl who is waiting for you. Then you lead her over to the settee in front of the fireplace. Of course, we haven't any bouquet and we haven't a girl, either. Just use your imagination."

Donat pulled out all the stops of his imagination. He made love ardently to the non-existent lady. "Not very good, I'm afraid," said the director when he finished. "I forgot to tell you that you were supposed to be a Canadian lumberjack who has just returned from the wilds. Who the hell told you to wear a dress suit? Well, I haven't time to do it over."

Nothing came of that test nor of others which followed. In 1932, however, Donat received another bid, from a firm with which Alexander Korda was connected. This time Donat was instructed to sit in a chair while a spotlight was centered on him. An erratic assistant director pranced around back of the camera and sound gadgets and ordered him to register, in series, anger, hatred, terror and the other important emotions. This idiotic business was too much. Donat tried it, but he burst into uproarious laughter while the camera ground. He staggered from the chair and out of the studio. Two or three days later, though, Korda dropped into

(Continued on page 30)

Robert Donat played opposite Judy Kelly in that enormously successful English picture, The Ghost Goes West. Donat not only played the part of Donald Glourie but played as well the ghost of a Glourie ancestor—a rollicking, romantic ghost, at that. But Donat is firmly determined not to become a permanent resident of California. He will return to this country next January to complete one or two pictures for American producers—until then he remains a contented resident of dear old England



George explained in his precise, certified-public-accountant manner: "It's not a bank. It's a complaint box"

Dictated But Not Read

A Short Short Story Complete on this Page

By Paul Jones

ILLUSTRATED BY C. D. WILLIAMS

GEORGE and Eleanor Murdock had been married for two months when he drew her attention to a new wooden box, neatly painted, which he had placed on their bureau.

Eleanor bent her pretty head to admire it. "Cute!" she decided. "Why the hole in the lid? Oh, I know, it's a bank."

George explained in his precise, certified-public-accountant manner: "It's not a bank. It's a complaint box."

"A complaint box?"

"You know, like the one we saw in the Trumper Hotel—Kindly Write Out Any Suggestions for the Improvement of Our Service and Place in Here."

"Oh, George, what would I ever have to complain of?"

"Nothing, I hope." It was an anxious and difficult moment because what George was really thinking about was that he had a few suggestions he would like to make to Eleanor. This box would be a painless way of communicating them, without precipitating tears, as in The Affair of the Burned Bacon, or The Case of the Mislaid Shirt. She was beautiful and he loved her, but—well, her lack of order, for one thing. Her forgetfulness. And so on.

"The idea is," he went on, "that if I—that is, if *we*—have any suggestions to make about anything, we needn't have any mean old arguments, see? I'll—that is, *we'll* just write them down, put them in here, and that's all. No bickering, no recriminations—in fact, we'll make it an absolute rule never to discuss them."

Eleanor ran her slim fingers over the box, and then lifted the lid as though it might explode, and peeked inside, just to see whether he had started her off with one complaint the way parents start a child off with a dollar in the savings bank. But he hadn't. The box was empty.

For a month it seemed to George that his system, while not perfect, had real merit. Not all his suggestions bore immediate fruit; others, mysteriously, took instant effect. But the great gain was the peaceful atmosphere, the complete lack of dissension, for he followed scrupulously the rule of silence. If a note was ignored, he wrote another, and another and, somehow, things would come right in the end.

BUT then came a crisis. July had furnished so cool, so lovely a morning that George rose early, put on old clothes, and went silently downstairs with the intention of cutting the grass before going to the office. He was in high spirits, and exchanged a friendly chirp with a reckless sparrow whom he found perched on one wheel of the lawn mower. He then stooped, examined the blades, uttered an oath and re-entered the house.

"It's not the mere fact that the lawn mower has not been sharpened," he wrote, sitting at the Governor Winthrop desk in the living room, "although I have left two notices in the complaint box asking you to call up the hardware store and have this done. Nor is it the fact that you never put the cap back on the tooth paste (4th notice). Nor that my white suit has not been sent to the cleaners (3d notice). What concerns me deeply, however, is that these lapses betray an apparently incurable carelessness which bodes ill for our married happiness."

He nibbled the end of his fountain pen and began to relent, thinking of Eleanor as he had left her, rosy with sleep, her tawny hair rippling over the white pillow. "I wish you would make a special effort," he continued, "and—"

George might have finished his note in a conciliatory strain, but at this point, conforming his position to an easier frame of mind, he attempted to cross his legs and barked his shin on a half-open drawer. He looked down and saw a mass of bills and letters which Eleanor had crammed in helter-skelter, instead of using the neat file which he had provided for her. His dawning good nature disappeared in a flash of hideous rage.

He wrote long and bitterly, and then read over what he had written. He found it good—a temperate exposition of the wrongs of a just man.

When he went upstairs Eleanor was still asleep, her head pillowed on one round, smooth arm. His note was so long and so thick, when he had folded it, that it refused to enter the slot in the complaint box. For the first time since he had placed it on the bureau he opened the lid and was dumfounded. Every complaint he had ever written was still there, not even unfolded, not even read.

He turned the box upside down and allowed the notes to slide out on the bureau top. There were more than he remembered, and he was puzzled, until he noticed that some were in Eleanor's handwriting. What could Eleanor have to complain of? He opened her messages at random and read: *"If you straighten the ornaments on the mantel once more, after I've fixed them, I'll scream."* . . . *"Please don't explain the gold standard to me at breakfast."* . . . *"For heaven's sake, don't wait until we're out to tell me I have a run in my stocking."* . . . *"Don't ever dare say . . ."*

Eleanor had stirred drowsily and, with a quick movement, George swept the paper into his pocket. When she leaned on one elbow and turned toward him he was holding the empty box in his hands.

"George, what on earth are you doing?"

He looked at her friendly, smiling eyes and realized that his idea had been sounder than he thought. The complaints had lain in the box unread; but the tone of petty irritation and the hint of tears lay with them there, unvoiced. Like old razor blades these memoranda of minor and transient woes had dropped through the slot to be forgotten.

"I was just taking this box out," he said, "to nail down the lid."

Pick a Number

By Everett Freeman

Any number from one to ten will do. Add it to anything else at all—it doesn't matter what—and if the answer doesn't make an ace radio program for Wolhauser Beauty Products, Inc., there's something the matter somewhere

FLOHERTY JR

ILLUSTRATED BY JOHN FLOHERTY, JR.

MR. L. J. WOLHAUSER, president of Wolhauser Beauty Products, Inc., Defender of the Face, Protector of the Figure, Knight of the Golden Skin Cream and sponsor of the Mab Facial Soap program, was not in his office at the moment. It was a luxurious, walnut-fitted office and, on a leather couch in this office, reclined an innocent-eyed young man, his lips parted just enough to sustain a cigarette from which blue smoke curled upward. At the other end of the room, a tall, gaunt individual with an expression of unrelieved sourness strode back and forth, now and again pausing to flick a white cigar ash into a chromium receptacle.

The innocent-eyed young man was Eddie Blake. The tall, gaunt individual was Mack Lantman. Together, they composed the collaborating tandem of *Lantman and Blake, gag men,* script writers, entrepreneurs, producers—anything, in short, that radio might offer as a lucrative inducement to effort. They were waiting now for the aforesaid Mr. L. J. Wolhauser who was not in his office.

Mack paused in his long-legged perambulations and glanced at his wrist watch.

"I got a hunch it's something big," he muttered. "Wolhauser said he just wanted to talk to us. When he puts it that way, it must be important."

"It might be a new show," Eddie reflected. "The current one folds in two weeks."

"Either that, or a nice presidential handshake with some thanks for our past efforts." Mack struck a match, but halted the flame's progress in mid-air. The door had just swung open, revealing the portly presence of Mr. L. J. Wolhauser.

"Good afternoon," said the Mab president gravely.

THE two men acknowledged the greeting and waited for the next overture. It came after a dramatic interval during which Mr. Wolhauser seated himself at his desk, assumed the proper executive mien and satisfied himself that his visitors were framed at attention.

"Gentlemen," he said, speaking slowly and with precision, "in the newspaper business, when one paper beats another paper, it's known as a scoop, isn't it?"

"As one former newspaperman to another," said Eddie, "yes."

"Well," resumed Mr. Wolhauser deliberately, "you are looking at a person who has just scored a scoop in the radio business."

Eddie sat up. "A scoop?"

Mr. Wolhauser permitted himself a grin. He was in a benign state, a jovial state, a state of satisfaction and suppressed excitement.

"Two weeks ago," he said, "I went to a moving picture. The name of the moving picture doesn't matter, but the star is well known. She's young, she's beautiful, she's talented and, above all, she's got a voice like—like—" Mr. Wolhauser groped for a simile, then abandoned the effort in a flood of new rapture. "Gentlemen," he said, "when I heard her sing I was carried away out of the theater. I just sat there and the tears rolled down my face. When she sang the aria from Puccini's 'Madame Butterfly'—you know, the one that goes like this—" He expanded his chest and hummed in a sincere if unmelodious baritone.

"Look," said Mack, "suppose you skip all the counterpoint and tell us what happened."

Mr. Wolhauser shook himself out of his muse.

"GENTLEMEN," he said, "then and there I determined to have her on my program. Money was no object, mind you. I would have gone as high as eight thousand, but I offered her four and we agreed on six."

"Six thousand a week?"

"Right. And cheap at twice the price. She wired me her okay and I sent her the contracts. Everything is signed and sealed. She comes to New York tomorrow and goes on the air the week after our present show ends. That's three weeks from Friday. The way I got the thing figured, you boys can write a little script building up to each song—you know, with a cue on the end—"

"Who is the woman?" Eddie demanded.

Mr. Wolhauser grinned again.

"I've been keeping it a secret. I haven't told anybody, not even my advertising agency. I handled everything myself."

"All right," said Eddie tiredly, "you scooped the town. Who is she?"

The Mab president paused and leaned forward.

"Her name," he said with all the gravity he could muster, "is Muriel Douglas." And, having confided this important bit of news, he grinned for the third time and awaited approbation.

But none was forthcoming. Mack and Eddie had stiffened and were staring incredulously at the rotund figure of the soap executive.

Mr. Wolhauser was puzzled; the expressions of his two visitors had even imparted an embryo fear.

"What's the matter?" he asked.

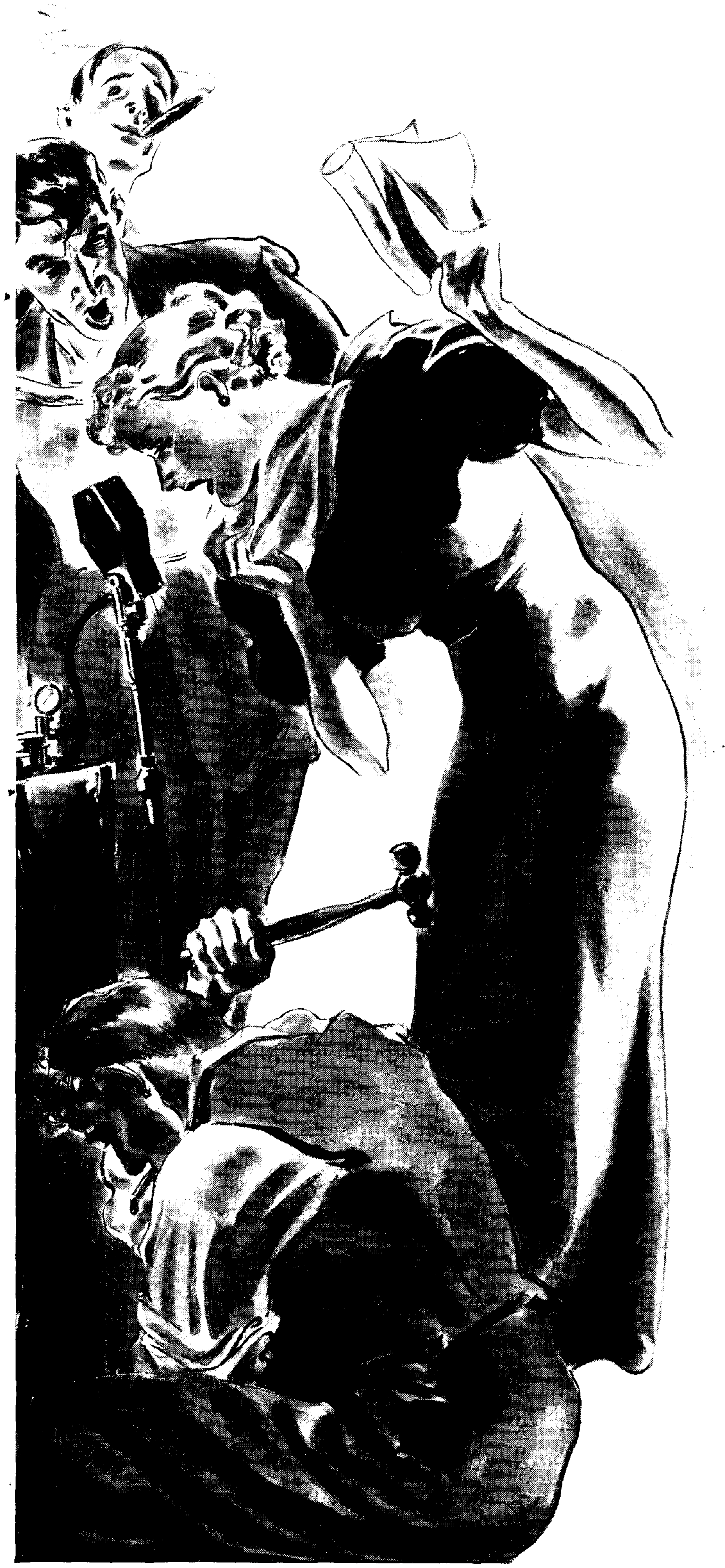
"Nothing," said Mack dryly, "except that Muriel Douglas can't sing a note. Her voice was dubbed in the picture you saw."

"Dubbed?"

"Yes, dubbed. Someone else did the yodeling for her. All little Muriel did was open and close her mouth."

"It's a nice mouth," Eddie sighed, "but it isn't worth jelly beans until television comes along."

A vast terror was beginning to de-



"Talk louder," he directed. Muriel turned back her page. "Steve!" she read

scend on Mr. L. J. Wolhauser, causing his throat to constrict, his chest to tighten, his face to pale.

"You mean," he whispered, "she ain't a singer?"

"Not even an infinitesimal part of a singer," said Eddie. "Not even a factory reproduction of a third-rate, clip-joint canary."

Mr. Wolhauser wiped sudden jets of perspiration from his forehead. In a distance, he heard Eddie say, "Six grand a week for twenty-six weeks," and Mack add, "A hundred and fifty-six thousand dollars."

Then he was on his feet.

"Boys," he choked, "you've gotta get me out of this."

"Sure," said Mack. "We'll just appeal to Muriel's sense of fair play. We'll say to her, 'Miss Douglas, Mr. Wolhauser regrets bringing you to New York to go on the radio.' And she'll reply, 'Why, I wouldn't think of holding him—' "

"Listen," said the Mab president desperately. "There must be something we can do. Maybe we can break the contract."

"How?" demanded Mack. "Did Muriel Douglas tell you she could sing?"

"No, no. She didn't tell me anything. I assumed it."

"Did the contract specify she was to sing?"

"No. It was just the usual artist's agreement to appear on a commercial program."

Mack shook his head.

"Then there's nothing—"

"Wait a minute!" The interruption came from Eddie. He turned to the haggard soap executive. "What's in it for us if we get Muriel Douglas to walk out?"

"Why—why—" Mr. Wolhauser wrestled with a handkerchief. "Anything. I—I'll—"

"Is it worth ten grand to you?"

"Yes. Yes. I'm will—"

"Sold," said Eddie. "Ten grand for us if we dissolve the contract amicably. When does she get in?"

"Tomorrow morning," said Mr. Wolhauser. "At Grand Central. She'll be stopping in the Hotel Marriette. What are you going to do?"

"Why, nothing much," said Eddie, reaching for his hat. "Just show her how the wheels go round."

AT ONE o'clock the next afternoon, Mack Lantman halted his wall-to-wall trekking across the Marriette lobby and looked up as his colleague materialized through swinging doors.

"So you finally got here," he growled. "I've been waiting since twelve-thirty."

"Take it easy," said Eddie. "I just spoke to Muriel on the phone."

"On the phone, eh? I suppose you wouldn't think of coming here and meeting her personally."

"I would," said Eddie, taking his companion's arm and leading him into the street. "Only she's not registered at the Marriette. For some reason of her own, she changed her mind and went to the Jefferson." He halted a taxicab, directed the driver and sat back. "I think it's gonna be a cinch, Mack. This dame sounds like the original half-wit."

"Dumb?"

"In spades," Eddie nodded. "Of course, I don't want to judge her from a single telephone conversation. She's probably a lot dumber. But start slowly, anyway. We'll warm up as we go along."

"Warm up!" said Mack. "For ten grand I'm hot before I start."

At the door of Muriel's apartment, a prim maid answered their knock and ushered them into the young star's presence. She smiled entrancingly and walked forward with hands outstretched, looking utterly radiant in a dress of soft blue just a shade lighter than her eyes.

"Mr. Blake?"

"At your service," said Eddie. "Meet Mr. Lantman."

"A pleasure," grunted Mack, taking one of the pink-nailed hands.

Muriel spoke apologetically.

"I'm sorry if you had any trouble finding me here. I mean, I intended staying at the Marriette, but I changed my mind when I found out it was on Forty-sixth Street."

Mack blinked. "What's wrong with Forty-sixth Street?"

"Oh, nothing. Not with the street, I mean. It's the numbers. Six and four. They add up to ten, and ten resolves into the single digit, one."

The tall man stared as Muriel went on with some diffidence.

"It's numerology. My Personal Year Vibration is nine. That's the number I must follow in embarking on new ventures. It's the total of my Birth Path and Individual Life as indicated in the Cycles."

"I see," nodded Mack.

"MY WHOLE life is ruled by numbers," Muriel pursued animatedly. "Everybody's is, only they don't know it. My Expression is four and my Impression is five. That totals nine. I started in the movies early in 1935. Add the digits and you get eighteen, or eight and one, which is also nine."

Eddie swung his head politely.

"That sounds logical."

"Sure," said Mack.

Muriel brushed a lock of golden hair from her eyes.

"Numbers," she said, "are the basis and cause of everything. That's what Caleb Crenwood told me. He's the numerologist I met in Hollywood. Numbers give you the key to your Divine Selfhood and teach you how to make every move."

"Is that why you went into radio?" Mack inquired.

"Well, in a way, yes," Muriel admitted thoughtfully, "although my numbers tell me I must be wary of new entanglements." She stood up and smiled. "But I'm really thrilled. I mean, think of my voice traveling thousands and thousands of miles through space. I mean, I'm really excited about the whole thing."

Eddie sighed. "It's great to feel that way."

"Yeah," said Mack slowly. "That's just how little Grace Nelson was two years ago."

"Pood kid," said Eddie. "Is she still in the sanitarium?"

The tall man nodded, turning to Muriel.

"She was a young girl like yourself, only not as big in pictures. She came East to go on a radio program—"

"And it got her," said Eddie. "Long rehearsals every day, memorizing scripts week after week, worrying about pannings." He took a deep breath. "She lost weight, became anemic. Her face got pinched. When she tried to get back in pictures, they gave her another screen test and told her no soap. That was the last straw."

"BUT don't let it worry you," Mack put in hastily. "Radio is a tough grind, but it's interesting."

"Sure," said Eddie. "You'll find out when you come to rehearsal tomorrow. Be there at four o'clock and don't forget to bring along a bouchenez."

"A—a what?" Muriel inquired.

"A bouchenez. It's a kind of scarf to keep over your mouth."

"You see," Mack explained, "beginners in radio sometimes contract the fever. It's due to a certain air coming out of the microphones that causes the larynx to tighten—"

"And the lips to expand—"

"And the mouth to bulge."

Muriel's eyes were wide.

"But—but people talk into microphones without using—"

"Bouchenez?" finished Eddie. "Yes, Miss Douglas. They do. But only people who have gotten used to it."

"Besides," added Mack, "the air doesn't affect everybody. Only people with light skin and fair hair. It's like strawberry rashes. You only get it if you're susceptible."

Eddie turned to his colleague with a far-away look.

"Remember Doris Nichols?" he murmured. "Poor child, her whole career was blighted when she got the fever. You should see her lips. They're like balloons."

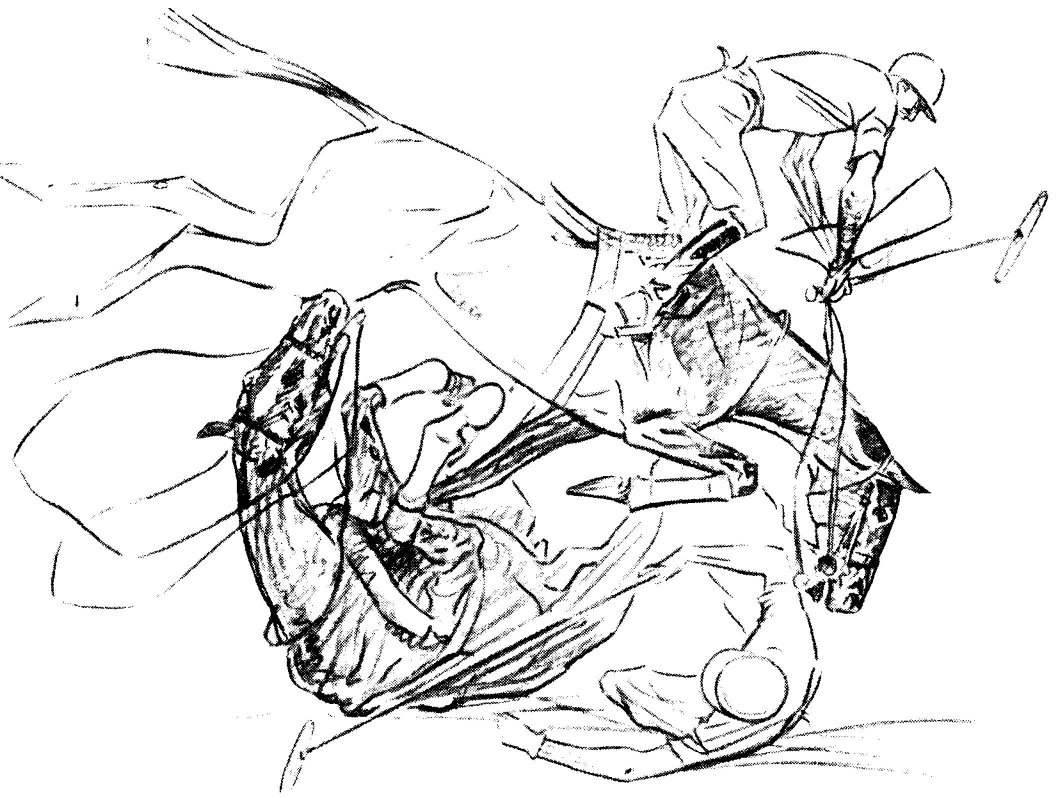
(Continued on page 42)

Smart Ponies

By Quentin Reynolds

Take a fairly good race horse, make him stop being a prima donna, teach him to forget he comes of royal blood and you have the makings of a first-string polo pony. This is how one of the most successful stables does it

ILLUSTRATED BY PAUL BROWN



No pampered thoroughbred could survive the polo pony's workaday job

MAX HIRSCH looked quite unimpressed. Out there on the field four grooms were putting four polo ponies through their paces. Ed Madden of Hamburg Place, just outside of Lexington, Kentucky, owned and had trained the horses and Max Hirsch, after sending Bold Venture to the winning post in the Kentucky Derby, had dropped in to visit Madden and to talk of horses. Now Madden was putting on a show for him but Hirsch was still unresponsive.

"What is the difference between a running thoroughbred and a polo-playing thoroughbred?" Hirsch asked.

Madden, whose life is wrapped up in training polo ponies, said he'd show him.

"Bring those ponies over here," Madden called to the grooms, and the four steeds galloped over to stop just in front of Hirsch and Madden. They stood there quietly, looking rather speculatively at Madden.

Hirsch opened his eyes in wonder. "Why Ed, they're not even nervous, they're not breathing hard, they're not trembling. Yet you say they're hot-blooded horses?"

"I bought them at Latonia a year ago, right off the track," Madden smiled. "They were fast horses but not fast enough to win stakes. So I made them into polo ponies."

"But after a hard workout thoroughbreds are always nervous and jittery," Hirsch objected. "Look at these now. They're as calm as though they were munching oats in the barn. How do you get them to act like that?"

"By teaching them to forget," Madden laughed.

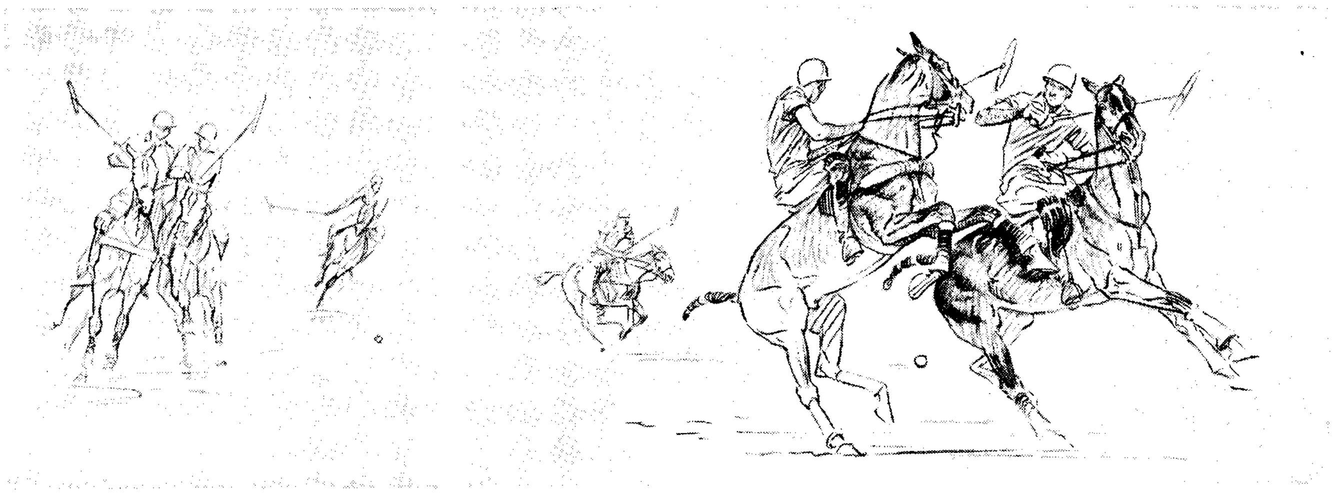
"Forget what?"

"To forget that they're thoroughbreds," Madden chuckled, "to forget that they're prima donnas. That's the first lesson a polo pony has to learn."

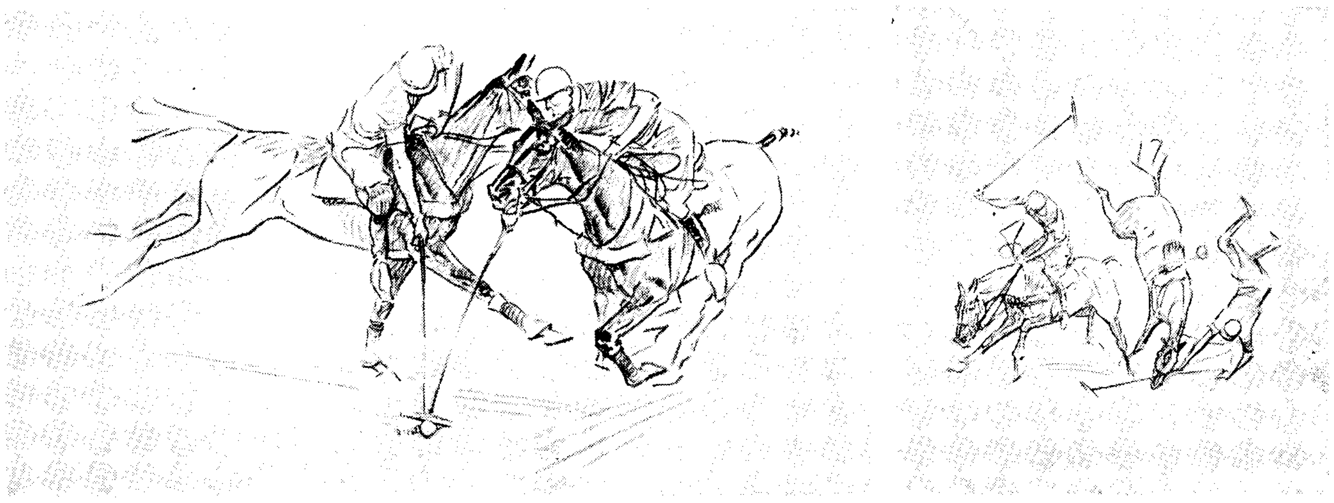
Good polo ponies are thoroughbred horses which have come down to earth and forgotten their royal blood. An ordinary (or an extraordinary) running horse is pampered like nothing on this earth. From the time it is foaled a horse which is to be turned loose on the tracks is handled with kid gloves twenty-four hours a day. The horse does nothing for itself—it never has to go out on the streets and sell papers. Like a turkey being fattened for the November trade, a young thoroughbred is always waited upon. Naturally such a horse gets high and mighty ideas. Naturally it develops, even if its blood hasn't given it such tendencies, a highly sensitive nature and a temperament. Such a horse will sulk if it doesn't want to run, will whine if a cold draft hits it, will, in fact, insist upon every tenderness and bit of service that it has been taught is its birthright. That, says Ed Madden and others who teach horses to play the game of polo, is a lot of nonsense. They teach horses to be smart, obedient, durable, quick—they don't merely teach them to run around a track.

As a matter of fact, Ed Madden is looked upon askance in the blue grass section of Kentucky. His farm at Hamburg Place is, from an equestrian point of view, one of the most magnificent in the country. Twenty-five hundred restful acres of blue grass studded with stables and indoor rings and offices and polo fields. But the farm was built by his father, John Madden, one of the greatest of all horse breeders. Five Kentucky Derby winners were trained there at Hamburg Place, and a bronze plaque on a barn lists them—Old Rosebud, whom Kentucky horsemen declared sturdily to be the greatest horse ever foaled; Paul Jones, 1920 winner; Sir Bar-

(*Continued on page 48*)



Agility is a first consideration in a polo pony. He must be able to start fast and stop suddenly. Above, the artist has caught one, ridden off the ball, quickly checking and rearing to paw his way into position for the shot



A good pony is courageous, and must not flinch, even in the face of imminent collision. At the right is a first-class spill brought about by the horse's refusal to waver even while being crossed by an opposing pony

The Dumb Gods Speak

By E. Phillips Oppenheim

ILLUSTRATED BY GEORGE HOWE

The Story Thus Far:

A MYSTERIOUS organization, known as "The International Bureau of Espionage," establishes its headquarters in Nice, France. Directing its activities are two remarkable men: Prince Cheng Ziao Han and an American, Mark Humberstone. Making use of weird mechanisms which enable them to see entirely around the world and converse with their aides in far-distant places, they are preparing for a momentous *coup* of some sort, with China and Russia pivotal centers.

Catherine Oronoff, a beautiful Russian, is Humberstone's secretary. Working together constantly, they are presently in love. And they make their plans to be married.... A man who calls himself "Mr. Jonson" acts as bodyguard for Cheng and Humberstone. From time to time, as Professor Ventura, he startles vaudeville audiences by demonstrating that no one can touch him—when he doesn't wish to be touched, that no rope can hold him, that no gun can wound him!

Powerful conspirators are plotting to destroy the bureau. Two of their killers, Krakoff and Hanson, attempt to murder Cheng and Humberstone. But Jonson outwits them, saves his employers' lives.

Another enemy appears on the scene. Posing as Paul Agrestein, a Warsaw jeweler, and accompanied by a woman, he flies to Nice. There Cheng and Jonson find him—and shoot him to death! Henri Déchanel, a police official, is mystified by the killing. Suspecting that "Suzanne," a siren who is employed by the bureau as a spy, knows something about it, he interviews her. The girl tells him nothing.

Professor Ventura (Jonson) gives one of his vaudeville performances. A woman in the audience—the woman who had been with the so-called Paul Agrestein when he had been killed—recognizes him. Rising, she melodramatically accuses him of murder. Jonson is equal to the situation, however. When the woman faints, he cleverly makes it appear that she is a trifle deranged mentally. He is not arrested.

Hanson, the killer, pays a visit to the bureau's headquarters. As he enters, he is searched and a revolver found. Nevertheless, Cheng and Humberstone grant him an interview. While he is talking, Jonson appears. Knowing that the fellow is dangerous, Jonson instantly seizes him. "Take him away," Cheng says sternly. And Jonson obeys orders.

VIII

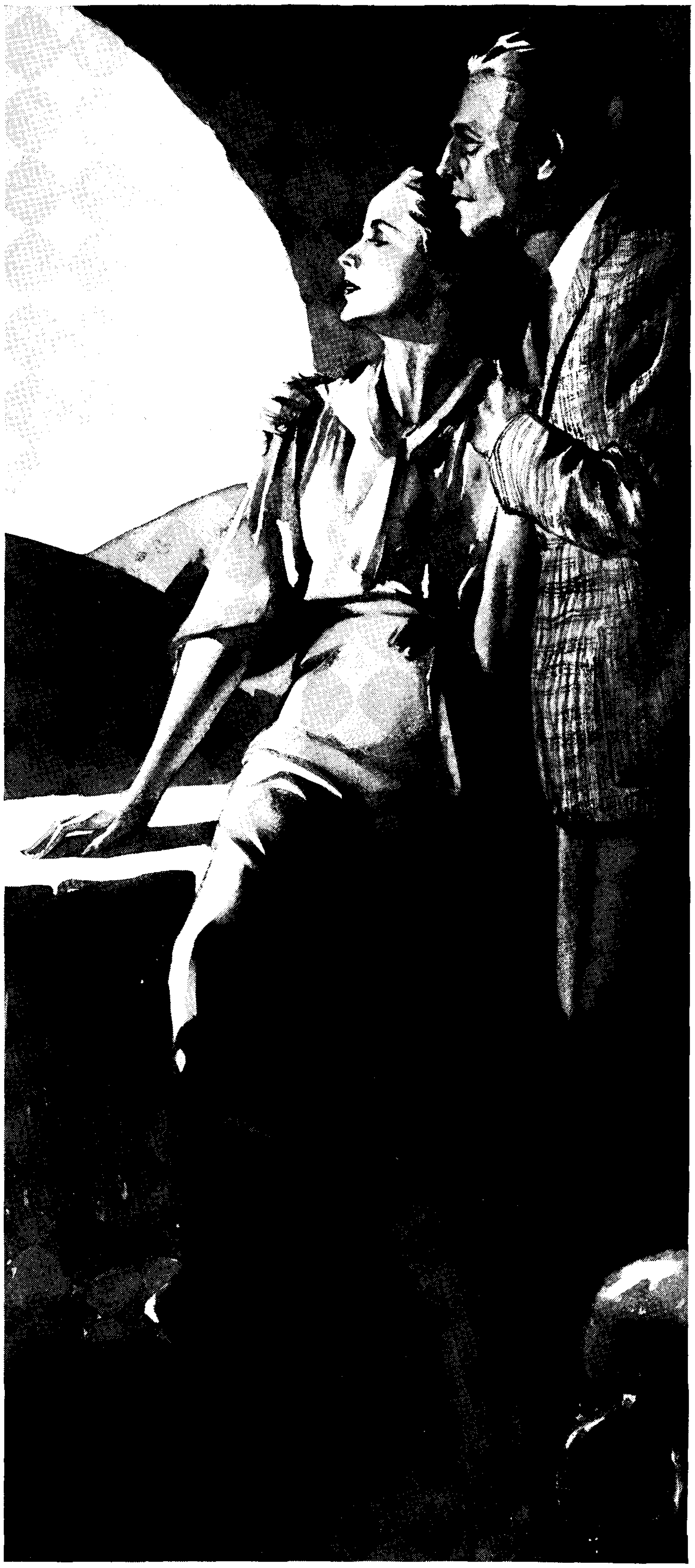
MR. CHENG, whose fastidiousness as to his immediate environment was always specially ruffled by the close proximity of the underworld, threw wide open one of the windows looking across the *place*.

"Faugh!" he exclaimed. "If I had been our happily departed friend I should have chosen a more savory bodyguard."

"Filthy swine of a fellow," Mark agreed. "Better have sent him to rot with his master."

"All the same, I shall owe him a precious memory," Cheng observed. "Did you ever realize, my friend, that this city, which seems to have become a little tired of sheltering us, could ever be called beautiful?"

Mark stood by his side at the open window which faced the long broken line of the lesser Alps. The vast panorama of lights from the villas on the hill towards Cimiez on one side and Mont Boron on the other was slowly dwindling. Little blurs of darkness in the far distance were creeping into shape—pine trees, broken country wrapped still in a faint dissolving mist. At the back of the hills the sky, from which the stars were only at that moment beginning to fade, was riven by a long thin streak of silver. The transformation of night into morning with all its changes of color was taking place before their eyes, and the slight breeze which found its way into the room came laden with the perfume of narcissi and carnations, with which the market carts were piled.



All the throbbing drama of a world in suspense was swept away

"It is not Peiping," Cheng sighed, "but it has beauty."

"It is only in this part of the world," Mark observed, "that the cities can fade away so graciously into the country. In America we cover the ground around them for more miles than one can see with wooden buildings and mushroom-like tenements."

He lit a cigarette and glanced at his companion. Cheng, however, had relapsed into thought.

"Do you realize, Mark," he reflected, "that we are very near our crisis?"

"Sure. I'm glad."

"We have had to wade our way through a great deal that has been distasteful. Now we step into the higher places for a time."

BOTH men turned their heads. The screen door which led into Cheng's private suite had been pushed gently open. Shih-fu was standing upon the threshold. She bowed twice to Mr. Cheng.

"The master will not be angry that I seek him," she begged. "Hou Hsi has sent me. The hour is late. It is the first time she has slept in the city."

"I come at once," was the swift response. "My friend," Cheng added, turning to Mark, "you see I am no longer monarch of my ways. You will excuse?"

"I had something to say to you," Mark replied, "but it can wait."

"Until tomorrow, if you please. My brain is overfull tonight with the wonderful result of your labors, and Hou Hsi calls me. Within a few hours we shall build up with words and visions the next chart, the chart of conquest, even if the battle be bloodless. We must speak of the future, Mark."

"Tomorrow, then," Mark assented. "My news will keep till then."

Cheng looked at him for a moment curiously. There was an expression in his face which puzzled Mark. It was one almost of apprehension. It was as though this grave and dignified young man, who lived always so fearlessly and confidently, had seen before him the shadow of some possible danger. Then they heard Shih-fu's silvery voice from the doorway.

"Hou Hsi weeps, my lord."

The indecision, or whatever it may have been, passed. Mr. Cheng shrugged his shoulders lightly.

"You see," he sighed, as he turned away, "it is a summons which I lack the courage to disobey."

MARK had always been a popular visitor at the American consulate in Nice, and Mr. James Haverley, the acting official, promptly deserted a roomful of tourists at the sound of his voice outside. He gripped his hand and led him into his private sanctum.

"Well, well!" he exclaimed. "I am glad to see you, Mr. Humberstone. About time you came and gave us a call here. Sit down. Will you smoke a cigar or your own paper trash?"

"Paper trash, if you don't mind," Mark replied, producing his cigarette case. "May I get married this morning?"

"May you *what?*"

"Get married—bring a young woman in here, borrow a prayer book, sign some papers and all the rest of it."

"You're not pulling my leg, are you?" the consul asked incredulously.

(Continued on page 64)

Bread into Roses

By
Kathleen Norris

ILLUSTRATED BY MARIO COOPER

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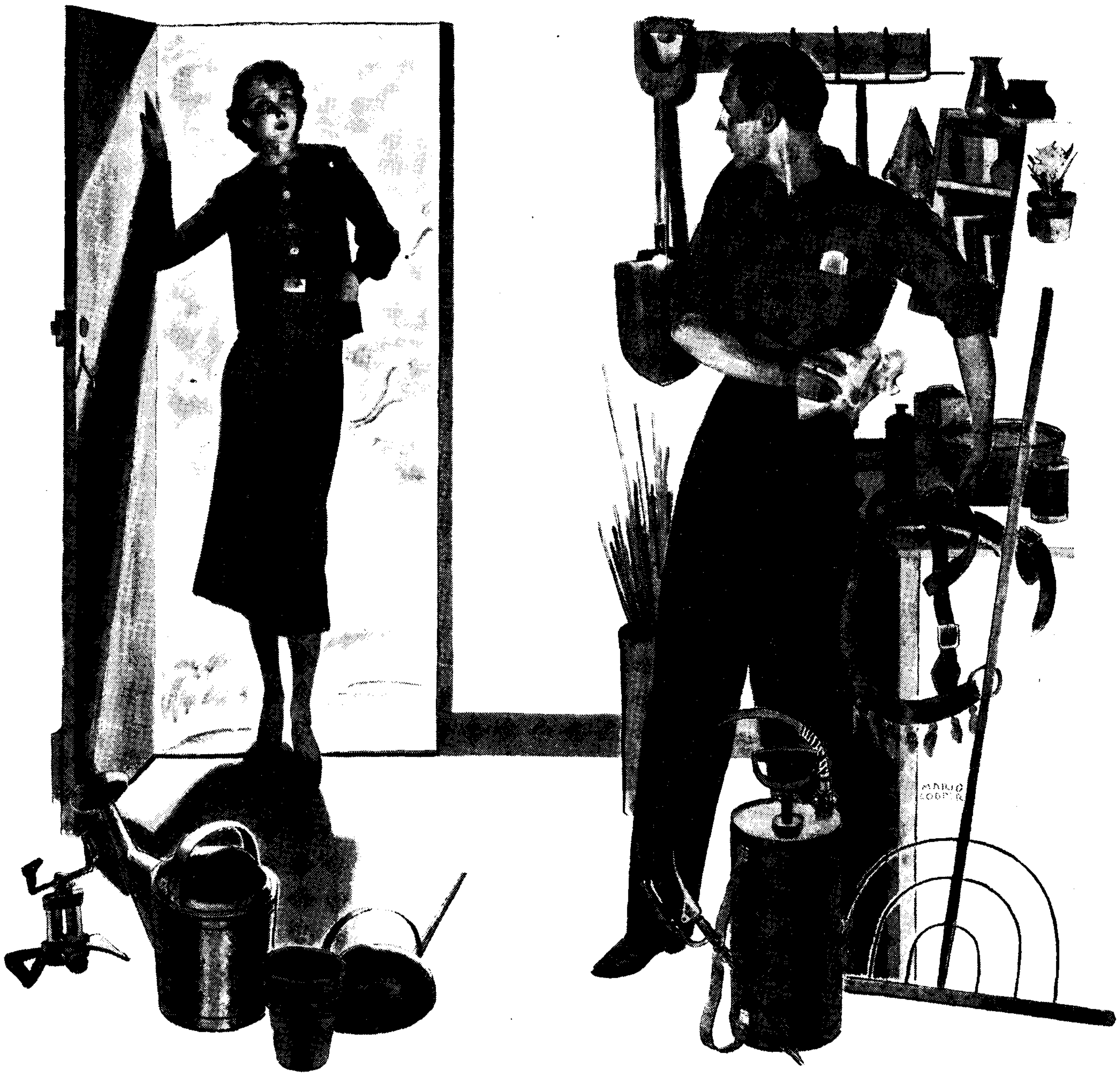


Terry looked up to see what had blocked the light. She saw his color change

The Story Thus Far:

SUSANNAH FARJEON marries Alexander Hazeltyne in New York City. She is radiantly happy. She has a husband who adores her; she is young; she is beautiful; and, when her baby comes (a girl, Evelina) her cup of bliss is full.

In a twinkling, though, all her happiness vanishes. "Alec," who is wealthy, encounters a designing nineteen-year-old girl, Merle Sargent, succumbs to her charms and, after securing a divorce in Reno, marries her.

In need of a rest, suffering from shock, Susannah goes to Connecticut. There, in a charming old farmhouse, she tries to summon sufficient courage to face life again. And there she receives another crushing blow: Evelina dies.

Wretched, she turns to two attractive neighbors—Terence Duquesne and his sister, Mrs. Anne Lambert—for comfort. Keenly sympathetic, they are wonderfully kind to her. And in a very short time, "Terry" is in love with her, in love with her and imploring her to marry him.

Again and again Susannah tells him that she will never marry again; then, carried away by his tenderness, his understanding, his quiet charm, she promises to become his wife.

No sooner has she promised than she receives a letter from Alec. A few hours later she is in his New York office, discussing a serious problem with him. Due to some technicality, Alec's divorce had been invalidated. He had married Merle; but the girl, learning that he was on the verge of losing his fortune, had left him, gone to England.

So Susannah is still married: *still married to the man she had loved.*

In Alec's office, and later at Susannah's hotel, they go over the situation; and it is finally decided that Susannah is to go to Reno and secure a divorce. That decision reached, Alec tells her that he loves her, will always love her. . . .

Back in Connecticut, Susannah and Terry discuss the situation; it is finally decided that Terry will go to Oxford (where he is to do some special research work) and that, following her stay in Reno, Susannah will join him there and marry him.

But when she is alone it is not of Terry Duquesne she is thinking; her thoughts revert constantly to Alec, whom she will never see again.

Conclusion

THURSDAY was for her a day of such nervous excitement that by noontime she was completely exhausted and lay flat on her bed for an hour before luncheon, closing her eyes, pretending to rest, but inwardly so keyed to a frantic expectation of some message, some telegram or telephone communication from Alec that she was almost beside herself.

But why—why? She asked herself the question in contempt, in honest wonder and bewilderment. How could she analyze, much less estimate the significance of the agitation that had taken possession of her from the very first moment of meeting Alec? Did it mean anything at all, would it last, could it be conquered by any act of will on her part? These questions and a hundred others poured through her mind; fever burned in her cheeks. She felt physically, as well as morally and mentally, incapable of leaving for the West without some word from Alec, without hearing his voice again, and the hours went by and the hours went by and he made no sign.

She had sent him a night letter on Wednesday night, saying that Phil would be with his grandmother on Friday afternoon, that Terry was driving her in to town and would see her to the train. Would Alec please leave the tickets with his mother where Liza would get them? And many thanks for taking charge of the trunks; Liza would be on the lookout for the truck when the Pemberton train reached New York on Friday afternoon, and the driver could go to Mrs. Hazeltyne's for the tickets and bring the checks back there. She had not even said goodby or included any message of affection; she had simply signed the message "Susannah." And all that night and all the next day its phrases rang in her mind and she tried to imagine Alec reading them, tried to estimate what they would mean to him, wondered if they would strike him with the chill and the disappointment they seemed to her to convey. He was not needed; another man was taking care of her; she had gone out of his life.

At intervals she tried to think comfortingly of Terry. So kind, so clever, so carelessly fine and unself-conscious in his worn old clothes, with his aristocratic, fine hand running along the book shelves to find a particular book, with the cadences of his aristocratic voice sounding on passages from Browning and Wordsworth and Pater and Hume. There was no good book in the world about which Terry did not know; his mind was a very storehouse of culture and knowledge and wisdom. The life any woman would live with him would be a life of intelligent, balanced happiness; happiness on the old-fashioned terms of soul development, mind development, patriotism and high ideals and home security.

FILLING vases, digging in the sweet damp earth to move limp little seedlings to and fro in the spring garden, playing Beethoven duets with Anne at the piano—Susannah's father had once been proud of her piano prowess—cutting sandwiches for boys and girls; this would be her life under dreaming old elms in still, green Junes, or in winters when cold winds whined about the dormered roof. And she would love that life; she wanted it.

And yet—and yet—Susannah lay upon her bed in the autumn stillness of the Thursday morning, half-packed trunks all about her, Liza and Laverne going about the house in all the excitement that the sudden preparation for a journey entails, and waited—waited —waited for the telephone to ring. Waited to hear Alec's voice saying anything—anything!—when it did ring.

She ate a distracted lunch with Phil and Terry. Afterward Terry suggested a last walk. The Indian summer day was as warm as August, with a thin crystal brilliance in the air, and leaves thick and sweet underfoot.

Susannah said that she was all for a walk, and they wandered up the lanes and across the fields and doubled back through the strip of her own woods to where the spring started, talking, their hands linked, the silences, the unfinished phrases of complete understanding, between them. And all the time she wondered if Alec were telephoning now—now—this minute.

Terry got her home in time for an hour or two of rest before dinner. She assured him she would positively take a hot bath and lie down after very little more packing. When he was gone she found Liza. Had anyone telephoned? No one.

Half an hour later the telephone rang. She flew to it. It was Terry.

"Look here, Sue, you liar! I thought you were to lie down."

"I was just going to."

"Listen, dear. There was a telegram here when I got back."

"For me!"

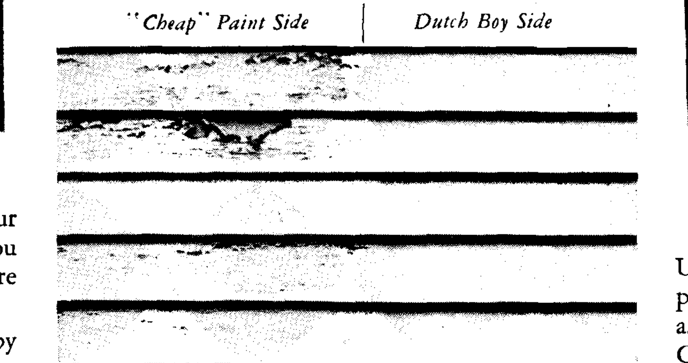
"No, for Anne and me. My uncle—my father's favorite brother, was hurt in Boston yesterday. It only says 'street accident very serious,' but that means the end. The old man used to walk a lot, and I suppose he got thinking of his everlasting geology theories—"

"Uncle Frank Wilbur? I remember him."

"Of course you do! I wasn't sure

(Continued on page 32)

"Your"
BIGGEST INVESTMENT
... GIVE IT THE PROVEN PROTECTION OF DUTCH BOY!



DOUBLE HOUSE SHOWS UP "CHEAP" PAINT

Here's what happened when the owner of one side of a double house used "cheap" paint and the owner of the other, Dutch Boy. Both jobs are two years old. The "cheap" paint job cost $16 less in the beginning. Now this owner must pay out $160 — for burning off scaling paint, applying new priming coat, and repainting.

WHAT'S your most valuable possession, your biggest investment? Your home, isn't it? You can't lock it up in a safe deposit box, but there are other ways you *can* protect it.

How? By making sure it is painted with Dutch Boy and not with "cheap" paint. For nothing depreciates property more thoroughly than a "cheap" paint job that has begun to crack and scale away.

It's not only appearance that suffers. The wood suffers, too. Everywhere that the paint cracks and scales it invites sun, rain and snow to come in and do their worst.

And your pocket-book suffers. You must repaint sooner than you expected. And at a higher price.

For there's the heavy added expense of burning and scraping off the old paint and the cost of one full extra coat — a new priming coat.

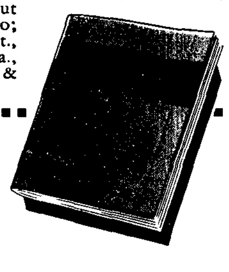
Dutch Boy, on the other hand, gives your biggest investment real protection. It lasts for years. Instead of cracking and scaling, it wears down slowly by gradual chalking. The surface remains smooth and unbroken, an ideal foundation for new paint.

That's why the experienced and conscientious painter recommends Dutch Boy White-Lead. He mixes it to suit the requirements of your particular job and tints it to the exact color you specify. Naturally no one knows paint like a painter.

Paint Now — Pay Later

Under the Dutch Boy Easy Payment Plan you may pay for painting out of income. Nothing down and as long as 24 months to spread the installments over. Check the coupon and we'll send you all the details. But send in the coupon no matter what method of payment is more attractive to you. It brings you our handsomely illustrated booklet, "The House We Live In," which tells how to modernize with paint and what to look for when ordering a paint job. Address Dept. 209, nearest branch.

NATIONAL LEAD COMPANY: 111 Broadway, New York; 116 Oak St., Buffalo; 900 W. 18th St., Chicago; 659 Freeman Ave., Cincinnati; 1213 West Third St., Cleveland; 722 Chestnut St., St. Louis; 2240 24th St., San Francisco; National-Boston Lead Co., 800 Albany St., Boston; National Lead & Oil Co. of Penna., 316 Fourth Ave., Pittsburgh; John T. Lewis & Bros. Co., Widener Bldg., Philadelphia



NATIONAL LEAD COMPANY
Department 209 *(See list of branches above)*
Please send me your free booklet "The House We Live In," containing color scheme suggestions and practical advice on interior and exterior painting.
☐ Please include description of Dutch Boy Easy Payment Plan.

Name____________________

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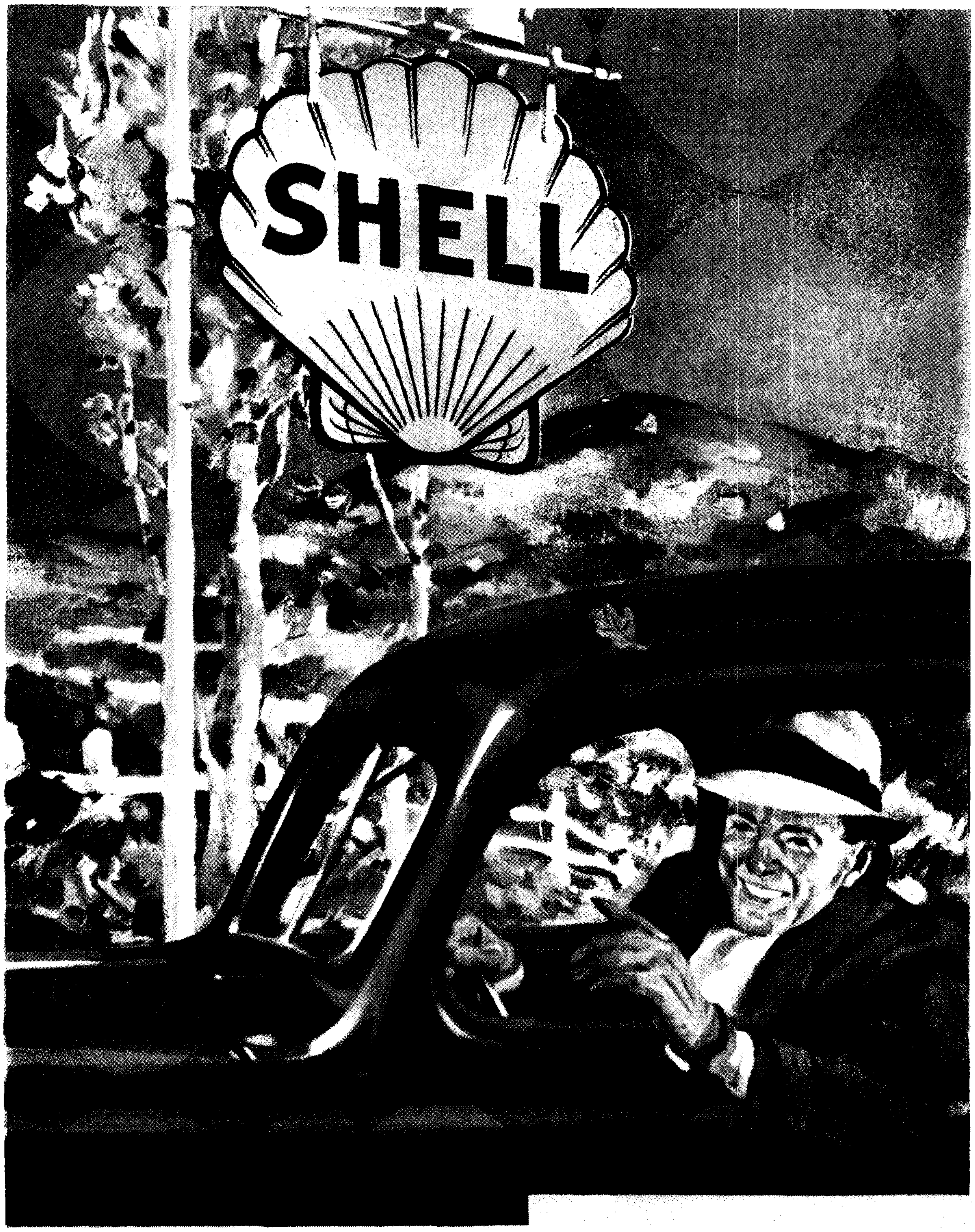
Dutch Boy White Lead

GOOD PAINT'S OTHER NAME

For Winter "Stop-and-Go"

YOU NEED WINTER-GRADE GOLDEN SHELL



New fast-flowing oil checks starting wear

When you change to winter-grade oil, remember this warning of automotive engineers:

> "APPROXIMATELY ¾ OF ENGINE WEAR OCCURS IN STARTING!"

So, this winter, be sure you flush and refill with the oil that's made for "stop-and-go" driving. Protect your engine against starting wear.

The new Golden Shell is fast-flowing—it starts with the starter at coldest temperatures. Yet Golden Shell is also tough—holds its body under engine heat and resists breaking down into sludge and carbon.

Golden Shell, the fast-flowing yet tough motor oil, can keep your engine "young" a year longer . . . and cut down annual repair bills. Start protecting your engine with it today.

You will find the proper grade of winter Golden Shell *for your car* at 30,000 neighborly Shell stations from coast to coast.

WHEREVER YOU SEE THIS SIGN—it will take only 15 minutes to have your crankcase flushed and refilled with the proper winter grade of Golden Shell. Engineers call the process behind this new oil the greatest advance in 25 years of refining.

GOLDEN SHELL

The New Motor Oil

Mr. Lemke Stops to Think

Continued from page 8

who, properly coached by livelier imaginations, hailed Mr. Townley as a winged messenger from heaven. Gabriel over the wheat fields. Michael putting Wall Street to the sword. It got better and better.

While biding his time against that day when the Nonpartisan League's voting strength should be great enough to capture the state government through the pre-emption of the Republican ticket, Mr. Townley and Mr. Lemke went in for a bit of real-estate promotion. Of all places, Mexico was fixed upon as the proper setting for the scheme. So with moneys raised by subscription and pledges 450,000 acres of range land were purchased in the Mexican state of Sinaloa; a substantial sum was paid down to the Mexican proprietors and notes were signed for the balance.

This adventure soon became notable for a spectacular lack of success. The farmers of North Dakota could be driven just so far—but only in North Dakota. When they found out how far the proposed colony was from home they decided that it would be just as far coming back. So they didn't go. Those who had invested were resigned to hoping for the best. Those who hadn't didn't. A similar dearth of enthusiasm was encountered in South Dakota, Montana, Wyoming, Minnesota and elsewhere. Thus Messrs Lemke and Townley and their associates were left with 450,000 acres of Mexico to worry about—and subsequent developments in Mexico kept them adequately supplied with worry.

When presently Pancho Villa took to doing just about as he pleased with the lands and concessions of the gringo, and the Mexican government, headed by Venustiano Carranza, ostensibly trying to restore law and order, imitated Villa as closely as possible, Mr. Lemke began loudly to demand that President Wilson do something severely military about it. He had plenty of vociferous support, too. Mr. William Randolph Hearst, whose enormous ranch in Chihuahua was being raided impartially by the warring Mexicans, both sides apparently enjoying it hugely, was shrieking for intervention.

But Mr. Wilson, who shared Mexico's lack of love for Mr. Hearst, did not intervene. Neither was it apparent that he was aware of the scalding displeasure of Messrs Hearst and Lemke.

Shooting Is Out

Satisfied that Mr. Wilson was not going to declare war upon Mexico to save the investments of Americans (and these included, of course, oil and mining concessions held by the wealth which Mr. Lemke was castigating in North Dakota then, and throughout the land now) Bill waited until Warren Harding, more friendly to Big Biz, entered the White House. Forthwith he went to Mr. Harding, the representative of all that Mr. Townley's and Mr. Lemke's Nonpartisan League was popularly supposed to hate, and pleaded with him to do something. Under the Mexican Constitution of 1917, land held by foreign capitalists can be confiscated by the state without formality or preliminaries. And Mexico had taken over a lush portion of those Sinaloa acres and had given them to the peons. But Mr. Harding, although keenly sympathetic, shook his head.

"Bill," said he in effect, "the people are sick and tired of shooting. Sorry, Bill, it can't be done. Sorry."

Mr. Lemke and a few of his associates still own some of that land. . . .

About the only thing that Mr. Townley did not think of when he set up his Nonpartisan League was state-controlled banking. But perhaps such financial institutions would materialize as a matter of course. In the meantime there were private banks and, in particular, the Scandinavian-American Bank—a smallish affair capitalized at $50,000 and the repository of an exceedingly modest deposit total.

Mr. Townley, after submitting a plan to Mr. Lemke for legal flaws, went ahead without his own bank. It was not a coöperative venture. The customers of the stores Mr. Townley established were not to participate in the profits. Yet they were designed to cut out middleman and jobber rake-off and sell directly to the consumer from the manufacturer, processor or farmer. The control was to be kept by Mr. Townley and his fellow incorporators.

To deal at these stores, to share the benefits of lower prices, the customer was required to buy a "membership." These memberships sold at various prices which, while not great, were more expensive than the average farmer could manage at one fell blow. Therefore, postdated checks were accepted and notes, too. It was all quite legal. If Mr. Townley chose to accept such inert paper that was his business. If the farmer eventually came through with the cash, well and good. Some did. Some didn't. But Mr. Lemke was taking a swift, memorable course in finance. Father Coughlin's refinements are postgraduate work.

Oddly enough, most of North Dakota's bankers did not fall in love with the idea. To Mr. Townley's disgust they refused even to look at his postdated checks. And while they agreed with him that the farmer was the salt of the earth, they shunned the membership-purchasing notes with dour unanimity. Only the Scandinavian-American Bank was friendly and it, alas, lent Mr. Townley's Nonpartisan League the money with which to open his stores.

In due time the Scandinavian-American Bank surprisingly ran out of cash. It had plenty of postdated checks and farmer notes, but currency was notable for its absence. And this in spite of a great drive by the league to increase deposits in the bank—a successful drive fetching the deposits up to $40,000.

The First Lesson

Nevertheless the money had run out. And obviously something had to be done if the Nonpartisan League's program was to be carried on. As Bill sees it now, a reliable printing press could have solved the problem. One lives and learns, you know.

But Mr. Townley, a gentleman of infinite resource, was far from dismayed. The league controlled the legislature and Mr. Townley controlled the league. Therefore, it was not too wonderful that the legislature should turn to an expedient of his—the Bank of North Dakota.

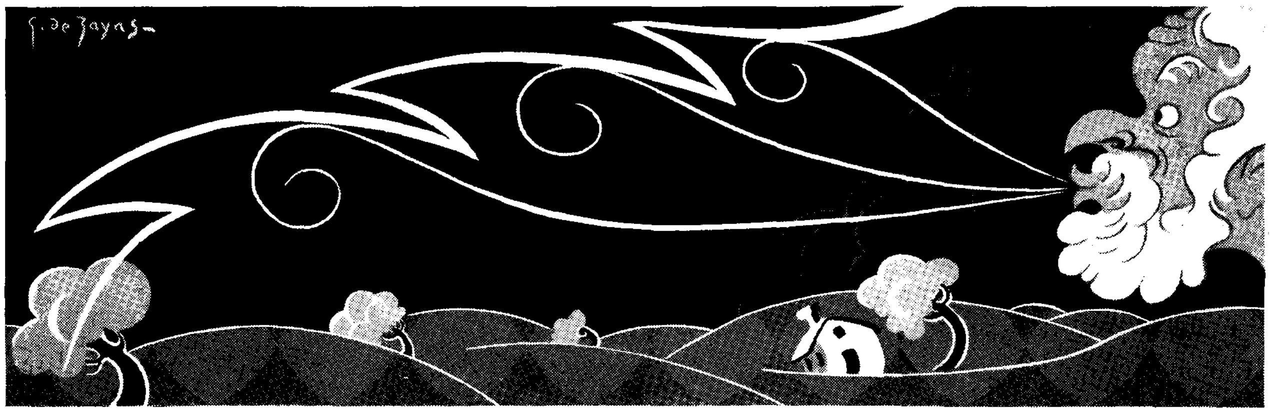
Not only did the legislature create the Bank of North Dakota but it passed a sustaining law which had it that all state moneys must be deposited therein. Further, the Bank of North Dakota was to be the custodian of all local government funds—county, town and city. Other banks might act as repositories for local government moneys but such funds were at the call of the new institution.

Forthwith the League set up a powerful ballyhoo for the new system. Here was a scheme whereby the farmer's taxes were to be returned to the farmer in savings on his purchases, in milling fees, storage charges and slaughterhouse costs. Furthermore, he would be able to borrow his own money at minimum rates. Big Biz was soon to be a-moldering in the grave while the Nonpartisan League went marching on.

And the Honorable Liberty Bill Lemke was rewarded for his fidelity to a great ideal by being made attorney general—his first (and almost his last) elective post.

The Honorable Lynn J. Frazier was governor. Mr. Lemke was attorney general. Mr. Townley was their creator and boss. The Bank of North Dakota soon

(Continued on page 26)



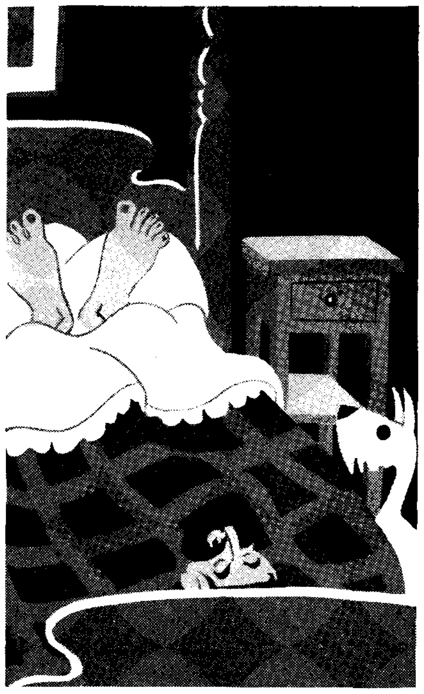
Keep Up with the World

By Freling Foster

Wind has been known to attain such velocity that it has blown lightning off its course, causing it to strike the earth a considerable distance from its apparent destination.

The "Beth Din," or Hebrew House of Judgment in London, is a unique court in which three gracious old rabbis, behind closed doors, administer the ancient laws of Moses. There are no fees, no jury, no lawyers and no swearing in of witnesses because, it is believed, no orthodox Jew ever tells a lie.—*By H. W. Dugan, New York City.*

The fifteen most famous women in history, it is believed, were: Queens Elizabeth and Anne of England, Mary Stuart of Scotland, Catherine of Russia, Maria Theresa of Hungary, Christina of Sweden, Cleopatra of Egypt, and Joan of Arc, Marie Antoinette, Josephine, George Sand, Catherine de' Medici, Madame de Staël, Madame de Sévigné and Madame de Maintenon of France.



The Coronation Chair of the British Empire, in which King Edward VIII will sit during part of his crowning ceremony in 1937, is a dilapidated piece of furniture. Made entirely of wood and used since 1274, it is not only badly scratched and nicked but also literally covered with names and initials that have been carved into it, evidently when the guards have been looking in another direction.

Every 24 hours a cow secretes fifteen gallons of saliva, or 85 times more than a human being.—*By Willis R. Hetzel, Stevens Point, Wisconsin.*

Up to a century ago in Europe numerous peasants slept with their feet—instead of their head—on the pillow, in the belief that the feet did the harder work and, therefore, were more entitled to comfort.—*By Val Messer, Oklahoma City, Oklahoma.*

Five dollars will be paid for each interesting or unusual fact accepted for this column. Contributions must be accompanied by satisfactory proof. Address Keep Up with the World, Collier's, 250 Park Avenue, New York City.

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(Continued from page 25)

had $40,000,000 in deposits. The Townley press said that Wall Street was begging for mercy. And the state of North Dakota was leaping out of bed each morn with a song on its lips: "Good morning to you! Good morning to you! Good morning, dear Townley—good morning to you!" Mr. Lemke sang the bass part.

To the rescue of the depleted Scandinavian-American Bank came funds from the Bank of North Dakota. We shall not go into details. But the frozen paper was dexterously slipped from bank to bank and hand to hand. And so rapidly did the wheels revolve that confidence was all but restored and all would have been well (for a few more months anyway) had not the inevitable dark man with the customary malevolent sneer insinuated himself into this anteroom of heaven itself.

The dark gentleman's name was Langer—the Honorable Boiling Bill Langer, who was later to become governor and have as many troubles as he fetched down upon the heads of Messrs Lemke and Townley.

Mr. Langer was not opposed to the league's program, just as many of Mr. Roosevelt's foes are not fighting the New Deal. Like them he contended merely that he could run it better. So one day, when the chief bank examiner was in Florida looking over the books of a sisal enterprise Mr. Townley had started there, he and the assistant bank examiner went to the Scandinavian-American Bank. Mr. Langer emerged, crying at the top of his voice that the bank was so crammed with such collateral as postdated checks and uncollectible notes that the doors of the vaults could scarcely be shut.

Forthwith both Mr. Frazier and Mr. Lemke were recalled from office by the people of North Dakota. In something of a panic Mr. Townley caused the Scandinavian-American Bank to be reorganized. Depositors discovered that Mr. Langer was right. Reorganization was of no avail. The Scandinavian-American Bank collapsed. Even reorganization couldn't save it, for the simple reason that even the new stock was purchased with postdated checks and long-term notes.

And that, as far as our immediate story is concerned, is the outline of the Honorable Liberty Bill's training in finance and banking. With Mr. Townley and a few more, poor Bill was indicted for embezzlement—five counts. It involved the paltry sum of $216,378.09. As far as the investigators could learn, Mr. Frazier was more or less an innocent bystander.

Out of a Job

None of the indictments included his name. But he would have been lost in the crowd anyway. The indictments seemed to include everybody of importance and everything that can happen to a bank short of arson—indictments for false reports to the bank examiners, for receiving deposits while insolvent, for false statements to the depositors and false entries, for perjury, for—

But what's the use? Several of the bank officials went to jail. Mr. Lemke and Mr. Townley, their halos all askew, jobless and disconsolate, remained under indictment for a year or so. And then the court dismissed the indictments, saying that they had been improperly drawn up. Anyway, there was no evidence that Messrs Townley and Lemke had the $216,378.09.

Bill, a dismal figure on the fringes of state politics, hung around until 1932 when, clambering aboard the Roosevelt train, he landed in Congress. Still carrying the Roosevelt banner he was reelected in 1934. New voters had come up and the old ones were either too mad at the Old Deal or had forgotten and forgiven Bill. As a politician Mr. Lemke ascends as the fortunes of the electorate wane. When prosperity blesses us, Mr. Lemke is likely to be out of luck—and office. Not that he is alone in that. . . .

We shall not delve deeper into the Honorable Liberty Bill's financial education. Bill, the good lawyer, was no financial genius in those days. Of course Father Coughlin has possibly remedied all that.

Yet, somehow, after digging Mr. Lemke's political dossier out of the dust of many archives, we couldn't shake off the feeling that after all he may not be the man to do that necessary rewriting of our banking laws and fiscal policies. Even with Father Coughlin to hold his hand.

"See here, Mr. Lemke," we said, "we're both old enough to know our way around this political razzle-dazzle. Let's be candid. Do you honestly expect to be elected president or are you just out to do what damage you can to Mr. Roosevelt?"

"I shall be elected," said Mr. Lemke a trifle mechanically. "Let's see. I shall carry Maine, Ohio, Illinois, Indiana, Michigan, California, Nebraska, the Dakotas, Washington, Oregon and Massachusetts. Those sure. Others are coming fast. The worst I can do is to throw the election into the House of Representatives. That happens, of course, when none of the candidates gets a majority of the electoral college vote. And if it is left to the House, I'm in. In any event Landon will run a bad third."

"With you in the White House, will the New Deal be thrown out all the way down the alphabet?" we asked.

"It will not," said Bill. "I shall go even farther than Roosevelt—but constitutionally. You see, it's like this: Hughes was right when he said that the Constitution is what the courts say it is. That means that the Supreme Court is mindful of public pressure. If there is sufficient public pressure behind a law the courts, responding to public pressure, will not hold that law unconstitutional. We shall put on the pressure. The courts will not declare our program unconstitutional. Our whole trouble is that there is not enough money in circulation. No court can deny that. Under the prevailing system there should be fifty dollars per capita in circulation. As it is, there is only two dollars and fifty cents. My first step as president will be to issue money enough to make up that difference—forty-seven dollars and fifty cents per capita. That would be six billion one hundred and seventy-five million. Legal and constitutional.

Flexible as an Eel

"Then we—I would call in all government bonds, federal reserve bank notes, and the like, and retire them, issuing in their stead paper money. To keep it in circulation it might be necessary to put an expiration date on each issue. And don't go calling that inflation. It isn't. Every day I would have the trade reports and commodity cost indices before me. As dictated by these statistics I should call in or issue money that price levels might be controlled by the government. A flexible currency. Excuse me."

Somewhat wearily Mr. Lemke answered the bell. This visitor was interested only in the Townsend Plan. Was Bill for it—without reservations or trimmings? Or wasn't he? Who came first, Father Coughlin and his (or Mr. Lemke's) Bank of the United States or Doctor Townsend? Or what?

"My friend," said Bill, "only a few hours ago I shook the hand of that sainted gentleman, Doctor Francis E. Townsend. He is the finest, noblest, greatest-hearted—"

"Listen, Bill Lemke," shouted the visitor. "We know all that. Are you for the Townsend Plan or ain't you?"

"I am," cried Bill, "I am. But under the present monetary system no plan can be effective. However, under the new Bank of the United States which we—I shall put in operation first of all—Goodby, my friend, goodby. And many thanks for the courtesy of your call."

"Good morning! Everybody ready for their morning bath?" A. ROSS

Mr. Lemke returned to his parlor looking a little more worn. Left to his own political devices his platform would have followed tradition—windy generalities, all-inclusive, yet plenty of room for more. Like the Democrats' and the Republicans'. But the platform was not his but Father Coughlin's. And worse, it was all Father Coughlin, whose medicine was all in one bottle. One dose and everything cured. The platform on which Mr. Lemke stood was, therefore, narrow. There was virtually no room for side-stepping. Its occupant had to be quite an equilibrist, a balancer. The Townsend Plan? The Coughlin economy would take care of that. The Share the Wealth tub-thump? Father Coughlin's bank would see to that. Utopia? The Bank of the United States would bring that to pass. Epic? All poverty would end with Coughlin and Lemke in the White House. All in one bottle, you see. All in one bottle. And Mr. Lemke balancing precariously on the cork.

Too Many Side Shows

But he was Father Coughlin's candidate on Father Coughlin's platform. His sleight-of-hand nomination was almost as great a surprise to him as to anyone else. There were moments when Liberty Bill could almost have wished that it had been someone else. Too many bosses and promoters of too many circuses and side shows to watch and placate. As for campaign funds—well, Bill was never one to worry about expenses.

"How much money have we? And where is it *coming from?*" said Bill when we asked. "All I can say is that the Union for Social Justice has its treasury. The Townsend Plan has its treasury. The Union party has something less than twenty thousand dollars so far. It's somewhat early to know for sure."

But another visitor interrupted. This one was hot for Mr. Lemke but wanted to know which came first—the Frazier-Lemke Bill or Father Coughlin's bank? He wasn't sure about Father Coughlin's bank because the Scandinavian-American Bank still owed him a hundred and seventy-eight dollars. Mr. Roosevelt's bank-deposit-guarantee law sounded good enough for him. But how soon could he expect the government to take over and refinance the mortgages on his farm?

"The moment I enter the White House," said Bill, "I shall call Congress into session and—"

But we had to leave.

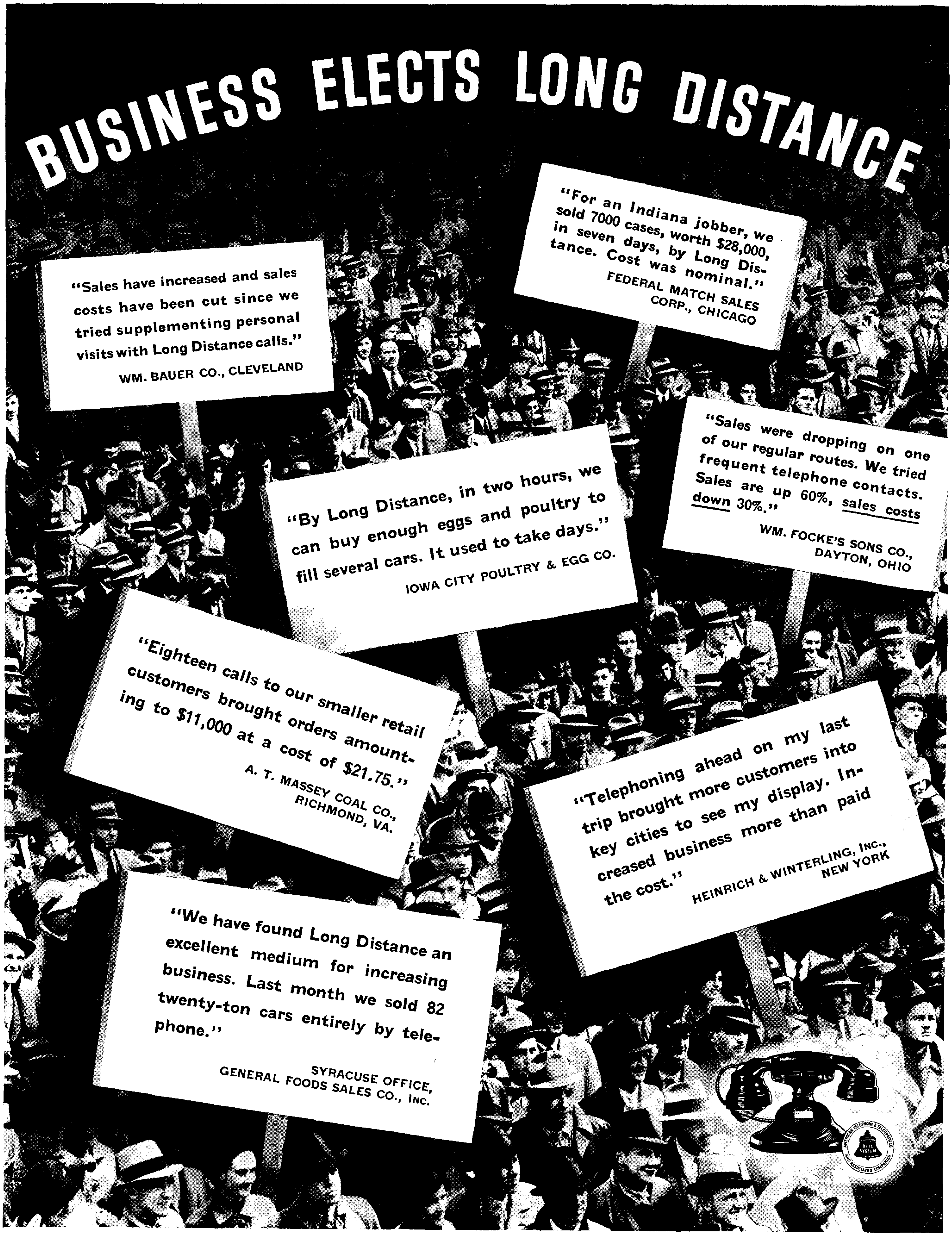
"About campaign expenses now," said Mr. Lemke as we departed. "Put down that I never met Mr. Hearst in my life. Wouldn't know the man if I saw him. As far as I know, he has not contributed a cent."

"But, Bill," we protested, "we hadn't thought of him."

"Well, put it down anyway like a good fellow," said Mr. Lemke.

So we have.

BUSINESS ELECTS LONG DISTANCE


AMERICAN TELEPHONE & TELEGRAPH CO. AND ASSOCIATED COMPANIES
BELL SYSTEM

"Sales have increased and sales costs have been cut since we tried supplementing personal visits with Long Distance calls."

WM. BAUER CO., CLEVELAND

"For an Indiana jobber, we sold 7000 cases, worth $28,000, in seven days, by Long Distance. Cost was nominal."

FEDERAL MATCH SALES CORP., CHICAGO

"By Long Distance, in two hours, we can buy enough eggs and poultry to fill several cars. It used to take days."

IOWA CITY POULTRY & EGG CO.

"Sales were dropping on one of our regular routes. We tried frequent telephone contacts. Sales are up 60%, sales costs down 30%."

WM. FOCKE'S SONS CO., DAYTON, OHIO

"Eighteen calls to our smaller retail customers brought orders amounting to $11,000 at a cost of $21.75."

A. T. MASSEY COAL CO., RICHMOND, VA.

"Telephoning ahead on my last trip brought more customers into key cities to see my display. Increased business more than paid the cost."

HEINRICH & WINTERLING, INC., NEW YORK

"We have found Long Distance an excellent medium for increasing business. Last month we sold 82 twenty-ton cars entirely by telephone."

SYRACUSE OFFICE, GENERAL FOODS SALES CO., INC.

OL' JUDGE ROBBINS
RUSSIAN PIPE
THIS IS AN ODD PIPE — WHY IN THE WORLD DO YOU SUPPOSE IT HAS THREE BOWLS?
THE PIPE IS FROM ASIATIC RUSSIA, AND THE THREE BOWLS ARE A CLEVER WAY OF OBTAINING THE DESIRED BLEND OF TOBACCO —
THEY SIMPLY PUT THREE DIFFERENT KINDS OF TOBACCO IN THE THREE BOWLS AND SMOKE THEM ALL AT THE SAME TIME — EVERY IVAN TO HIS OWN MIXTURE
WELL, IF I WANTED THE BEST SMOKE POSSIBLE, I'D JUST PUT PRINCE ALBERT INTO ALL THREE BOWLS AT ONCE
RIGHT! BECAUSE IN EVERY ONE OF THE THREE YOU WOULD GET MILDNESS, FULL, RICH FLAVOR, AND NO HARSHNESS OR 'BITE'

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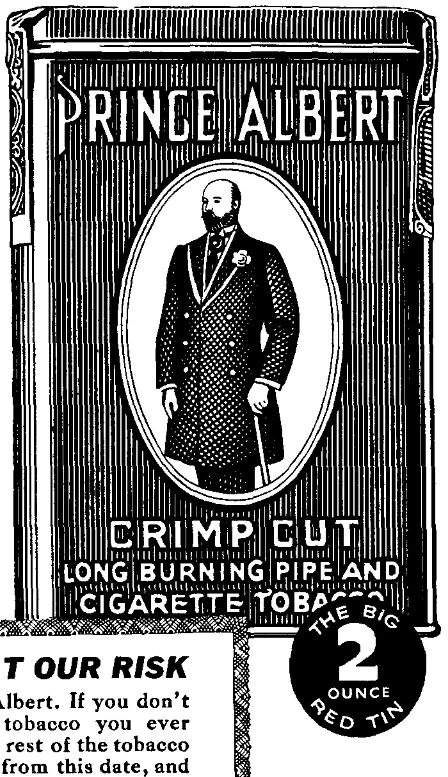
SO EASY ON THE TONGUE!

Many a lifelong friendship begins when a pipe smoker first makes the acquaintance of Prince Albert. P. A. is prime, choice tobacco through and through—brought to the peak of mildness and tastiness by Prince Albert's famous "no-bite" process that removes harshness and brings out full fragrance and flavor. Another mighty important feature! P.A. is cut in a very special way. It's "crimp cut"—packs easier, cakes nicely, and makes a cooler smoke. There's no other tobacco like this princely joy smoke, men—for pipe or "makin's" smokers.


PRINCE ALBERT
CRIMP CUT
LONG BURNING PIPE AND CIGARETTE TOBACCO
THE BIG 2 OUNCE RED TIN

TRY PRINCE ALBERT AT OUR RISK

Smoke 20 fragrant pipefuls of Prince Albert. If you don't find it the mellowest, tastiest pipe tobacco you ever smoked, return the pocket tin with the rest of the tobacco in it to us at any time within a month from this date, and we will refund full purchase price, plus postage. (*Signed*) R. J. Reynolds Tobacco Co., Winston-Salem, N. C.

PRINCE ALBERT THE NATIONAL JOY SMOKE!

50 pipefuls of fragrant tobacco in every 2-oz. tin of Prince Albert

Your First Look

Continued from page 14

The ballroom is packed with 1,600 people taking heed. Tickets were sold out months before. The woman's editor of a Los Angeles paper is here, brought back early from Paris by her paper to witness a really bang-up fashion show so that she can put one on at home. An industrial designer has flown on from Chicago, a fashion editor from Milwaukee. There are important advertising women from St. Louis . . . a French milliner whose name means glamor in hats. . . . Presidents of great department stores, heads of publishing houses have taken tables—not such a light gesture at $12.50 a seat . . . Tickets are passing through the hands of speculators now at $40.

The curtains part. The show is on. Fashion Futures is the name for it, for a beach scene greets your eye. Not the one you left a few short weeks since, but one you'll join this winter at southern beaches if you're lucky, and discover almost anywhere next summer; for these Riviera fashions point the way. And quite a change you see from the cover-up of last summer. Brevity is the thing. Off the stage and down the runway that angles through the ballroom, comes a girl in briefest black lastex trunks and brassière. Romper twins, in printed red cotton that makes brief little pants and sketchy uppers, tag behind. A low cut, black knitted maillot represents the most a swimming girl will wear. But here come the beach coats to complete the picture. Fitted bodices, puffed sleeves, flaring skirts that stop anywhere from mid-thigh to ankle, to be worn on beach parade. Printed, or lined with print to match the bathing suit underneath, they show the importance of the beach ensemble. Play suits with brief skirts that tie on for idle moments join the gay scene; there's a plus fours outfit and a few neat slacks. Be forehanded and make a note of all these.

The show moves on at a fast pace, tall, expert mannequins pirouetting about the stage, stepping down the runway, illustrating the staccato report of the high lights of fashion delivered by Miss Kathleen Howard, former president of the Fashion Group, who has come on from Hollywood for the occasion.

The Perfect Wardrobe

It's a season of simple elegance, with rich fabrics, broadcloth, lamés, velvets, in the headlines, and furs lavishly used on coats, suits, gloves, hats, everything. The princess silhouette carries through from beach coats to sumptuous evening wraps. Skirts are slightly shorter, shoulders broad. Black and rich, dark colors dominate.

"The Fashion Group picks the perfect wardrobe," says Miss Howard—and down the runway steps a girl in a suit of brown checked woolen, with fitted jacket over red sweater, and culotte skirt, perfect for country wear. For busy days in town comes a trim black suit with short fitted jacket. A fitted black Persian coat, its full skirts flaring to three-quarter length over a black dress, stars for luncheon. For afternoon the lady of perfect wardrobe dons over her black *matelassé* dress a slim black broadcloth coat with silver fox high about the neck and twisted casually and smartly around her arm. There's a puff of the fox on her black turban, too. For cocktails she wears a finely pleated silver lamé dress, street length and simply cut, under a short, boxy mink jacket. She dines out in slim black to her ankles, topped with a stiff fitted gold jacket embroidered in blue wool. Sumptuousness increasing as the evening grows, she wraps herself in yellow broadcloth, fitted and flaring to the floor, collared in silver fox, to go to the theater. And for a very formal evening she wears a flowing white crepe gown; Grecian, bound around the waist with gold leather cut out in leaf design.

Don't be discouraged, even a fashion expert doesn't own such a wardrobe; she's just wishing, too. But it's a key to the high points of the mode, now spotlighted down the runway, that you and you and you will wear.

Suits Take the Stage

The tweed country suit is typical of sports clothes any time, well built for a definite purpose. They flash a group of American girls in action to show you—knickerbockers in a tweed shooting suit, a swagger plaid topcoat for driving and general country wear; circular blue suède skirt, knee-length, with red suède jacket for skating; tweed culottes on a bicycle; sweater and skirt and suède jacket for golf.

Suits take the stage. Sister suits in red Scotch plaid, one with black jacket and Scotch bonnet, for your most informal moments. A black tunic suit with Persian red blouse. Two knitted suits bespeak the increasing importance of hand knits and throw a challenge to the girl who purls her own. There's a trim gray wool, slim-skirted, with short, fitted jacket, large revers and fat rolled edge, that can go anywhere with its black silk jersey blouse and accessories. Skirts are cut straight or pleated, jackets short and fitted, short and flaring, finger-tip length, tunic length.

Coats strike a sumptuous note, richly fur-trimmed, most of them fitted and flaring in silhouette. Many are banded down the front or around the bottom with fur. Bandings are, in fact, very much to be seen on coats, suits and dresses.

The afternoon dress has taken a definite step. No more skirts dripping around ankles, looking awkward under daytime coats and out of place almost everywhere our active lives take us. Skirts are a trim street length. Fabrics can be anything: wool lace, velvet, silk jersey, crepe, lamé, but the cut is always simple.

What to wear when your hostess says "Don't dress" but you know she doesn't mean it? They come to the rescue with answers like the black dinner gown of the perfect wardrobe, or a broadcloth dinner suit with silver hand-knit jacket; a black jet dinner gown cut low in the back but high enough across the front to star at both formal and informal gatherings; a short-skirted black suit with sequin banding around skirt bottom and peplum.

But pomp and circumstance are the words when full formality comes on the scene. The curtains part to quick-moving music and magnificent clothes—a red, crushed-velvet gown, a lovely black net with slightly flaring, tiered skirt, spangled over all with large black sequins. Stiffly flaring plum-colored taffeta. A magnificent black velvet cape, looped with silver fox.

Gone is the brief, little evening wrap, and in its place handsome, important-looking coats, fitted through the bodice, with skirts flaring to the floor. One is in red moire, another in heavy tapestry. Some are in tweed, somber and dark when buttoned to the chin, blazing with purple cellophane or colorful embroidery when thrown open.

Hats, smart but practically unsung, have been holding up their end of all these costumes. What do the fashion ladies pick as the high notes of hats for the coming season? A great screen appears on the stage, held together up the middle by a giant zipper, and with zippers outlining four triangles on it. A page steps forward and unzips triangle by triangle. A laughing head appears in each, topped with hat news. High hats are the thing, and black with color, to brighten the many black costumes of the season. The red peak of a saucy dunce cap rises from a band of black Persian. A truncated cone of a hat looks very Marlene Dietrich. The good old beret is here in black and red velvet, with a curving black feather rising up for height. A small curl of flame ostrich *points the front of a tiny evening cap* and a chin length veil adds to its glamor.

Make-up Makes the Woman

With a great rending of the center zipper, the mannequins step forth, wrapped to their chins in furs, of which the season can't get enough. Short jacket, flaring tunic, cape.

Front-page news. Did you ever stop to notice how fast the headlines of today are translated into the fashions of tomorrow? The daily paper is a constant source of fashion inspiration. Spain has a civil war and a lovely lady sweeps across a ballroom floor in stiff white moire with a gold glint in it, a fragile cobweb of black lace lightly resting on her dark hair and falling about her shoulders in a cape. The red flag is waved in France and the couture answers back with danger red, here flaunted in a sumptuous duvetyn evening coat. The King of England and the Crown Prince of Italy visit Salzburg, and peasant sweaters and puffed-sleeved blouses go running through this fashion parade.

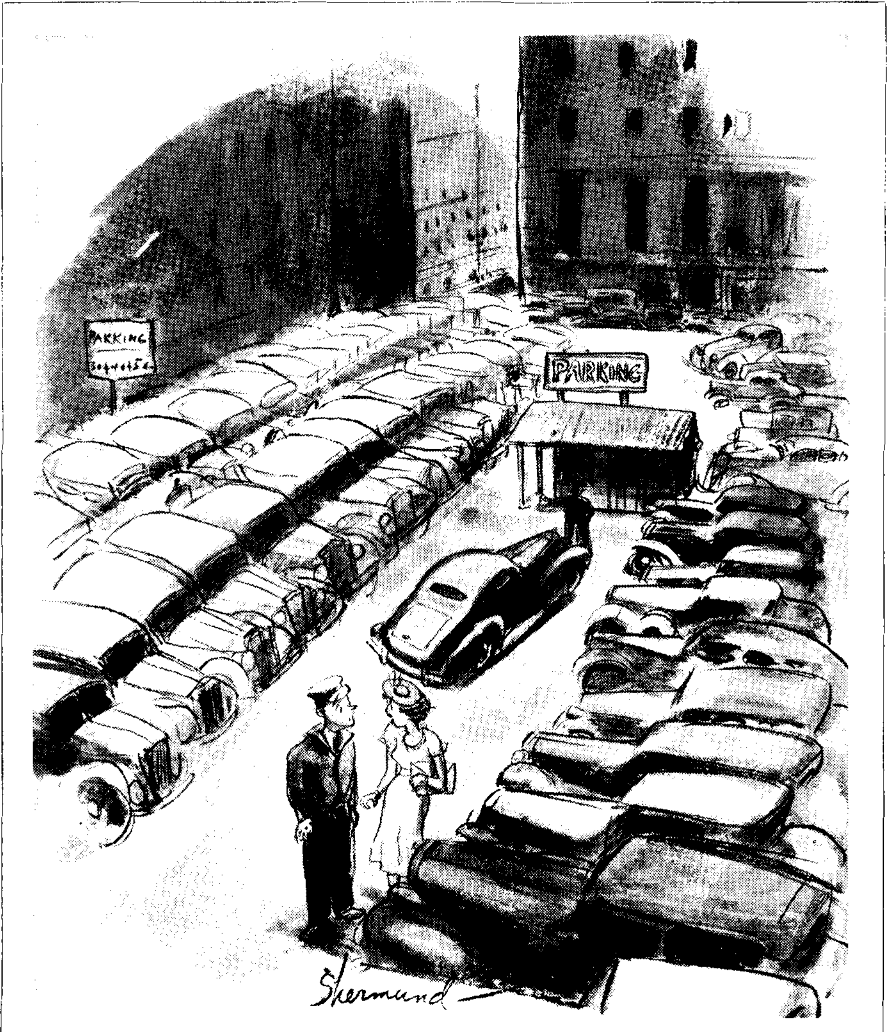
Hollywood is another fashion source. And here in all their splendor are Joan Crawford's magnificent red velvet costume for The Gorgeous Hussy, Katharine Hepburn's lovely satin and tulle from Portrait of a Rebel, Olivia de Haviland's white organdy for Charge of the Light Brigade, Claudette Colbert's nunlike gray cape and dress for the Maid of Salem.

Down the runway come three slinky ladies glittering in sequins from chin to three-inch heel. Slowly they revolve and slowly shed their glittering skins to reveal the all a well-dressed lady will wear under her evening gown: smooth one-piece foundations of satin and lace to match in color the gown on top.

Make-up being an important part of any costume, the art of illusion is made clear by means of heads sketched on a large screen, and their living models. Gazing at the golden blond loveliness of *the girl in the black daytime dress, you* would never guess that when she first put on that dress the black made her look flat and washed out, even as you and I. That radiant glow, to give the secret away, comes from a pinky coral powder base touched with coral rouge high on the cheekbones and dusted over all with powder which suggests the bloom of a peach. The lips are enhanced with coral red lip rouge. Those large eyes which glow like aquamarines have brown shadow to thank for their size, and a line of royal blue next the eye to credit for bringing out their rare color.

So the fashion girls throw the challenge of colors—olive green in a suit, burgundy and peacock for a hostess gown, metal cloth for evening—and the beauty girls show what can be done with a little paint and powder and a lot of knowledge, proving that any girl can wear any color.

Music of the waltz, curtains sweeping back, ladies and gentlemen of the court dancing to celebrate the coronation days of 1910. Costumes whirl and blend and change, and down the runway step the coronation ladies of 1937 in sumptuous velvets, gleaming metals, shirred net, jet and sequins, to the swing of pompous music, the thunder of applause and the flash of lights. Fashion Futures rest with you.



"It's a small black one with a wiggly door handle"

B. SHERMUND

TO HAVE
AND TO HOLD

Thick, strong hair belongs to youth ... plan to keep it all through life ... and to keep it good-looking. Use 'Vaseline' Hair Tonic every morning ... A tiny bit smoothed on the hair before brushing will keep it well-groomed and in place without looking greasy; correct dryness ... Use 'Vaseline' Hair Tonic for scalp massage before every shampoo to stimulate the circulation that feeds the hair roots, keep the hair healthy.

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AVOID DANDRUFF

Dandruff is the most frequent cause of baldness ... avoid it by keeping the scalp scrupulously clean. Use 'Vaseline' Hair Tonic regularly. Read the folder, too, that comes with every bottle. Chesebrough Manufacturing Co., Cons'd., 17 State St., N. Y.

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REG. U. S. PAT. OFF.

Copr. 1936, Chesebrough Mfg. Co., Cons'd.

Where the Canaries Sing Bass

-and we manicure our nails in cigar cutters

By "Bugs" Baer

Famous Author and Humorist

AN UNGRATEFUL child is sharper than a serpent's tooth. But it is dull when compared with the Gillette Blade, which is so keen that a giant lightning bug couldn't find its edge even if he had two tails.

I am Mayor of Rufftown, which is so tough the canary birds sing bass and we manicure our nails in cigar cutters. Nobody in our town ever shaved until the Gillette Blade was invented. Now we all shave twice a day, including the children, Aunt Ella and the iron deer on the lawn.

We all want nice, smooth, enjoyable shaves and we've all got a right to them. The Constitution of the United States guarantees that in the paragraph about life, liberty and the pursuit of happiness.

To get the lowdown on this shaving thing, I took a cruise through the Gillette factory in Boston recently and watched a blade go through 180 minor steps so that a shave would not be a major operation. I discovered there isn't any microscope powerful enough to see the shaving edges of a Gillette Blade.

I have been using Gillette Blades for twenty-five years, man and boy, so I ought to know what I'm talking about when I say that the Gillette Blade gives the world's cleanest, most comfortable shaves.

* * *

In his inimitably humorous way, "Bugs" Baer certainly has hit the nail on the head. Like Frank Buck, Grantland Rice, Graham McNamee and many other famous men, he agrees that the Gillette Blade is the finest that science can produce. If you have strayed away from Gillette Blades, may we suggest that you now buy a package, and get ready for a new shaving thrill! You will be surprised how easily and quickly it whisks off stubborn bristles without pull or irritation. This is because the Gillette Blade is especially processed for shaving tender faces. Buy a package today. Slip one into your razor tomorrow and see for yourself why millions of men will use no other blade.

With these facts before you, why let anyone deprive you of shaving comfort by selling you a substitute! Insist on Gillette Blades.

Tune in on Gillette's sensational new radio program—CBS network—Coast to Coast—Sunday night—10 P. M. E. S. T.

GILLETTE SAFETY RAZOR CO., BOSTON, MASS.

No More Swords

Continued from page 16

the projection room just as the end of the test, so called, was being shown.

"That's the most natural laugh I ever heard in my life," he said as Donat's guffaw crashed through the room. "What acting! Put him under contract immediately."

So Robert went to work for the screen. His first pictures were not distinguished and no uproar resulted. Then he was assigned to a minor but juicy role in Korda's enormously successful production, The Private Life of Henry VIII. Feminine fans deluged the studio with cries of "We want more Donat" and Hollywood, always searching for a new romantic actor, summoned him to be the star of The Count of Monte Cristo. After that it was easy. Donat returned to England and appeared in that charming mystery film, Thirty-nine Steps. Then he was the ghost of The Ghost Goes West. Last summer Marlene Dietrich demanded him for her leading man when she journeyed to London to make a film called Knight in Armor, soon to be released. In January, Robert goes to Hollywood again to make a picture or two.

His financial worries are at an end. Donat, who is a highly strung gentleman, has innumerable other worries, however. He wakes up at night, sometimes, and trembles over the possibility that he will become a permanent resident of the California booby hatch which is sometimes referred to as "The Cinema Citadel of the World." He is tossed, too, by apprehensions that he will be kept at playing swashbuckling parts until the customers are sick of him. He fled from Hollywood, because of this fear, when The Count of Monte Cristo was finished.

"If I stay out here," he told one or two friends as he packed his trunk, "they'll have me making The Three Musketeers, Robin Hood and Captain Blood, one after the other. Pretty soon I'll have forgotten everything I know except how to wave a sword."

Stuttering to Success

So even pleas from the lovely and influential Miss Shearer to be her leading man in Romeo and Juliet could not keep him in Hollywood. He rejected annual earnings which might have soared as high as $250,000. He convinced the movie magnates of the United States and Great Britain that he was a shade balmy.

Off the stage or screen, Robert Donat is a pleasant-appearing young man with rather disorderly brown hair and light brown eyes. He is tall and thin, but he is far from the dashing figure which the script writers make him. His lady fans would probably be disappointed if they were to see him in his home at Hampstead, a suburb of London. But this is just as well. He was married in 1929 to Ellen Voysey, whom he had known for a decade or two and who had also gone into acting. Donat is definitely a family man. Joanna, his oldest child, is about four years old and John is two. He has reached that hardened stage of fatherhood where a new addition to the family is little more than a pleasant incident in a busy day. On the day I saw him he was mildly delighted over the arrival of a second son, born the previous morning. He pointed to a stack of telegrams, murmured that mother and child were doing well and prepared to go to the studio to start his picture with the glamorous Dietrich.

The only romantic Donat of recorded history, as distinct from the celluloid versions of Robert, was his paternal grandfather. This gentleman was a native of Saxony and he had, it is related, considerable zip. When about thirty years old he fell in love with a sixteen-year-old girl who was, unfortunately, betrothed to a fellow townsman of wealth and importance. Grandfather Donat became involved in a fight with this local big shot, killed him, grabbed the girl and fled to Poland. A son, Ernst Emil, was born of this dashing union a few years later. Ernst Emil Donat disliked Poland intensely and emigrated to England when he grew up. He spoke several languages fluently and got a job as a translator with a shipping firm in Manchester. On March 18, 1905, in that clammy and smoky city, Robert Donat was born.

A tendency to stammer had been apparent when Donat was quite a small boy. This was cruelly aggravated by a teacher in the grade school he attended. The teacher was one of those men who find pleasure in terrifying their pupils. Robert was so frightened by him, when called upon to recite, that he nearly always gave the wrong answers to the simplest questions. Then would come swift and drastic punishment. Before the boy left this school he was almost speechless when excited and his stuttering was very bad indeed. His parents were worried and they sent him to James Bernard, a Manchester elocution teacher, to be cured. Bernard seems to have been a masterly speech physician. He gave Donat confidence. He persuaded him to take part in small theatrical productions which were staged for the boys and girls with speech defects. Robert soon lost his stutter. He revealed rather startling ability as an amateur actor. One day he played the part of Cassius in a version of Shakespeare's Julius Cæsar.

"I have always told my other pupils that they must never go on the stage," Bernard said. "Without exception, they would have been failures. But I now tell you that you can be an actor."

Donat was enchanted by the prospect. He was sixteen years old and far from scholarly in his tastes. He had been scheduled to take some examinations a few months later and had been certain that he would fail. Now he did not care whether he failed or not. He volunteered, in exchange for further stage tutoring, to serve as Bernard's secretary. His teacher took him on trips through English provincial towns, where they gave readings in Shakespeare and other classics. In the summer of 1921 he was offered, through Bernard, a job with a repertory company in Birmingham. He was paid fifteen dollars a week, an enormous sum. He was enough of a success to be offered a permanent place. His mother and father objected strenuously, though, because he was so young. Bernard agreed with them and he returned to Manchester for further tutoring.

This lasted for a year. It was followed by four more years of repertory during which Donat appeared in nearly every village and city of the British Isles. After that, he joined the Liverpool Repertory Company, long famous as a training school for young Thespians. Robert, by now, was achieving a reputation and he was called to London for the fall season in 1930. But he made very little money, even after a personal triumph in a show called Precious Bane two years later. Like all actors, he was out of work a good part of every year. Even when working he rarely received more than fifty dollars a week. Meanwhile, he had become a father for the first time. But by the summer of 1934, a success in motion pictures, he was prosperous enough. He was on vacation in Cornwall when he was called to London by Korda, his boss.

"I've an offer for you to go to Hollywood," Korda said. "They want you for The Count of Monte Cristo."

"What's the part?"

"Why, the count, naturally," Korda answered, somewhat surprised. "It's the lead. You simply can't turn it down."

Passing Out of the Picture

The fact was that Donat had never read the book and knew nothing about the characters or the plot. He was ashamed to admit this to Korda, so he asked for two hours in which to decide whether he would go to Hollywood. He hurried into the street, jumped into a cab and ordered the driver to take him to the nearest bookshop.

"Have you anybody here who can tell me the plot of a book called The Count of Monte Cristo?" Donat asked the manager. "He's got to tell it quickly."

He tried three or four shops before he found a clerk who could perform this service. He then dashed back to Korda's office.

"I've thought it over carefully," he said blandly. "It's just the part I want. I'll go."

Robert is not particularly robust, however, and he was appalled by the hours he was forced to work when shooting started on The Count of Monte Cristo. Eddie Small, the director, was a slave driver. Donat, far too conscientious, left his hotel at 6 o'clock in the morning and did not get back, as a rule, until 9 or 10 o'clock at night. One afternoon he quietly fainted on the set.

"Here, take these," Small ordered when he had been revived, and handed him a bottle of pills. "They're strong, but they'll fix you. Take three before morning. I'll expect you to be ready to go on at 7 o'clock, as usual."

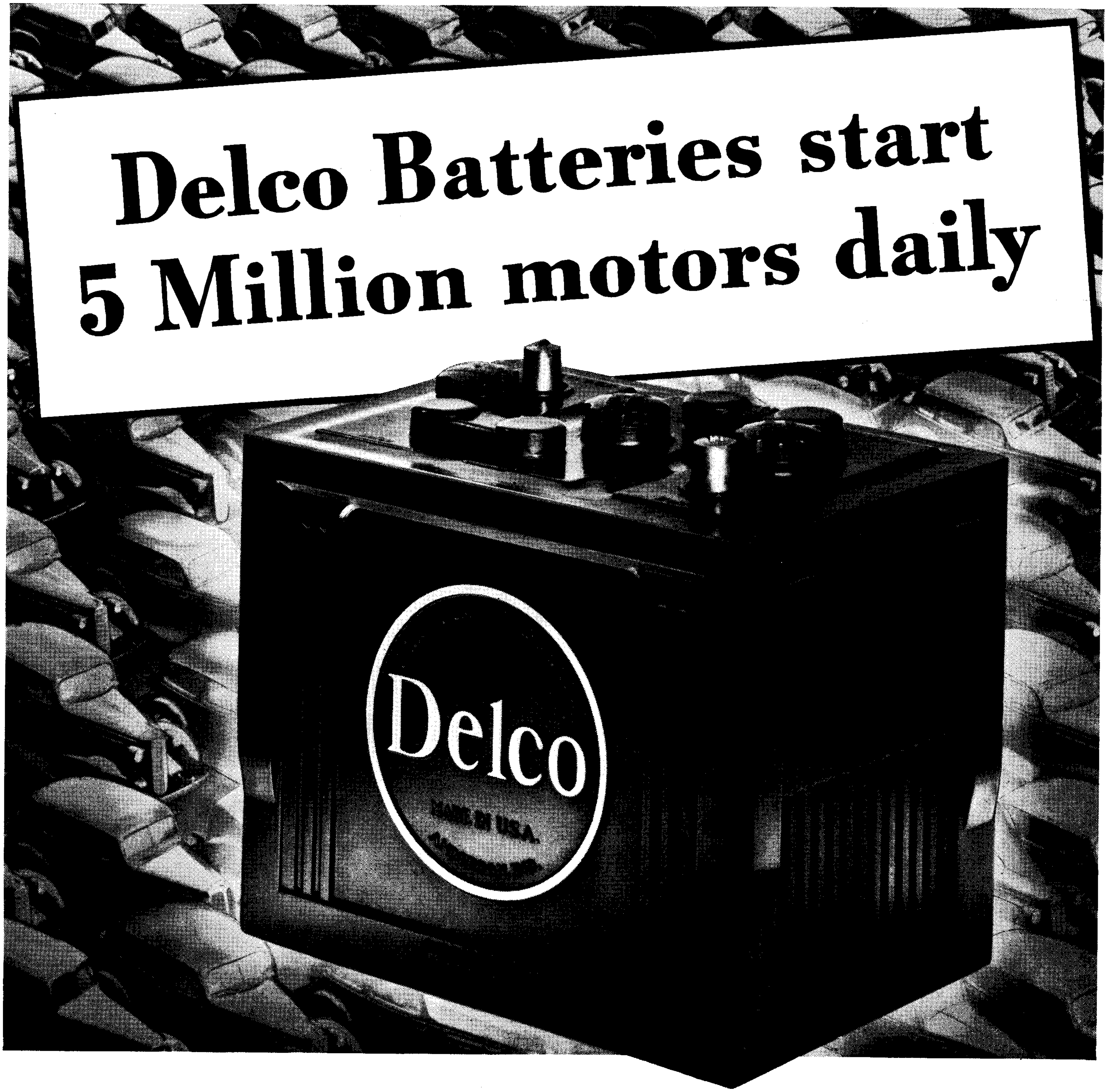
Donat has a prejudice against pills in general. He disliked these particularly. He decided to disobey the order. But Small telephoned his home late that night and warned him to report for work. So he gulped down three of the pellets. He felt quite himself in the morning, and Mrs. Donat accompanied him to the studio to rehearse him on his lines. He was just about to go on when he passed out again. This time the doctor ordered a three-day rest and Eddie Small, having prescribed the pills, could not object.

Donat lingered in Hollywood for the previews of his pictures. For a time, he was tempted to stay. His agents said that he could make $250,000 a year. Real-estate brokers showed him palatial houses. He was told that he could have a string of polo ponies and two or three yachts. But the prospect of continued sword play in romantic films was too much for him. Besides, he had money enough now to put on a play or two of his own in his cherished London. He attempted to be an actor-manager last spring. He read innumerable plays and picked one called Red Night because, as he rather naïvely decided, his own part in it was not particularly good.

Donat took Red Night on tour and then opened in London. But it was a disastrous flop. Perhaps $10,000 of his Hollywood earnings went into it.

"The people in the provinces didn't like the show because they came to see me," Donat now observes, more realistically. "I was off the stage a good deal of the time. I'll never try to be a producer again."

Delco Batteries start 5 Million motors daily



Every day in the year—in every part of the world, in all kinds of weather—Delco batteries start the engines of more than five million motor cars.

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Delco batteries are built entirely in the plants of the Delco-Remy Corporation, the world's largest builder of automotive electrical equipment. Only the finest materials go into them, and every phase of their performance is tested not only by the most accurate instruments at the command of science, but also by daily use in the millions of cars they serve. Get a Delco, and be sure!

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UNITED SERVICE MOTORS

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It's a *disadvantage* to begin the winter with lowered general resistance!

Winter's hazards and low general resistance go hand in hand. They affect you most when you have been working hard, getting too little exercise and sunshine.

That's why you'll find winter discomforts on the rise every month during the strenuous fall season, and reaching a peak in January and February.

Even though you may not have been bothered so far this year, take precautions if your general *resistance* is low. Instead of waiting until the "peak months" when those winter conditions are upon you, start building good general resistance *right away!*

You'll find *Adex* a definite help. It supplies Vitamin A, the factor which contributes directly to good general resistance. It also provides Vitamin D. At this season you probably need the extra benefits of this "sunshine" vitamin.

Well-known *natural* sources, such as good cod liver oil and halibut liver oil, furnish the vitamins for Adex.

Start with it today. Make it a *daily* habit. Put a bottle on the breakfast table so the whole family will take Adex routinely. That's the way to get best results.

Your druggist has Adex in easy-to-take tablets or capsules. Made by E. R. Squibb & Sons, manufacturing chemists to the medical profession since 1858.

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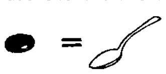
The modern way for adults to take Vitamins A and D—



One tablet equals a spoonful of good cod liver oil

Bread into Roses

Continued from page 22

you'd identify him among so many. He's badly hurt, and Kate—remember the daughter with four boys in medical school?—Kate wants me to come right away."

Oh, she despised herself—she despised herself—but a wild dizziness of escape was upon her. Not joy—God forbid!—not love, for she loved and admired and needed this man who was speaking with all of her, mind and soul as much as body.

But something, something in her cried out in a very frenzy of relief. Now—now she might see Alec! Now they would have one more talk, and after that she would neither see him again nor want to see him again.

HER voice had the proper note of regret and protest and sympathy.

"Oh, Terry! Does that mean you have to go to Boston?"

"Right away. I have to. He's always loved me like a son—he lost his only son, you know—and young Frank and I were chums. That means you've got to come over here to supper, Sue. And it *might* mean that I'd have to be here in America for a couple of months, at least if I'm executor. But you come over anyway."

"I'll be there at half past six." She hung up the receiver. . . .

The night went by without sleep. Terry had departed immediately after supper for Boston. Susannah and Anne, left alone, had chatted absently for awhile, neither woman thinking very much of what she said. Toward half past nine o'clock, when she had twice hinted that she must be on her way, Susannah had suddenly blurted out the question:

"Anne, you never were divorced?"

"Oh, no," said Anne, looking up surprised. Smooth-skinned and with smooth dark hair swept off her rather pale, full face and massed in a knot on her neck, she was the picture of young matronly placidity as she sat working busily at a strip of tapestry in a round frame.

"Why not?"

"Oh—several things. No object in it, for one. And then—Albert's always been very fond of the children. He comes home—well, you know how often. Every four or five months. There's no rule about it. He's happier where he is, and I'm happier here."

Susannah suddenly kissed her good night. They did not often kiss each other, but somehow the touch of Anne's sisterly cheek, the brace of her arm, helped Susannah tonight.

When she got home, Liza announced a telegram.

"In the parlor there, on your desk, Mrs. Hazeltyne."

Susannah's hands shook as she opened it. It was signed with Alec's initials reversed, a little cipher he had often used in messages to her when he wanted to be surely protected from identification. It read:

"Dear Sanna, I am very anxious to see you before you start West. Can you arrange this tomorrow at my mother's when you bring Phil there? I will be there from four o'clock on hoping to hear from you."

Slowly, the yellow paper in her hand, Susannah mounted the stairs to her room. A great peace seemed to envelop her. Peace, after all the tumult and strain of the day and the night that had gone before. It was like the utter wearied relaxation that follows pain; it was like the relief when a feverish gathering of poison in sensitive flesh has at last broken. She felt a little dazed by it, and very tired. She would sleep now, sleep deep, like a spent child.

Once she thought of Terry; kindly, gentle Terry with his red hair and his long, fine hands. He would be a comfort to them in that dignified old Boston house that accident had stricken. He would hold smiling, courageous consultations with all the aunts and uncles and cousins. They all adored him. The moment they were in trouble they all wanted him.

She would be on the train with Phil tomorrow night, but she could write Terry, mail him a long letter in Chicago. She would not tell him of that hour in old Mrs. Hazeltyne's house tomorrow when Alec would come forward to meet her—

How would they meet? What would they say? She need not think. It would be enough that they would meet, would have one more talk together before the last parting.

It came about quite simply on the day following. She had gotten little Phil into his grandmother's presence, and was helping him off with coat and gloves and cap when the buzzer sounded and Mollie went toward the door in response to it.

"That's Alexander," said his mother, in her rather harsh old voice. "I told him not to come. I didn't know how you'd feel about it."

"He probably wanted to see Phil," Susannah said faintly. She stood up, turning toward the door, one hand on the child's shoulder, her furs loose on her own shoulders, her close little velvet hat with its curling plumes framing her russet hair and darkened eyes and paling face.

And after all, it was only Alec, pleasant and quick in movement, throwing his hat and gloves to Mollie, and coming straight toward his child. Susannah freed Phil, and stepped back, watching them.

"Hello, Phil. Remember Dad?" Alec said. And she saw that he was deeply stirred.

"Yes, sir-r-r," Phil said, standing erect in military fashion. He held out a small arm and hand, but Alec knelt, and encircled him with his arms. He was still holding to the child's shoulder as he stood and turned toward Susannah.

"Sanna, I'm very grateful to you for this. Come over here, Phil, I want to look at you and talk to you."

HE DREW the child away to a quiet corner of the room. Susannah took a chair beside his mother, and they talked quietly.

"I was so glad to hear that you'd seen Alec, Susannah. I didn't know just how you'd feel about all this. He said you were magnificent. That was the word he used."

"It's an unfortunate situation," Susannah said reluctantly.

"It's exactly the sort of thing you'd expect that woman to get herself into. Brazen!"

"As a matter of fact she didn't have much to do with it. It was Carter not telling Alec what the conditions are."

"You may believe she put him up to it!" the old woman grumbled.

Alec came up to them, still holding Phil by the hand.

"Sanna, may I take this boy off with me for exactly two hours? There's a picture he hasn't seen that he wants to see."

"Please, Sanna, please!" Phil pleaded, his dark little face pressed tightly against her own, his arm strangling her.

"But of course, Alec." How could she say no? It was the child's father who held his hand.

"Then he'll have supper here with Mother, if you'll let him," Alec said. He had it all arranged, of course. "And afterward," he went on, with a quiet glance that set all her senses afloat, "I'll take you to dinner. I have to talk to you."

"Now, Alec, this girl is catching a train tonight," his mother protested.

"My dear Mother, the train leaves at twelve twenty-five. We'll be back at half past nine." Alec and Phil went off, and Susannah went to the guest room to rest, and to write a long letter to Terry. But she did not say where she was sitting as [illegible]rote, nor what the exact plan for the evening was.

"SANNA," Alec said to her, while they were dining, "I want to ask you not to leave for California tonight. I want to ask you to let these reservations go, and use your tickets a few days from now, perhaps a week from now."

"To what purpose, Alec?" she asked, looking at him steadily.

"Because," he answered simply, "I can't let you go. You belong to me. You belong to me, my dear," he went on quietly, as she only looked at him with eyes that dilated and darkened and seemed to brim with strange light, "just as I belong to you, as we've always belonged to each other! I've been on fire since that moment when you walked into the office—the same dear, beautiful woman who was married to me, the same voice, the same eyes! It's stronger than we are, and you know it—all that we two remember! There isn't a beautiful inch of you that isn't mine. While I live you can't belong to any other man, Sanna! I couldn't belong to any other woman. I tried to; it was all a farce! I hated her, sitting opposite me at the table, going out with me in the evenings, lying asleep in the bed next to mine. It wasn't *real*. And she knew I knew it wasn't real.

"Sanna," he added, as she did not speak, "try to marry your Terry, if you like. But I'll always be there. Not that you love me any more; I know what you feel for me! I destroyed your happiness, and that's no little thing to do, in a world where most of us don't find it twice. You went through terrible hours, without me to help you; all I ever brought you was humiliation and sorrow. I know that!

"But Sanna, the thought of what we've been to each other, those days when I came early to Easthampton and we rode along the beach—those days when we first went to London and I bought you the doll at Swan and Edgar's—those are the days, my dear, that are filling your veins with me now, and mine with you! Go away tonight if you like, put me through the mill if you must, but we're destined for each other—we can't escape!"

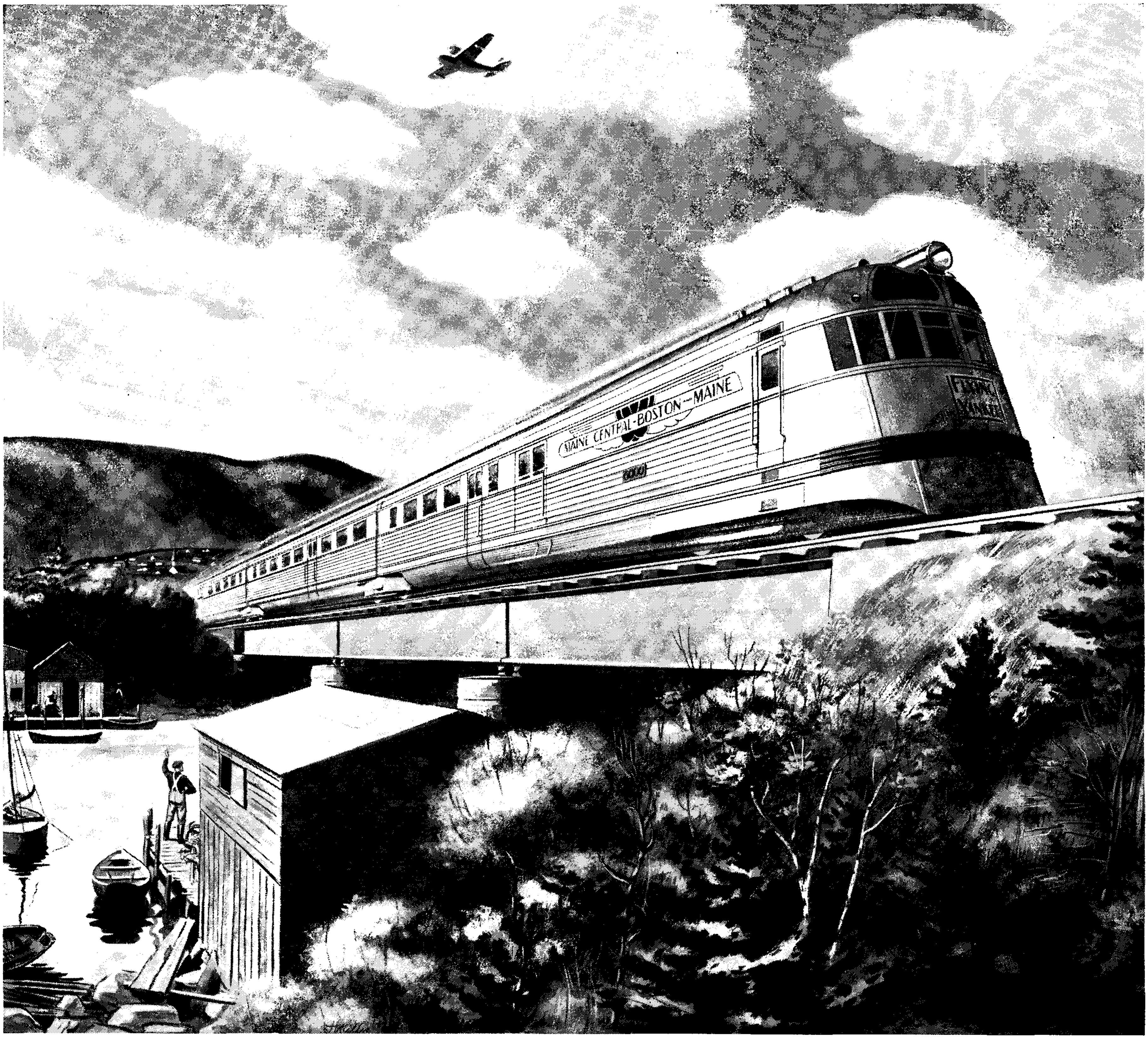
His arms were crossed, his elbows on the table. Beautiful and serious and silent she had listened to him. Now quite simply she said:

"But you see, I agree with you. That's all true, Alec. Nothing you ever did before, or I ever did, really destroyed my life as this will destroy it," she went on. "But that doesn't change it. It's all true! God knows I wish it weren't!"

"What do you mean?" he asked quickly, in a changed voice.

"I mean just what you say—just what you've been saying. I mean that I have to go back, tonight or tomorrow or some day, and tell the finest man I've ever

(Continued on page 34)



Famous Modern Trains "Flying Yankee"—Boston & Maine and Maine Central

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ALONG the rock-ribbed coast—from Boston to Portland and Bangor—flashes one of the most famous of Budd-built trains. The clear chime of its whistle against New England hills today sets the time for town and countryside that once thrilled to the long-drawn-out call of the Iron Horse.

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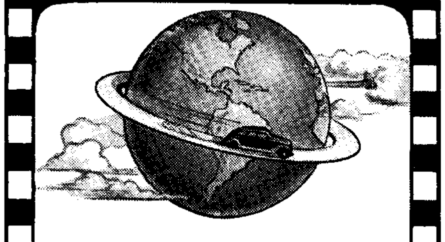

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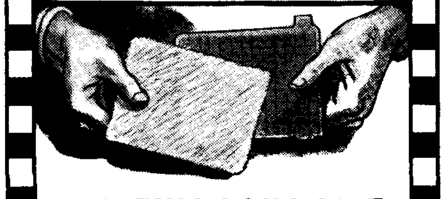

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(Continued from page 32)

known—the man whose ways of doing and thinking things are my way, the man who was kind to me when nobody else could help—I've got to go back to him and tell him that, in some way I don't understand, I belong still to you. That I always will. That from the moment we met three days ago I've not been able to possess myself—you've possessed me. I've been wherever you were, hearing you, seeing you, bound to you for the rest of my life!"

It was said quietly, unaffectedly, but the tone was one of despair, and at the end she put her elbows on the table and her face in her hands. Alec watched her for a moment in silence.

"You mean that the love is all dead?" he finally asked.

"Oh, love!" Susannah echoed, in an impatient whisper. "What does that word mean? My whole life was wrecked on it a few years ago. I comforted myself with my child and books and working in my garden and making over my old farmhouse. And then Evelina was taken away from me and there was nothing, and I had to begin all over again. And it was then that he, Terry, stood by me, never failed me, thought what I was thinking before I could think it, never said a word too much, never hurt me—never hurt me!

"And I was fool enough to dream," she went on, after a moment's silence, and speaking now in a low tone, without looking at him, "I was fool enough to dream that a woman could go on from the past into a new kind of future, forget everything that had happened, forget what she herself had been. It can't be. I know that now. I know that I am as much married to you as I was in the beginning. And where," Susannah ended, looking up with haggard eyes, "where do we go from here?"

ALEC spoke slowly, his troubled look upon her.

"I think I never quite understood all this until now, Sanna."

"Nor I; nor I," she said. "If I understand it at all. All I understand is that when a woman has belonged to a man, as I belonged to you, and when that man, free again and loving her again, comes back and wants her, something stronger than love comes into it. She can't help herself then. She can't reason. She only knows that while that man is alive she can't be wife to another man; she can't plan with him and travel with him and sleep at night in his arms. Terry and I," she went on in a musing, absent tone, as if she spoke more to herself than to him, "never thought that any echo of all this would ever come to us. We thought—if we thought of it at all!—that it was over. You see, that's a different world, Alec. It's like stepping back a hundred years to live there in Pemberton, where women still put up three hundred glasses of jelly every summer, and boys shovel snow off the sidewalks and slide with their tippets blowing out behind them. One forgets, up there."

Alec was watching her steadily. Now he said:

"Sanna, I won you once. I'll win you back."

She was not listening.

"And I'll have to tell him!" she said in a whisper. "Tell him that just going to Reno, just coming back with a paper in my trunk, isn't the answer."

"Sanna, I'm sorry," Alec said. "Listen to me. Try to see it more calmly. It *is* the answer. I'll help to make it the answer. You're all wrought up now. Seeing me again, so close to the time of the other plans, has upset you. But let me help you—let me help you. I'll not see you again; I'll not trouble you. Go on to Reno tonight with Phil, come back in six weeks with the whole thing cleared up and finished, and within a few months you'll realize that I *haven't* any claim on you. It *is* all over. Believe me, dear, I'll do nothing—nothing to bother you again as long as I live!"

"It isn't anything you can do or won't do, Alec," she said, looking at him with hard bright eyes. "It's something I've discovered just in these last few days. Something that you can't change and I can't change. That certain feelings—

"Oh, it's not love!" she broke off to say in an angry whisper, as if she spoke to her own thoughts. "But it's something that ties me to you—something that my soul and my mind aren't strong enough to break. And so I'm not going to Reno. I'm going home. Terry'll be in England; I'll be here. I'll not try to give him what belongs to you—all the memories, all the hours I can't forget! I'd far rather hurt him as I'm going to hurt him, by saying goodby.

"YOU see, Alec," Susannah went on, with a brief smile that instantly faded and a look straight into his eyes, "you've always had everything you wanted. He's never had any of those things—trips on yachts, women making love to him, races in Havana and at Paris, clothes from Regent Street, clubs and bridge and golf and first-nights—none of that. He's simple. He finds everything he wants in his own mind. It takes much less to make him happy than it does to make you. Just—just its being April and the frogs peeping will do it for him. Just a book in a worn old cover from London. But he wanted his wife," she finished in a half-whisper, looking away. "He wanted me beside him in everything he did. And I think a child—I think a child, to Terry—"

She stopped, and there was a long silence.

"What can I do?" Alec asked simply, ending it.

"Nothing. And I can't do anything, either. The claim you have on me would come between us, Terry and me, on our very wedding night. So you see you win again, Alec. I'll go back to Pemberton tomorrow—someday—I don't know when. I'll tell him."

"Don't tell him," Alec said, frowning in pain and sympathy. "For God's sake, Sanna, carry out your original plan, go on to Reno tonight. You won't go on feeling this way; in a few weeks, in a few days perhaps, you'll feel differently. If there were anything in the world I could do, you know I'd do it, rather than feel that I'd wrecked your life again! I love you, Sanna; I suppose you can't help feeling it. But I've no right to, and if you have the feeling that you owe me the slightest shred of consideration in the matter, I beg you—"

"I haven't," she said in an almost absent tone as he paused. "It isn't that. It isn't you at all. It's in me—somewhere inside me—the knowledge that I can't give him everything, and that I won't give him less than everything. That you're somewhere—perhaps remembering me as I remember you, isn't fair to him. And I have to be fair to him. He's too fine to be—cheated."

"Sanna, after awhile, when it's all quieted down a little, might there be a chance for me again?"

"I don't know," she said, looking away with darkly musing eyes. "There again, Alec, *he* would be. I'd want you to give me what he gives me—I'd want to trust you as I trust him—"

"And you couldn't," the man said simply, finishing her sentence for her.

"No," she answered quite honestly. And after a moment she gathered her furs about her and reached for her gloves. "I'd like you to take me back to your mother's, Alec," she said; "I'm so horribly tired."

"Let me think about this," Alec said. They went back to his mother's apartment, and into the little library off the big drawing room. Philip, half undressed and lightly covered on a couch, had long been asleep; Mrs. Hazeltyne was reading in the larger room, her beautifully dressed white head illuminated in a ring of lamplight. Everything else was in semidarkness at nine o'clock. Alec lighted a lamp.

"Sit down a minute, Sanna," Alec said. "Is it because of Phil that you won't make the break?"

"No, not Phil. I know you'd leave him with me," she said. She sat on the edge of a high-backed brocaded chair of carved black wood, her furs hanging from her arm, her gloves and bag still held in her hand.

"Of me, then?"

"No, not that either. It's something in me—something I can't help—something that means that as long as we two are alive and our memories are alive, I'm not free."

There was a silence.

"Then you belong to me," Alec said, ending it. "We are legally still man and wife. Sanna—"

"No," she said, staring into space with narrowed eyes, speaking as if to herself, "it's not that. But it's that you might at any time remind me of that," she went on. "It's that in the background of my life—the new life with Terry in England, or back here in Pemberton, there'd always be the feeling that something, anything, might come up to remind me of it all, to make me feel bound to it all."

"Other women do it."

"But not with men like Terry!" she countered quickly. "I have to think of him. His family. I know how ridiculous considerations of family sound to all of us in New York. Most of your friends haven't any families. They started as actresses or newspapermen or free-lancers of some sort; they broke away from their families back in Nebraska or Oregon or Kansas. Half of them have been divorced and remarried, sometimes in the same little circle of intimate friends.

"The Duquesnes aren't like that. I don't mean that they're prigs. I don't mean that they go to meeting and eat cold lunch on Sundays! I've never laughed so much in my life as I have with Terry and Anne; I've never heard such thrilling talk as there is sometimes at their house when people come from Boston or Montreal or Baltimore. But their feelings are different—so different that one feels somehow—well, what shall I call it? One feels *good*, the old-fashioned goodness that—that doesn't get intoxicated and cheat on marriage and gamble all the time. It sounds dull, but it isn't. I think it's the way I've always wanted to live. But one doesn't live that way in Shanghai nor in New York nor in Palm Beach!"

SHE stopped speaking, and brought her darkened eyes to his. Alec was sitting at a little distance from her, his arms folded on his chest, his half-frowning look fixed upon her.

"Suppose I told you that I never, under any circumstances, would bother you any further, Sanna?"

"Ah, but you couldn't, you see. There'd always be Phil; your child, not mine. You might marry, and want him. There might be other children some day, and I'd have to tell them that I had been married to Phil's father before I was married to their own. It wouldn't matter in your crowd, Alec. But can't you see that it would in theirs—to him and to me, too?"

"But Sanna, things haven't changed so much since you *did* plan to do it."

"No, not actually. That is, although we weren't divorced, I could get a divorce, and in a month or two everything

(Continued on page 38)

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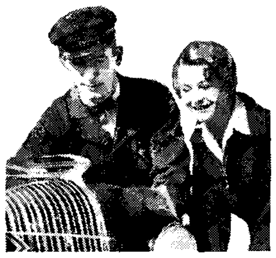

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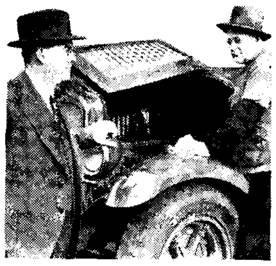

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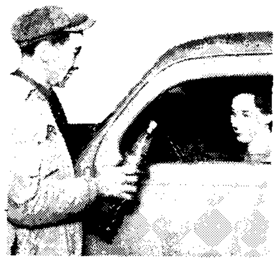

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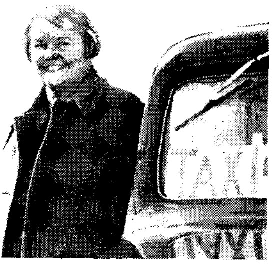
"I have to drive about 1,000 miles every week and I always use Mobiloil. It gives me extra oil mileage and keeps my repair costs down."



Natalie G. Christman

Farmingdale,
Long Island

TAXI SERVICE

"I cover 500 miles a day on my regular route between New York and Florida, but in spite of the hard, steady grind, I never have to add a drop of oil between changes of Mobiloil"

L. F. Jarrett

12 Glendale Ave.,
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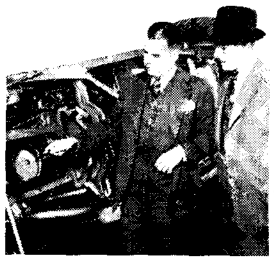
AUTOMOBILE DEALER

"I've driven over 500,000 miles in my lifetime and I know that good oil is the cheapest in the long run. That's why I use Mobiloil. It's given me splendid results in all types of cars."



S. W. Miner

1229 Main St.,
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AUTOMOBILE DEALER

"Cars traded in that have used Mobiloil are invariably in better condition. The motors are free of carbon and valves work freely. We always advise new car owners to use Mobiloil."

Charles F. Barrett

St. Louis, Mo.

BASEBALL SCOUT

"Results are what count with me—that's why I use Mobiloil. I have to change oil less often—I never have to add between changes—and I'm saving money I used to spend on repairs."

Mobiloil

SOCONY-VACUUM

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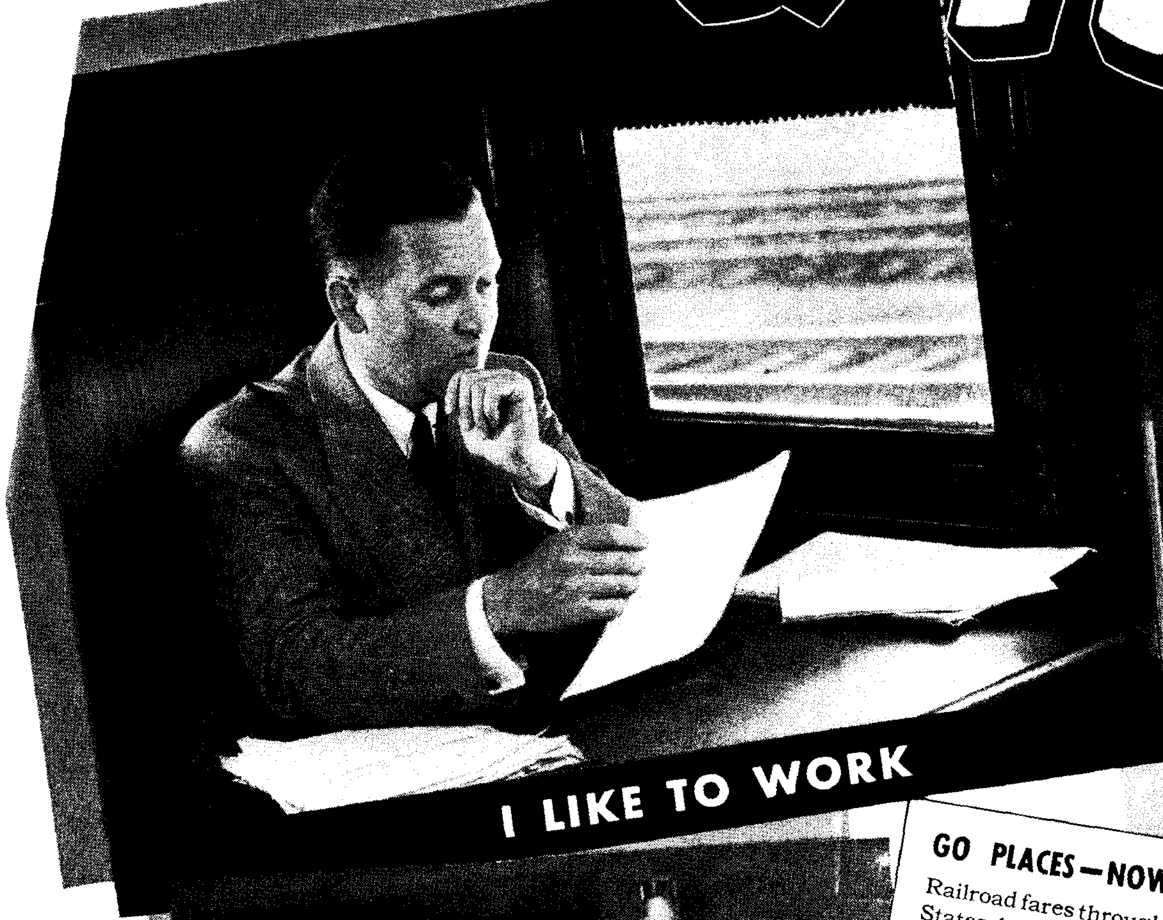
America's Favorite Motor Oil

TRAVEL-



I LIKE TO WORK

I LIKE TO

GO PLACES—NOW—BY TRAIN

Railroad fares throughout the United States have been reduced as much as 44%, and Pullman charges are one-third less, with no surcharge

DO YOU KNOW

—that the railroads haul a ton of freight a mile for an average revenue of less than a cent?

—that the speed of freight trains has been stepped up 43% in recent years?

—that by increasing the efficiency of combustion the railroads have cut fuel costs a half billion dollars in the past ten years?

—that 45 cents of every dollar the railroads take in go for railroad payrolls?

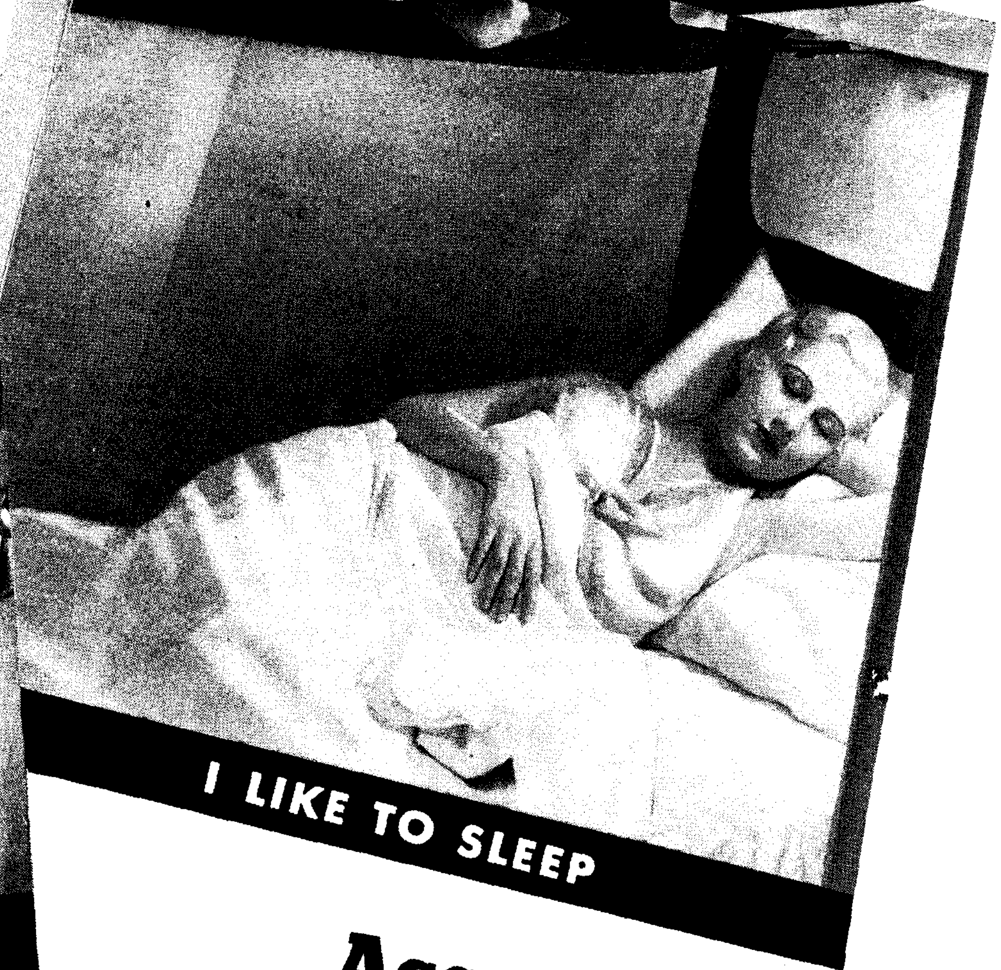
—that the railroads maintain their own "highways"—a quarter of a million miles of "line"?

—that many railroads will carry your automobile to vacation spots for the price of a third ticket?

—that you are far safer on a railroad train than you are in your own home?

SAFETY FIRST—
friendliness too!

IKE TO MOVE AROUND



I LIKE TO SLEEP

ASSOCIATION
OF

as you like it

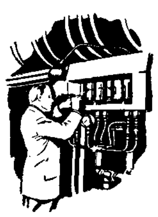
THERE IS—in the speed, comfort, safety and dependability of the modern American railroad train—something for *each* traveler especially to enjoy.

You can do the thing you *like* to do, while you ride, almost with the same freedom and peace of mind that you would have in your own home.

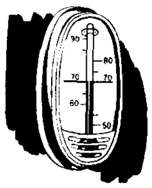
You know when you start out that you will get there on schedule. You know you will cover distances with the minimum of exertion, the maximum of ease. You know that whatever the weather or the route or the season, security and friendly service will attend you.

These benefits of railroad travel have become so familiar they are taken for granted. What may not be so familiar, unless you have traveled by train lately, is the extent of the improvements made and the new features added in recent years.

WEATHER AS YOU LIKE IT



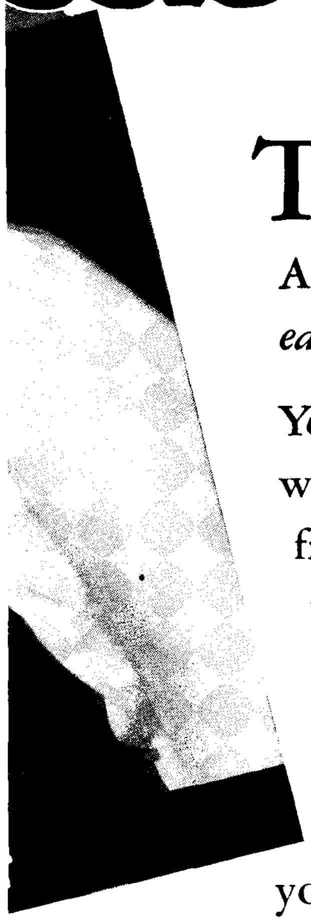
Railroad research tackled the problem of air-conditioning more than twenty years ago, when a few dining cars were supplied with washed air. By 1930, cooled dining cars were introduced. Today more than *4,000* Pullman cars and *3,000* other cars provide the supreme comfort of air-conditioning—cool, clean, quiet, regardless of the weather outside. Research in air-conditioning is still going on, as it is in other varied projects such as Equipment Design, Combustion, Wood Preservation, Water Softening, Metal Alloys, Signals, Brakes and Rails. In these and in countless other activities of the railroads—

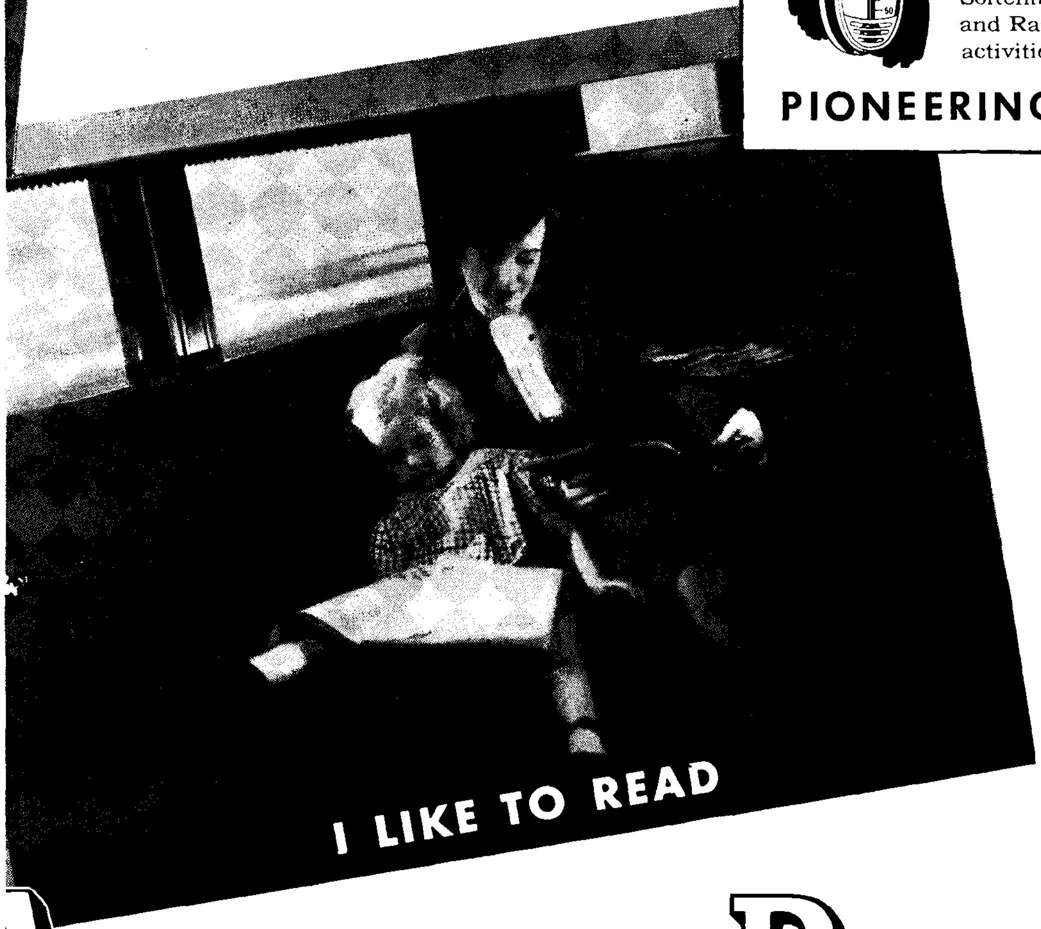


PIONEERING STILL GOES ON!

So next time you have a trip to make—and want to make it in the pleasantest way possible—go by train and see for yourself.

See how faster schedules, modern equipment, air-conditioning, and *billions* put into heavier rails, safety signals and roadway maintenance, are keeping the American railroads out in front as the most reliable and progressive transportation system in the world!





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TAKING THE FAMILY HOME
AND EVERYWHERE YOU GO

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HIGH TEMPERATURE
HOT WATER HEATER

Even when the mercury is well below zero you'll be warm with a High-Temperature Arvin heater in the car. The huge radiator core circulates plenty of hot water—and gives you full benefit of the heat more quickly. Complete temperature control switch and full-turn circular deflector enable you to regulate heat to suit your comfort in any weather. Remember the name Arvin—the heater that gives more heat-per-dollar value in a choice of models as low as $9.95. Arvins are sold by garages, car dealers and service stations everywhere.

NOW LOW AS $9.95

NOBLITT-SPARKS INDUSTRIES, *Inc.*
Columbus, Indiana . . . *Also makers of the Arvin Radios for your car and for your home*
DOLE THERMOSTATS ASSURE MAXIMUM HEATER EFFICIENCY

YOU'LL BE Warm WITH AN
ARVIN
HIGH-TEMPERATURE HOT-WATER
Car Heater

(Continued from page 34)

would be as I thought it was. But this last week has changed everything just the same, Alec. I'd let myself think that I had left all the past behind me; I'd been through such—" She stopped, began again on a lower key. "I'd been through so much," she said quickly, hurrying past the thoughts that the words brought up in a rush, "that I seemed to myself a different person. We never are, I suppose. We're always the same persons. Your writing me what you did, my seeing you, the whole thing coming up fresh again, awakened me from the dream."

"Does *he* see it so?" Alec asked with a keen look.

"Terry? He's a very quiet, very intense person," Susannah answered, "and he loves me. He was a long time discovering it, I think. Perhaps he'd rather put that sort of thing out of his life—or let it drift out. But when such a man loves—! I could make any conditions with him; there's nothing that would matter. What his people would think wouldn't bother him!"

"And if I went away, and promised never to communicate with you again?"

"No, that wouldn't do it," she said almost absently. She stood up. "I think we won't start West tonight," she added. "I'll go tell your mother."

"She'll immediately think that we are reconciled, Sanna."

"Well, if she likes to think that—" Her voice trailed off indifferently. "But we know that there's no question of—reconciliation. It isn't quite so simple."

"And what are you going to do?"

"Why, tomorrow Liza and Phil and I'll go back to Pemberton. Terry will probably be there until they get his uncle's estate straightened out, but that only means a few weeks, and then he and Anne and her children are going to England—for a long time, perhaps. I may take Phil and go to China. Mother's playing with the idea of marrying an old sweetheart there; she's past fifty, but you know her! I don't know what I'll do. It's all—mixed up, and no matter what I plan it doesn't seem to straighten it out. But a few weeks of quiet, of thinking, will make it all seem clearer," Susannah ended, in a more courageous tone. "I'll have a few talks with Terry; he'll understand. And if I do come to any conclusion I'll write you."

ALEC was standing close to her in the dim shadows of the luxurious little library; he looked down at her with the kindly protective expression she had once so loved in his handsome eyes.

"And will you remember that if you can bring yourself to give me another chance I'll be ready and waiting, Sanna?" he said. "Will you remember that I've—I've changed too? That I'm sorry, that I'll give all the rest of my life to making it all up to you, making you happy. We'll live where you want to live, and the way you want to live, and for every unhappy hour I've caused you I'll repay you with a hundred other hours. Everything's different with me now, Sanna; half the old crowd are down and out; we don't know how long Hazeltyne & Bowers can keep this up. We might *have* to live the way you like to live; we mightn't be able to afford the apartment and the Easthampton place and all the rest of it. Although," Alec added, narrowing his eyes, speaking half aloud in answer to his own thoughts, "I can't see how—even with this market—Schwabacker was talking to me about it today—it's bound to—"

Susannah laughed in spite of herself.

"Alec!" she said, faintly shaking her head.

"But I mean it's *there*, Sanna," he said. "America's wealth is there. There's no counting her resources! I could always take care of you and the kid."

"*I'm afraid never that again*," she answered him slowly, beginning to walk toward the door.

"But then, what *is* your life going to be, dear?" he asked, stopping her. "You're not the sort of woman to travel with a little boy, never to be loved and cared for by someone ever again?"

"No, that doesn't seem like my life either, Alec."

She moved on, and he put an arresting hand on her shoulder and turned her about, and held her for a moment, looking straight into her eyes.

"Will you forgive me?" he asked very simply.

She felt tears thickening in her throat and stinging behind her eyelids.

"Alec—it isn't that—" she said with difficulty.

"But will you forgive me?"

"You gave me the happiest years I'd ever known," she said in answer. "They were such proud years, such full years! And I had Evelina. There never will be any talk of forgiveness between you and me. I loved you—perhaps I love you still, Alec. I don't know. That's one of the things I have to find out. I have to find out if this feeling of not being separated—being still a part of you as you are a part of me—might be something like loving.

"You must leave me alone to think it out. To think it out," she repeated wearily, pressing her free hand against her forehead as if it ached. "I've got to go now and tell Liza we aren't leaving tonight. Poor Liza; she was very much excited about the Rockies! And I'll have one of the girls help her get Phil to bed in the guest room. Then I'll talk to your mother, Alec, and after that turn in myself." She shifted furs and bag and gloves and offered him her hand. "I'll not see you again," she said. "But I'll write you if anything happens that we—we ought to talk about."

"May I kiss you goodby?" the man asked, a little huskily.

She did not answer in words. But she lifted her face as a child might, and her honest eyes were on his for a moment. Alec put his arms about her, and she heard what might have been a sob.

"And you do forgive me?" he said.

"Oh, Alec, always!" she whispered, the tears she had been holding back coming in a flood.

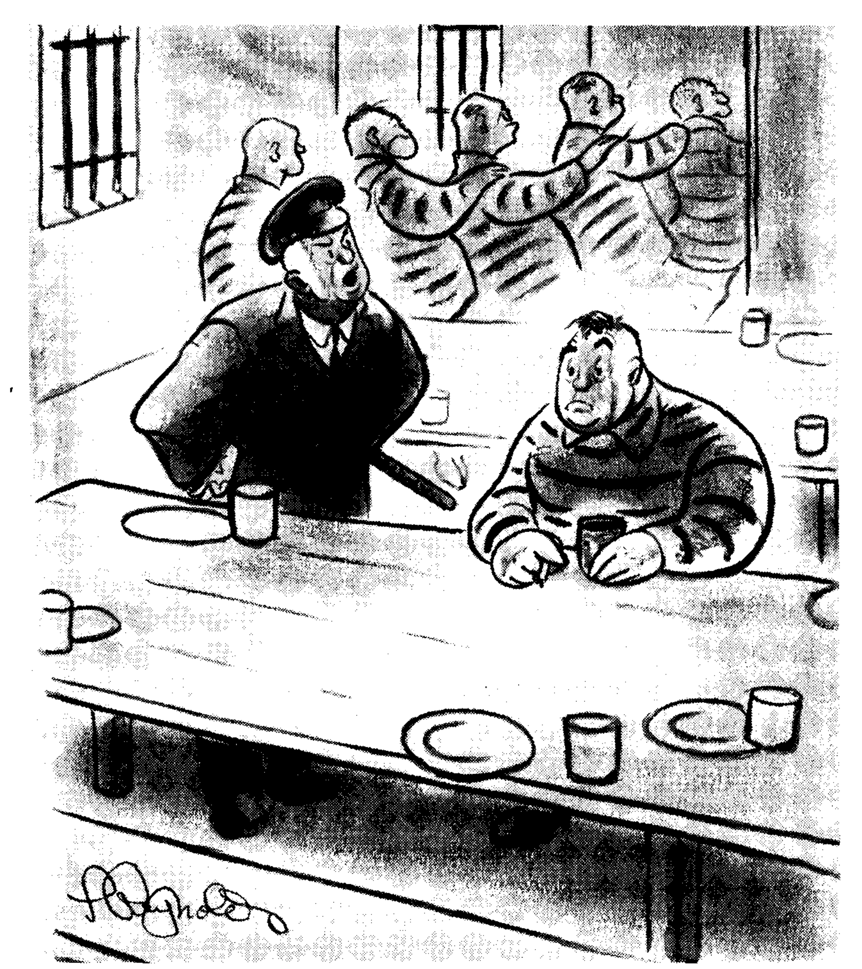
"No, don't cry," he said. "I'm not going to make you cry any more. Not ever!"

He went with her to his mother, and kissed the older woman good night, and with only a perfunctory word of goodby to Susannah was gone. For a while she sat talking to his mother with what self-control she could command. Susannah felt tired to the point of exhaustion; her mind was a whirl of distressed and confused thoughts. But under them all there was a strange feeling of triumph and of peace. Somehow she knew already that she had encountered one of the dragons in the path of life, and had passed him by unharmed.

IT WAS a few days later that Susannah crossed the lane and went down past the Miller's barn and the Hickses' long fence, and so into the Duquesne orchard by the back gate, and to the old tool shed where Terry, in faded blue shirt and worn cords, was fussing with an old pony harness decorated with dulled red tassels, a bowl of dirty suds, some rags and a soft old chamois skin. Soft pale sunshine was filtering into the shed, sending bars of light across the heterogeneous collection of tools, ropes, axes, leaf rakes and broken shallow boxes of nails; this place was Jerd's and Phil's delight; Susannah was familiar with every inch of it. She stood in the doorway, and Terry looked up to see what suddenly had blocked the light, and came toward her. She saw his color change.

"Sue! Good heavens, I thought you were in Nevada by this time!"

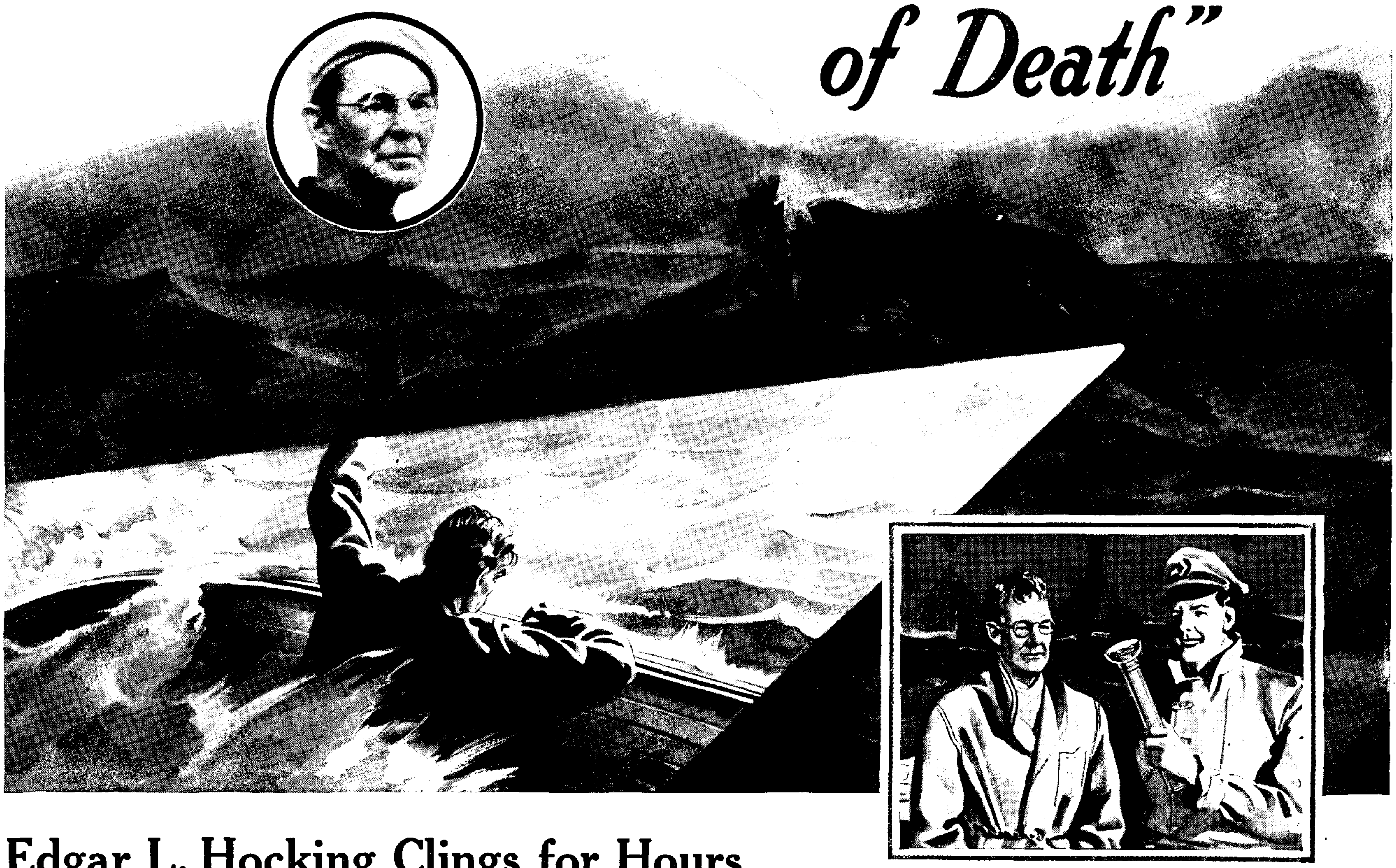
(Continued on page 40)



"Oh! So we're always accustomed to dawdle over our coffee and cigarette, are we?"

LAURENCE REYNOLDS

"She Tore at Me with Clammy Claws of Death"



Edgar L. Hocking Clings for Hours to Overturned Boat . . . Numb and Exhausted, He Cheats a Sailor's Grave in Long Island Sound.

"I saw it coming...a black squall pounding down on a flat calm," writes Edgar L. Hocking. "No wind yet, so I couldn't run for shore. Nothing to do but reef and take it!

"But when she hit, the squall took *me*. Slapped down by tons of solid green water, that little 14-foot sail boat rolled over. Unable to swim, I clung to the bottom through black hours, my teeth chattering and numbness creeping gradually over me.

"Not a light showed anywhere, only the cold heaving sea, the dark, cloud-ridden sky and the icy gale that tore at me with the clammy claws of Death.

"There seemed little use of holding on any longer...when a searchlight from a distant boat cut through my despair! With all my strength I shouted for help. Finally, that bright finger of light pointed me out. If I could hang on just a few more minutes, I would be saved!

"Safe aboard my rescuer's boat, I said it was a good thing he had a powerful searchlight.

"He picked a long-range, five-cell Eveready flashlight off the chart table and said, 'Here's my only searchlight.'

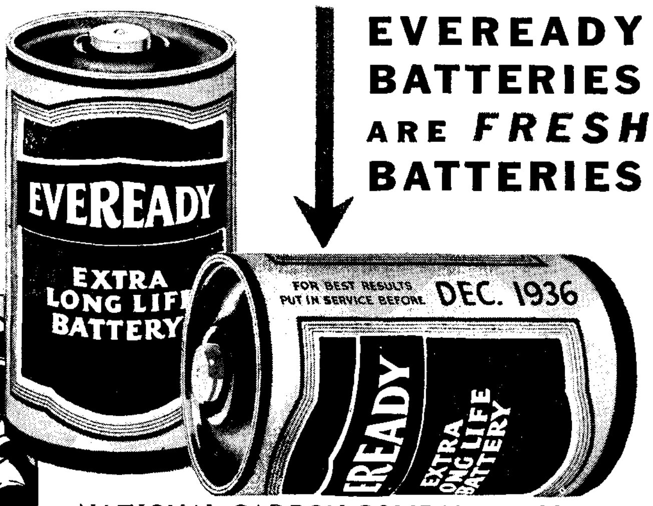
"And was I glad those batteries were *fresh* when he bought them, with plenty of life and power left!

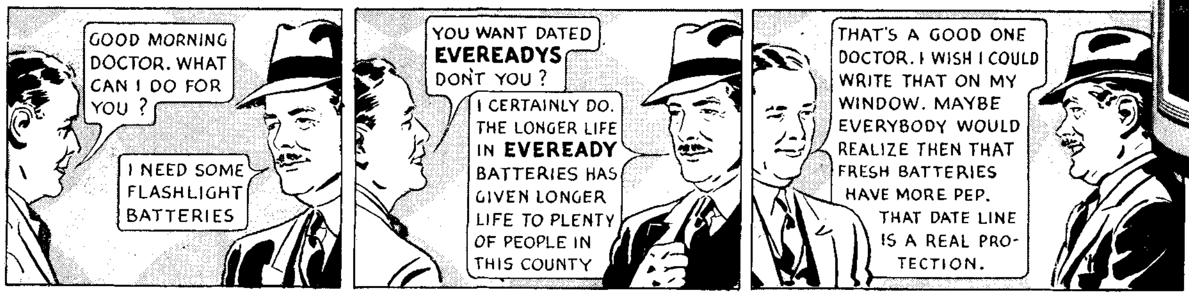
"Yes, they were Evereadys, too... I took the trouble to find out."

(signed) Edgar L. Hocking

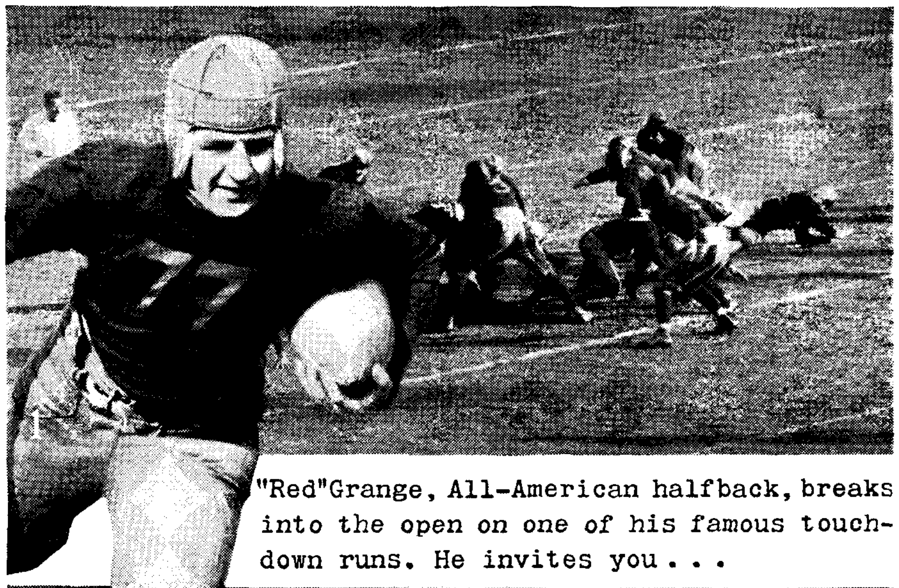
Once more the DATE-LINE is a LIFE-LINE . . . .

EVEREADY BATTERIES ARE *FRESH* BATTERIES


EVEREADY
EXTRA LONG LIFE BATTERY
FOR BEST RESULTS PUT IN SERVICE BEFORE DEC. 1936
EVEREADY
EXTRA LONG LIFE BATTERY


GOOD MORNING DOCTOR. WHAT CAN I DO FOR YOU ?
I NEED SOME FLASHLIGHT BATTERIES
YOU WANT DATED EVEREADYS DON'T YOU ?
I CERTAINLY DO. THE LONGER LIFE IN EVEREADY BATTERIES HAS GIVEN LONGER LIFE TO PLENTY OF PEOPLE IN THIS COUNTY
THAT'S A GOOD ONE DOCTOR. I WISH I COULD WRITE THAT ON MY WINDOW. MAYBE EVERYBODY WOULD REALIZE THEN THAT FRESH BATTERIES HAVE MORE PEP. THAT DATE LINE IS A REAL PROTECTION.

NATIONAL CARBON COMPANY, INC.
General Offices: New York, N. Y. *Branches:* Chicago, San Francisco
Unit of Union Carbide UCC *and Carbon Corporation*

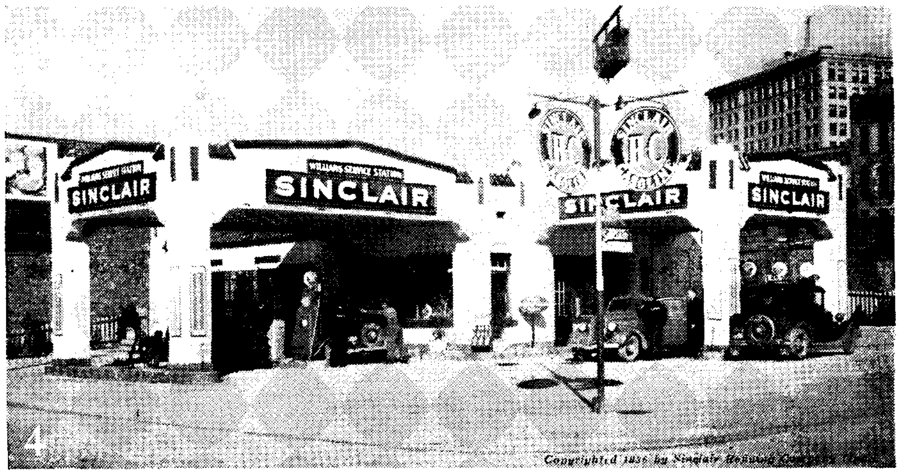


"Red"Grange, All-American halfback, breaks into the open on one of his famous touchdown runs. He invites you . . .

. . . to enter the big Sinclair "Red" Grange Football Radio Contest. Every week during the football season you have an opportunity to win . . .

SINCLAIR
MELLOWED 100 MILLION YEARS
3

. . . a new Chevrolet, Ford or Plymouth 4-door de luxe sedan or one of 120 other valuable prizes – a Philco car radio, a box of Real Silk hosiery or a Spalding football, autographed by H. F. Sinclair and "Red" Grange. See your . . .



. . . nearby Sinclair dealer for free weekly Contest Blanks. And see your local newspaper for "Red" Grange's broadcasting time in the Sinclair Football Radio Contest.

(Continued from page 38)

"I know you did." Susannah spoke carefully, like a child repeating a lesson. She tried to smile.

"When'd you get back? What's happened?"

"We got back last night, quite late, Phil and I. We came in Mrs. Hazeltyne's car. He went off to school this morning."

They looked at each other seriously.

"Did you see the morning papers yesterday, Terry?"

"You mean—? No, but Anne did. Or somebody told her. You mean that Hazeltyne and—what is it?—Bowers have closed out."

"The firm, yes. He loved it so. He started it, you know, right after the war. They used to call him 'Rabbitsfoot Hazeltyne.' He couldn't lose."

"Ruined, eh?"

"I don't think so. No, Alec would never be ruined. But he's lost money for his friends; he'll be bitterly ashamed," Susannah said, in a voice of troubled sympathy. "He hates being pitied, and they'll pity him, and he'll feel so *ashamed!* Letting the girls in the office go, closing down Hazeltyne and Bowers. He trusted Yelland Bowers, and Bowers failed him! And I know—his mother told me yesterday, that he went to one or two of the older men, Rickensbacker and Howard, and they wouldn't—they said they couldn't help him. He's not been to bed for two nights—"

SHE paused, and Terry asked: "And you?"

"My money? That's all quite separate. That's all invested in bonds—things like that." Susannah spoke vaguely. "I offered it to him, and he said it wouldn't be a drop in the bucket," she said.

"Your plans have changed, Sue?"

Her grave eyes met his.

"Yes, my plans have changed."

"You're not going to Reno?"

"No."

Terry stared at her, uncomprehending. She was half leaning against, half sitting on a high stool now. He put his handful of damp rags down, and leaned back against the table, waiting for an explanation.

"Tell me, dear," he said. "Don't look that way. I can see that—that it's all gone wrong. But don't worry, Sue."

"Oh, *worry!*" she repeated, breaking. She groped in the pocket of her sweater for a handkerchief, put it to her eyes. Terry came to her, and put an arm about her, and she dropped her face against his shoulder. She felt his cheek against her hair for a second, then he went back to his old position, and Susannah gulped and began, with what self-control she could muster, to tell him about it.

"Friday night, just before train time, everything changed. We didn't go."

"You didn't let me know."

"No use. You see." Susannah said, forcing her way, "you see that what I didn't understand was that—that there was Alec."

"Alec. He wants you back?"

"It isn't that. It's my side of it. It's my side of it!"

Terry took up a strap, polished it, his eyes upon it as he said:

"You mean that you like him better than you think you did?"

"Oh, no, not that! How could I, Terry?" Susannah asked. "I'm not an utter fool! He failed me when I needed him; he went away with another woman when I begged him—when I cried for days and days—"

"Don't," Terry interrupted her briefly, not looking up from his work.

"He's always had everything, taken everything he wanted. And now—well, now—he's still that way. He hasn't changed."

"Well?" Terry asked, clearing his throat.

She let the silence last for another few seconds.

"Well, what I feel can't be love," she said somberly, after awhile.

"What is it, then?"

"I don't know. It's so ridiculous," Susannah went on, frowning, finding her words with difficulty, "for anyone who has been through what I have been through to talk of love! There are other things stronger—there are ties one *can't* break—"

"He said so?" Terry asked quietly. But there was a hint of grimness in his voice that was new to her.

"No. Or if he did, I knew it without anything he said. Oh," Susannah said, "if I'd gone on in that sort of life, if Alec and I had had six—seven—ten years together, as so many of them do, and then had gotten divorces and remarried each other's friends, that might have seemed normal enough to me! One breathes a different air; one's on a quite different level there. But I can't divorce him and come to you, Terry, not with your background, not with what your life is here—reasonable and dignified, with the line of magnificent men and women, and samplers and Copleys and silver and chairs, behind you! What's gone before will prevent me from being Mrs. Terence Duquesne of Pemberton, superintending spring cleaning and managing the village charities and putting up sweet tomato pickle, living a woman's life that is honest and real, with boys and girls growing up, and family gatherings at Christmas times, and long summers down here. I can't do that, not while he is in the world, he who was all my life for three long years!"

There was a silence.

"Then what are you going to do, Sue?" Terry asked presently, patiently, watching her.

And again she answered forlornly, "I don't know."

"You'll go back to him?"

"How can I? It's the same old thing. In a little while he'd get started again. It would be dinners and cocktail parties and late nights again. And if I couldn't stand it before I knew you, how could I bear it now!"

"He threatened to take Phil away, I suppose?"

"Oh, no. Alec's not like that. There's something—grand about him. Something almost—royal," Susannah said.

"I can imagine," Terry commented with such obvious irony that she laughed a brief sad little laugh.

"I MEAN that what he does he does with an air that makes it seem the only possible thing. There is a sort of—of *force* about him," Susannah explained, looking eagerly at Terry for understanding. But Terry had resumed his work with the strap, was rubbing short bits of it briefly, holding them off to study them, avoiding her eyes. "I felt it the instant I saw him last week," she went on. "The fact that to have been his wife was a definite thing, like losing an arm—or having been born a mulatto—I'm not expressing it as I want to," Susannah interrupted herself, breaking off short.

"It means so much unhappiness for me," Terry said mildly, as if he spoke to himself.

"Yes, and for me."

"Isn't it a pity, Sue?"

"So much of life seems to be just—stupidly twisted."

"And what are you going to do?"

"I had to talk to you first, Terry. I came down the orchard way hoping that I'd see you alone. What are *you* going to do?"

"Go to England as soon as I can, I suppose, with Anne. I can't stay here if you're here. Once I might have, but not now. My uncle's estate will take a few weeks, but he left everything shipshape; it isn't going to be any trouble. And then I'll get off. You'll—you'll go back to him some day, Sue?"

"Not now. I'm more married to you now than ever I was to him. He keeps me from you, Terry, but not any more than you keep me from him!" Her smile was sad enough, but he made his own smile meet it more cheerfully as he said:

"But look here, you're not going to be the only one who faces this! Life takes queer twists and turns sometimes. I'll have my wife yet, and all those brown little girls and boys will be charging about this orchard scaring us to death, in spite of everything! Perhaps you'll go to Reno after all, Sue, when you've thought it all over quietly. Perhaps some day I'll go down to Southampton to meet a lady in a blue suit—"

"My wedding suit! Still in its tissue papers," she said in a whisper as he paused. Her smiling eyes brimmed; her smiling mouth trembled.

"AND we'll send Phil off with Liza and have our wedding supper—well, where? Some place that not too many people go to. And then we'll walk along the embankment in the moonlight and hear Old Ben ringing in our marriage!"

"Oh, Terry, let's *think* it!"

"Meanwhile, let's enjoy what we know we have," Terry said, laying down his sponge, wiping his hands on the chamois skin, reaching for his shabby old coat. "We have today and tomorrow and a few more days when I can come over and have breakfast with you, and we can lunch with Anne, and have supper at your house. And if I have to go to Boston, perhaps you'll come along in my old car and we'll buy books and take walks. And let's talk, Sue, as if it *were* all going to come right, let's plan for England next spring, if not now. And even about divorce, my dear," Terry said, walking beside her now past the old barns and fences toward the house, "let's not be adamant. It's being done all the time. Perhaps after a little he might want to marry someone else; that would make you feel differently, wouldn't it?"

"Ah, it would!"

"Well, you see!" They went into the house, under the thinned maple shadows, together. The table was spread for luncheon, the three children leaping about with the usual vigor of school children in luncheon hour. Anne greeted Susannah unsurprisedly. Phil had already told her the little he knew of the change and the reasons for it. The good home odors of chops and baked potatoes and baking gingerbread were in the air. Susannah cut up Phil's meat. Anne busied herself with Jerd's. Nancy launched forth upon the vivid story of a little girl in school and how she had cried like a *baby* when her bloomer elastic broke.

"Girls cry all the time," Jerd observed, his mouth full of buttered potato.

"Oh, Terry, I didn't tell you!" Anne said suddenly. "Gus Trimler's waiting to talk to you in the old laundry. He's in some sort of fix. Come out with me and speak to him just a minute."

"Anne, you're terribly pale. Move your face," Susannah said, struck, as Anne stood up. "No, it's not the light either. What have you done to yourself, you look sick!"

"I—my head aches," Anne said, going to the door. Terry followed her with a quick anxious question:

"Since when, Sis?"

They went out together. When they had reached the side porch, out of hearing of the lunch table, she caught at his arm.

"Terry!" she said, her face colorless, "Minnie Brock just telephoned. She'd a telegram for Sue, but she didn't want to send it by the Trimler boy. She telephoned here to ask if you'd go over and tell Sue."

She crammed a paper into his hand. "I copied it down," she said. "Read it! He's dead."

"Who?" Terry said, in a whisper, steadying his eyeglasses on their black ribbon. "Hazeltyne!"

"Read it! It says he was cleaning his gun. He was planning to go up to Canada, hunting, with two other men."

"My God!" Terry said, reading the scribbled penciled lines. His eyes met his sister's eyes. "Suicide?" he said.

"Do you think so?" Anne's eyes never left his face.

"Cleaning his gun, eh? And 'apparently in best of health and spirits.' Ah, well, we'll never know," Terry said, studying the telegram again. "But considering Hazeltyne and Bowers—no, this wasn't an accident. He isn't the only one who's taken this way out. They'll call it accident, of course. Dead! Hazeltyne dead!"

"How can we tell her, Terry? And poor little Phil! He's just been telling me that his father took him to a movie, and is going to send him a shotgun. But oh, Terry," Anne said, holding tight to his arm, "it's a merciful solution for us all, isn't it? Oh, my darling, think what it means to you! I can't be sorry. She'd come back to tell you that she couldn't go through with the divorce, hadn't she? Liza came over to say their telephone wasn't working half an hour ago, and she said to me so dolefully, 'We aren't going West, Mrs. Lambert, nor to England either,' and I knew then that it was all wrong! Terry, will she take it very hard?"

"At first. It'll be a terrible shock to her. He had a great hold over her—she doesn't love easily, Sue, and she loved him. It can't help shaking her. But in the end she'll see—she's bound to see—that it's the solution. *Anne*—" Terry said, in one of his rare revealings of deep emotion. He gripped her shoulder with his arm, put his hard cheek against hers for a moment. "My God," he said, "what this means to me!"

"Might he have done it a little for her, Terry?"

"Ah, no, it was the market, the failure of the firm. And yet, that might have occurred to him, too. And there must have been something generous in him, whatever he'd done to her," Terry said, "if he really did do this—if it wasn't an accident—if it occurred to him that this would clear it up, once and for all. Poor fellow!"

"LET'S go back, Terry; we mustn't be gone too long. We can wait until the children go, and then I'll slip out and you tell her."

"Perhaps you're the one to tell her, Anne?"

"No; you. I'll be 'round somewhere near if you need me. Poor Sue, how many storms and shocks she seems to have to take!"

"Let's hope this is the last, Anne."

They went back to the dining room. Susannah glanced up at them casually, glanced back at the second potato that she was mashing and seasoning for Phil.

"I begin to feel rested and quiet and *right*," she said. "It's good to get home!"

"It seems s'if we sorter b'longed here," said Phil.

A door banged somewhere in a sudden onslaught of warm autumn wind; red leaves went down past the window; the light curtains streamed into the room. Then there was quiet again at the family lunch table, and the mellow harmony of its two-hundredth summer reigned again in the old Duquesne house.

THE END

ASK YOUR DENTIST THESE THREE QUESTIONS

1. Is it true that gums and teeth need special exercise?
2. Would you consider chewing gum a valuable aid in cleaning teeth after meals?
3. Will milk of magnesia help prevent mouth acidity? Is this valuable?

ORALGENE chewing gum helps you answer all 3 questions! Oralgene gives the exercise you need to help strengthen gums and the spongy tissues that support the teeth.

All chewing gum helps but ORALGENE is particularly valuable because of its specially firm texture. ORALGENE helps clean the teeth systematically and easily, removing food particles that even your toothbrush sometimes misses. ORALGENE contains just enough dehydrated milk of magnesia to help fight mouth acids all the time you are chewing. This is especially valuable in cleansing the mouth after meals.

That's why we say—see your dentist at least twice a year...and

CHEW WITH A PURPOSE—USE ORALGENE

CHEW WITH A PURPOSE
TO OPEN USE TAB TO OPEN USE
FOR THE TEETH
Beech-Nut
ORALGENE
Chewing Gum
WITH DEHYDRATED MILK OF MAGNESIA
FOR THE TEETH

EACH PIECE INDIVIDUALLY WRAPPED

NO POWER
NO PEP • USE
TOO MUCH
OIL?

DON'T BLAME THE PISTON RINGS!

The experience of service men everywhere has proved that worn main and connecting rod bearings are a principal cause of excessive oil consumption, lost power and pep, excessive carbon and sluggish performance. When bearings are worn twice normal clearance they pump 5 times as much oil; worn 4 times normal, they pump 25 TIMES as much oil—more than the best of rings can handle!

ALWAYS CHECK ENGINE BEARINGS ON AN OIL PUMPER!

Don't blame the piston rings when worn bearings may be the principal—in fact, the only cause of trouble! It is easy to have them checked when the engine is opened up. If worn, replace with Federal-Mogul bearings. They are precision-made parts, engineered for the job of oil control, and manufactured by one of the world's largest producers of engine bearings and bushings for the automotive industry. It pays to *insist* on Federal-Mogul engine bearing replacements!

FEDERAL-MOGUL CORP.
DETROIT, MICHIGAN

WORN BEARINGS cause OIL PUMPING
REPLACE WITH
Mogul FEDERAL

Pick a Number

Continued from page 19

"Like—balloons?" repeated Muriel.

"Oh, but don't let that bother you," Mack reassured. "The main thing is your lungs. You know, there's no air in the studios—"

"They're soundproof and airproof," added Eddie. "People are only allowed to rehearse a certain length of time. It gets you in the chest. You lose color and you sort of waste away. Remember Joe Hanscomb, Mack?"

"Yeah. Poor guy, he got it. He'd been in the studio seven hours when they found him—"

"Dead?"

"No-o, worse than that," murmured Mack sadly. "Sometimes I think it might have been better had he died. He goes around selling lead pencils—"

"We all buy his pencils," said Eddie, "just for old time's sake."

Muriel was staring in silence.

"Of course," waved Mack, "we don't want to frighten you, Miss Douglas, but we just felt you ought to know certain things."

"Sure," nodded Eddie. "You're contracted for twenty-six weeks and that's a mighty long time."

"Movie stars," said Mack, "usually go on for one-shots and then quit. Sometimes they sign for thirteen weeks, but no more."

"Why," exclaimed Eddie, "I could tell you things about people in radio—"

"No." Mack raised his hand. "Let's forget all this morbid talk. We've got a lot of work—"

"But I tell you, Mack, Wolhauser had no right to snap her up for twenty-six weeks. It was taking unfair advantage. If I had known about it—" He broke off and faced the girl grimly. "Miss Douglas, I'm not going to be a party to all this conniving. It's quite apparent you didn't know what you were letting yourself in for. Are you with me?"

"I'm with you, kid. We got a reputation in this business as square shooters."

"Okay," said Eddie, turning back to Muriel. "If you want to back out now, we'll fix it with Wolhauser."

"We know things about him," said Mack, "that'll make him do as we say."

"How about it, Miss Douglas?" Eddie inquired. "Say the word and we'll give you a release."

Muriel had gotten to her feet. She regarded the two men wordlessly for the space of a minute, and then her small chin became firm.

"No," she said at length. "According to my Ideality, I must learn to overcome fear and keep from getting discouraged. I must remember, 'Whatever it is, it won't last; nothing does.'"

"But twenty-six weeks—" argued Eddie.

"I'll stick it through," said Muriel determinedly.

IN MR. WOLHAUSER'S office next day, Eddie Blake's spine made contact with an easy chair as he drew cigarette smoke into his mouth.

"She's one of these troupers," he shrugged. "She's one of these fighting heart girls."

Mr. Wolhauser paused in his journey around the room.

"Then you didn't make any progress at all?"

"Progress?" said Eddie disgustedly. "How can you make progress with a dame who has the intelligence quotient of a mental defective? I tell you, she's so dumb it sends chills up my spine. In addition to being beautiful and industrious and dim-witted, she's a numerologist."

"A what?" asked Mr. Wolhauser.

"It doesn't matter. Just forget the whole thing. Twenty-six weeks isn't so long in eternity."

"It's long enough," roared Mr. Wolhauser, "to add up to a hundred and fifty-six thousand dollars. It's long enough—" He broke off and glared at Eddie. "I thought you fellows were gonna do something. Where's Lantman?"

"On his way over. He's been at the studio all morning."

THE stout man continued to glare, then his belligerence melted into a more subdued misery.

"Everything goes wrong at once," he complained. "Everything. It isn't enough I got troubles with the program, but I gotta have troubles with my advertising agency, with the broadcasting company, with business, with my secretary." Mr. Wolhauser sank into a chair. "I didn't tell the agency about what I was doing, so they went and lined up a whole new show."

"What of it?" said Eddie. "You don't have to buy a show if you don't want to."

"I know, I know," groaned Mr. Wolhauser. "But this idea they got is beautiful. If they only told me about it in advance." He wrestled with a handkerchief. "And on top of that, the network is pushing me to seven-thirty. Another sponsor had an option on nine o'clock after our current program, and he picked it up."

"Seven-thirty," murmured Eddie. "That's opposite Bones and Sandy on the Republic chain."

"Sure," nodded the soap executive wanly. "Opposite Bones and Sandy. What chance has a new show got against that kind of competition?"

Eddie sighed and lit a fresh cigarette.

"Relax, Mr. Wolhauser. Keep repeating to yourself, Whatever it is, it won't last; nothing does. *C'est la vie.*"

"Say it yourself," said Mr. Wolhauser. "I got enough—" He halted and looked up hopefully as the door opened and Mack Lantman strode into the office. His gaunt face was even gaunter than usual, but it contained an animation that imparted itself to his audience.

"Don't give up the ship," he boomed. "We've only begun to fight. Come on, Eddie."

"What's up?"

"I've just come from the studio. Muriel is due there in twenty minutes." He turned to Mr. Wolhauser. "Drop around in an hour and have that tengrand check ready. She's either gonna walk out or be carried out."

Muriel was waiting in the gaudy reception-room of Giant Broadcasting when Mack and Eddie arrived a short while later. She stood up and came toward them, her face lighting into a smile.

"I just got here," she said. "I'm so excited. When do we start?"

"Right away," said Mack, taking her arm. "Studio G."

He led her through a heavily carpeted corridor toward a row of initialed doors, progress being marked by a general swerving of male heads in Muriel's direction.

"Is this all right?" she asked of Eddie as they entered the studio vestibule. She was fingering a white scarf tied about her throat. "It's my—my bouchenez."

"Perfect," he said. "I'll let you know when to use it."

Mack swung the thick doors inward and held them as Muriel passed. He touched Eddie's arm and winked.

"Play up to everything. The gang in there is coached."

Eddie nodded and swept his eyes over the small studio. He recognized Ronald Dorn and Arline Burrows, two free-lance actors; Harry Latham, a sound-effects man formerly employed by Giant, and Don Stack, a staff engineer. There was also a mechanic whom he didn't know tinkering with one of the three microphones.

The mechanic held his mouth close to the round piece of metal.

"Can you hear me, Jack? This is Nevins testing in 3-G . . . Hello . . . One, two, three, four . . . Woof twenty-one—Woof thirty—"

At Muriel's quizzical stare, Mack hastened to explain.

"Don't mind that. He's just setting up a new microphone. Meet Mr. Dorn and Miss Burrows."

"How do you do?" Muriel smiled.

"And Mr. Latham," Mack went on, "our sound-effects man. That big black box is for effects. Show her how it works, Harry."

Harry Latham grinned and started a phonograph disk whirling. Immediately a tremendous crowd roar filled the room. This was followed by a series of gun shots, a scream of anguish and a police siren.

"We're using the siren in our script," Mack explained. "You're a young girl who meets her lover after two years just as he is running from the scene of a crime. This guy is a crook and you know it, but you love him. The siren starts softly, like the tom-toms in Emperor Jones, and builds up to a crescendo. Get the idea?"

Muriel nodded.

"Okay. Let's start rehearsing."

"One, two, three, four," said the mechanic. "Testing in 3-G. Woof twenty-nine—"

MURIEL stared for a moment as a police siren began to echo around the room, then she turned to her script and read aloud:

"Steve! Just a minute!"

"Get out of my way!" read back Ronald Dorn. "The cops are after me."

"Steve, you didn't—"

"Yeah, and what of it?"

"Woof twenty-six," intoned the mechanic. "Testing in 3-G. One, two, three, four—"

Mack jammed a cigar into his mouth.

"Start it again," he directed. "And talk louder."

Muriel turned back her page.

"Steve!" she read. "Just a min—"

Then she halted as Arline Burrows and Harry Latham thrust their faces into the microphone and began to repeat in a monotone: "Waddle, waddle, waddle, waddle—"

"Crowd mutterings," volunteered Mack. "Talk over them."

"Hadn't she better put it on now?" Eddie inquired.

"Yeah, I think." Mack pointed to the scarf Muriel had around her neck and supervised its adjustment over her mouth; then he said: "From the beginning again, please."

The siren started as Muriel took up her lines, and faded into a trolley car clanging and the sound of horses' hoofs.

"Those are your mental impressions," said Mack crisply. "Go ahead."

Muriel swallowed.

"Steve! Just a minute!"

"Get out of my way! The cops—"

"Woof twenty-three," declaimed the mechanic. "Nevins testing. Woof thirty-six—"

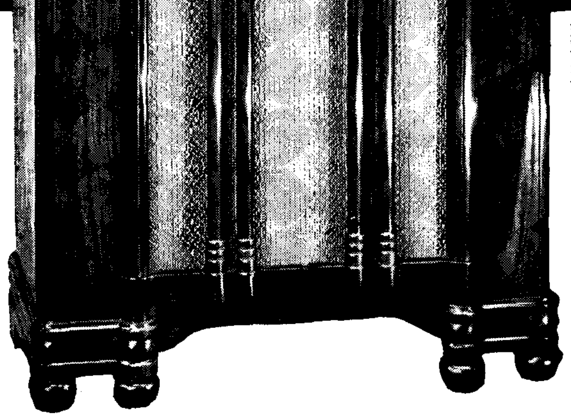
(Continued on page 44)

"That's either an Orchestra or a LABYRINTH RADIO"

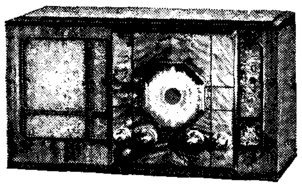
This realistic reproduction is due largely to Stromberg-Carlson's exclusive development — the Acoustical Labyrinth. It brings you face to face for the first time with radio which has but a *single voice!* The *rear* voice of the speaker is no longer left to boom and reverberate within the cabinet. These unwanted tones are led off, silently and scientifically. The *front* voice of the speaker remains free to recreate the rich harmony of sound which is radio—without interference from any direction.

But tone is not all which finds new perfection in the 1937 Stromberg-Carlsons. There are new conveniences in Dials . . . in Tri-Focal Tuning . . . Indexed Control Knobs . . . Beam Power Tubes . . . Carpinchoe Leather Speakers . . . and in the Free-floating Phonograph Pick-up, all in addition to the new *actuality* of tone which again proves, "There is nothing finer than a Stromberg-Carlson."

Stromberg-Carlsons range in price from $49.95 to $985. (Slightly higher in Southeastern States and West of the Mississippi.) Booklet "How to Choose a Radio," may be obtained from authorized dealers listed in your classified telephone directory or by mailing coupon.



NO. 140-L TRIPLE RANGE, Walnut finish. Equipped with Labyrinth. Price . . . $149.50



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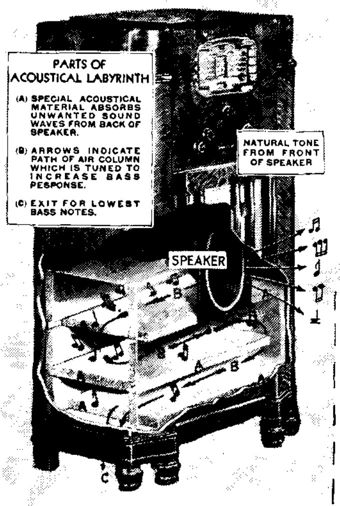
PARTS OF ACOUSTICAL LABYRINTH
(A) SPECIAL ACOUSTICAL MATERIAL ABSORBS UNWANTED SOUND WAVES FROM BACK OF SPEAKER.
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(C) EXIT FOR LOWEST BASS NOTES.
NATURAL TONE FROM FRONT OF SPEAKER
SPEAKER
A
B
C

LABYRINTH RADIO

The long, winding passageway of the Acoustical Labyrinth takes the place of the usual box-like cavity in the cabinet which is the source of the exaggerated boom in low tones. It gives you deeper bass notes, with a new fidelity and increases the volume capacity and accuracy of the loud speaker. Labyrinth shown in No. 145-L.

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by LIONEL HUNTER
Famous Big Game Trapper

Stalking the wily pipe
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SSSSSS!
The old tongue-mangler scents
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UNION LEADER SMOKING TOBACCO
SSSSS... mmmh?
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Now you can make a *pet* of your pipe, once you've taught it to eat out of a tin of Union Leader! That vicious biting of your tongue is only a sign that it's hungry for the real fully-ripened Kentucky Burley that gives Union Leader such a blissful blend of rich flavor and cool smoothness. Even wild *young* pipes can be tamed with a ten-cent tin of this soothing tobacco, ***aged-in-wood*** to banish bite! (Swell for cigarettes, too!)

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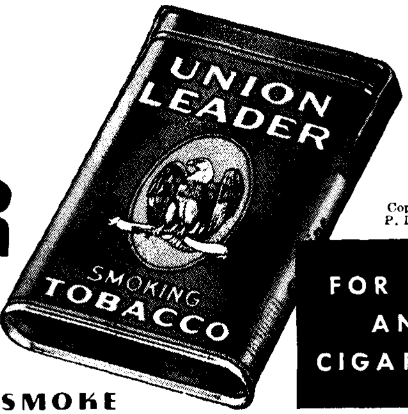

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FOR PIPE
AND
CIGARETTE

(Continued from page 42)

"Steve, you didn't—"

"Waddle, waddle, waddle, waddle," said the two voices.

"Steve, you—you—" Muriel fumbled as the scarf became entangled in her mouth.

"Louder," shouted Mack. "Talk louder! Yell!"

"I can't yell through this thing," Muriel complained.

"You've gotta yell," said Mack. "How do you think people are gonna hear you in Montana? Start it again."

Muriel started again. The mechanic had now abandoned his voice testings and was hammering at the base of the microphone. The siren from the sound-effects machine was a screeching noise intermingled with shouts and clanging and the whistle of a sixty-mile gale. The two voices continued their waddlings.

"Better let some air in," Mack directed his colleague.

Eddie nodded and added to the din by opening and closing the door with vigor.

"Steve!" recited Muriel through her scarf. "Just a minute!"

"Get out of my way! The cops are after me."

"Steve, you—"

"Louder!" ordered Mack.

"Steve, you—you—"

"Waddle, waddle, waddle."

"Steve—"

"Woof thirty-two," said the mechanic, continuing to hammer. "One, two, three. Woof forty-four."

The siren rose in volume and reached a crescendo. At this point, there was a piercing scream from Arline Burrows. Eddie caught her as she fell over in a faint.

"Tough," said Mack loud enough for Muriel to hear. "One week and it got her."

Eddie carried the inert actress through the door. He set her erect in the anteroom and patted her shoulder.

"Nice work, Arline."

The girl frowned.

"Two more minutes in that madhouse and my faint act would have been real. Just what is it all about?"

"A gag," said Eddie. "Forget it."

"I'll forget it as soon as your pal sends me that check he promised." She adjusted her hat and started for the outer door. "Are you staying?"

"Yep," grinned Eddie. "I'm waiting here to catch a young lady on the first bounce." He watched Arline leave, still grinning.

FROM within the studio came terrifying sounds—hammering, shouting, whistling, dogs barking, fire engines clanging and, above it all, Muriel's voice screaming her lines and Ronald Dorn's male accents punching his.

Suddenly the noise stopped. The heavy cork door swung open and Mack appeared, sweat dripping from his lean face. He rested his back against the wall.

"It's no use. I'm going crazy myself."

Eddie grabbed his arm.

"And what about Muriel?"

"What about her?" The tall man stood erect and glared. "She just told me she was going to love radio. It's so exciting."

"Ex—exciting?"

"Come on," said Mack in disgust. "Let's find Wolhauser."

He pushed his way outside, with Eddie at his heels, and started down the corridor; but quest for the Mab president proved unnecessary as that gentleman hove into view and came forward in a bustle of agitation.

"Miss Douglas," he panted. "She didn't walk out, did she?"

"No," murmured Eddie. "She didn't."

A sigh of relief escaped Mr. Wolhauser. He clapped both men on the shoulder.

"It's all fixed," he exclaimed. "It's Okay. I'm gonna keep her on the program."

"It strikes me," said Mack dryly, "that you haven't much of an alternative."

"I know, I know," gesticulated the stout man. "But what I mean is, I want her."

"You—you want her?"

"Sure. I just had a talk with Mr. Crowder of my agency. He hit on a terrific idea." Mr. Wolhauser's face glowed. "What's to prevent us from hiring the girl who did the singing in Miss Douglas' picture? What's to prevent us from putting her on the show? We can make it a sort of musical comedy. Miss Douglas does the talking, and then, when the time comes to sing, the other girl pipes up."

"Brilliant," snorted Eddie. "And what about the studio audience? Are they supposed to be asleep while all this goes on?"

Mr. Wolhauser grinned.

"Who said we need a studio audience? They're a nuisance anyway. This show is gonna be just for the radio listeners, which is what it should be in the first place."

"BUT you certainly don't hope to keep the act a secret," Mack said impatiently. "People will find out Muriel isn't doing the singing."

"Sure they'll find out." Mr. Wolhauser's voice was brusque. "But only the smart guys like you. When I saw that picture, ninety-five per cent of the audience thought Miss Douglas was singing herself. That's how it's gonna be with the radio listeners, and the hell with the smart guys." The soap executive lost himself once more in enthusiasm. "It's great, gentlemen, great. We couldn't expect to buck up against Bones and Sandy without a name, and Muriel Douglas has got a name. Am I right?"

"I guess you are," Eddie admitted wanly.

Mr. Wolhauser beamed.

"Crowder is contacting this girl on the coast now. Her name is Johnson, I think. We're gonna bring her east for the first broadcast. Everything'll be settled by tomorrow. Meanwhile I'd like you to start work on a musical comedy script—"

Mr. Wolhauser halted as Muriel Douglas appeared in the corridor. His face brightened into a cordial smile, but he was given no opportunity to manufacture a greeting. Muriel bore down on him, her hand clutching a copy of her part.

"You didn't tell me," she wailed. "You didn't tell me this program was on at seven-thirty. I just happened to look at the script—"

"The time was changed, Miss Douglas," said Mack. "We only found out this morning."

"But seven-thirty!" Terror was written in the girl's eyes. "Seven and three. That adds up to ten, and ten resolves into one. I can't have anything to do with one."

"Now, Miss Douglas—"

"It was nine o'clock in the contract. I *thought the program was nine o'clock.*"

"Sure it was," said Mr. Wolhauser, "but the network sold the time to another sponsor. We've gotta go on at sev—"

"No," cried Muriel. "I refuse to do it. I signed the contract for nine o'clock—"

She was walking toward the stairs with Mr. Wolhauser pursuing desperately.

"Look," he argued. "What's the difference what time the show—"

"Don't talk to me," Muriel flared suddenly. "I know all about you."

"A-about me?"

"Yes. You tricked me into signing that contract. Don't deny it. They told me how you tricked me." She pointed at Mack and Eddie, who were viewing the scene in bewilderment; then, abruptly, she turned and hurried down the stairs.

Mr. Wolhauser faced his two assistants grimly.

"Did you tell her—"

"Now wait," said Eddie. "We had to. We were trying to prove—"

"That I was a bum sport, eh?"

"You've got it wrong," said Mack.

"I've got it wrong, have I? Who started the whole trouble in the first place? Here I am saddled with a half hour opposite Bones and Sandy, and nobody to put on it except an unknown girl who's coming east." Mr. Wolhauser had worked himself into a state of violent indignation. "You're fired," he said. "You're both fi—"

He was interrupted by a new arrival, this time Joe Crowder, of the Acker-Helmet Advertising Agency. The account executive wore a harried look.

"I'm glad I found you," he said rapidly. "I just spoke long distance to this Johnson dame in Hollywood. She can't come to New York—"

"Tell her to stay away forever," yelled Mr. Wolhauser.

Joe Crowder seemed startled.

"But I just wanted to tell you she can't come to New York because she's got an engagement with a small opera troupe in St. Louis. She's stopping off there and I thought maybe we could pipe her voice into the show." He paused. "Of course, a strict schedule would have to be worked out, because St. Louis time is behind our time, but—"

"Wait a minute!" Eddie interrupted suddenly. "How much behind?"

"Why—why, an hour."

Eddie let out a whoop and collared Mr. Wolhauser.

"Do you still want Muriel Douglas on the program?"

"Sure, I want her."

"Okay. Get this Johnson girl on the telephone and make arrangements. I'll chase after Muriel and tell her we're gonna conduct our broadcasts from St. Louis." He turned abruptly and dashed down the stairs, leaving Mr. Wolhauser staring after him in a state of bewilderment.

"Is he a lunatic?" asked the Mab president finally.

"No," murmured Mack. "A mathematician. Six and three add up to nine and resolve into twenty-six broadcasts from good old Missouri."

Scholars and Gents

Continued from page 11

game. But what if he comes up and doesn't find out . . . ?"

He left that hanging in the air for a moment to get the full effect.

"What do you mean, he wouldn't find out!" screamed Mr. Doubs.

Mr. Mannix now became very quiet and mysterious.

"Well, he might, for one thing," began Mr. Mannix, "find that the place he thought was Vernon *was* Vernon."

"You mean Windermere?" shouted Mr. Doubs. "Don't be silly. What are we going to do—move them out and move us in?"

Mr. Mannix was entirely composed.

"Are you aware," he said, "that young ladies are always expected to be at home over Thanksgiving?"

"And I suppose old man Ellison will be away and all those goofy-looking old dames. . . . You know a hell of a lot about it."

"I got you those pictures, didn't I?" said Mr. Mannix quietly.

That halted them.

"Mutt," said Mr. Doubs humbly, "where did you get those pictures?"

"From Ellison's office," said Mutt. "I asked his stenographer for them and she gave them to me. It's cost me about eight bucks in movies and ice-cream sodas since. She's crazy about me."

With that they got down to serious business.

DR. HIGGINBOTHAM was greatly pleased with his reception. He arrived by train and found welcomers stationed at the foot of every coach door. They were bright young men in their Sunday clothes and with their hair neatly slicked down. As each passenger left the train, they said politely but insistently: "Dr. Higginbotham?" The steady murmur ran up and down the station platform. "Dr. Higginbotham . . . Dr. Higginbotham? . . . Dr. Higginbotham?" The students of Vernon Prep were taking no chances of missing Dr. Higginbotham.

Everybody was on hand but Googs Lynn, who sat in the little room over Pfleuger's meat market and brooded over the collapse of his plans.

Most active at the station was Stuffy Doubs, who shook Dr. Higginbotham briskly by the hand and sat with him in the back seat of the car driven by Weary Collins. As they drove through the gates of Windermere, Dr. Higginbotham uttered a cry of pure delight.

"Ah, it truly is lovely," he cried.

"Um," said Mr. Doubs, who was looking anxiously about for Mutt Mannix.

He met him in the hall on the way to Dean Ellison's office.

"It's all right," whispered Mutt. "We have Ellison locked in his room with the phone cut off."

Mr. Doubs led Dr. Higginbotham into the outer office of Dean Ellison where sat Miss Patsy Unger, who was nuts about Mr. Mannix.

"Come right in, Dr. Higginbotham," said Miss Unger. "Dean—I mean Dr. Crothers is expecting you."

Behind the desk in Dean Ellison's office was Mr. Tod Saylor, copartner with Mr. Sap Cunningham in the poolroom, and now Dr. Hiram Crothers of Vernon Prep. With some effort Mr. Saylor's neck had been forced into a stiff collar and he now rose to greet Dr. Higginbotham with all the grace of a longshoreman being married to an Astorbilt.

"Dr. Crothers . . . !" beamed Dr. Higginbotham.

"Dr. Higginbotham!" cried Mr. Saylor.

From outside the office came the sound of shrill voices and a certain amount of bumping which suggested that somebody was being taken to the top of the stairs and being allowed to coast down, sitting rapidly on each step during the descent.

"Some of the boys taking advantage of the holiday, I imagine," said Dr. Crothers, laughingly.

It was more than that, however. It was Mrs. Hetty Osborn, professor of history, being dissuaded by Mr. Mutt Mannix and Mr. Stuffy Doubs from calling upon Dean Ellison in his office.

"Young man, step aside," said Mrs. Osborn, who was a large buxom person accustomed to her own way. It was then that the cries and bumps began, with Mr. Mannix helping Mrs. Osborn down the stairs leading to the cellar and finally incarcerating her in the domestic science laboratory.

(Continued on page 46)

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A—VIKING Calf: World-famous for its plump, pliable quality. Actually improves with age. Dull black. Tread-smooth Mello-Flex Insole can't curl or wrinkle. $10

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Each, Broadway custom last. Hugs your heel and ankle. Fit so perfect they hold their smart shape. True economy.

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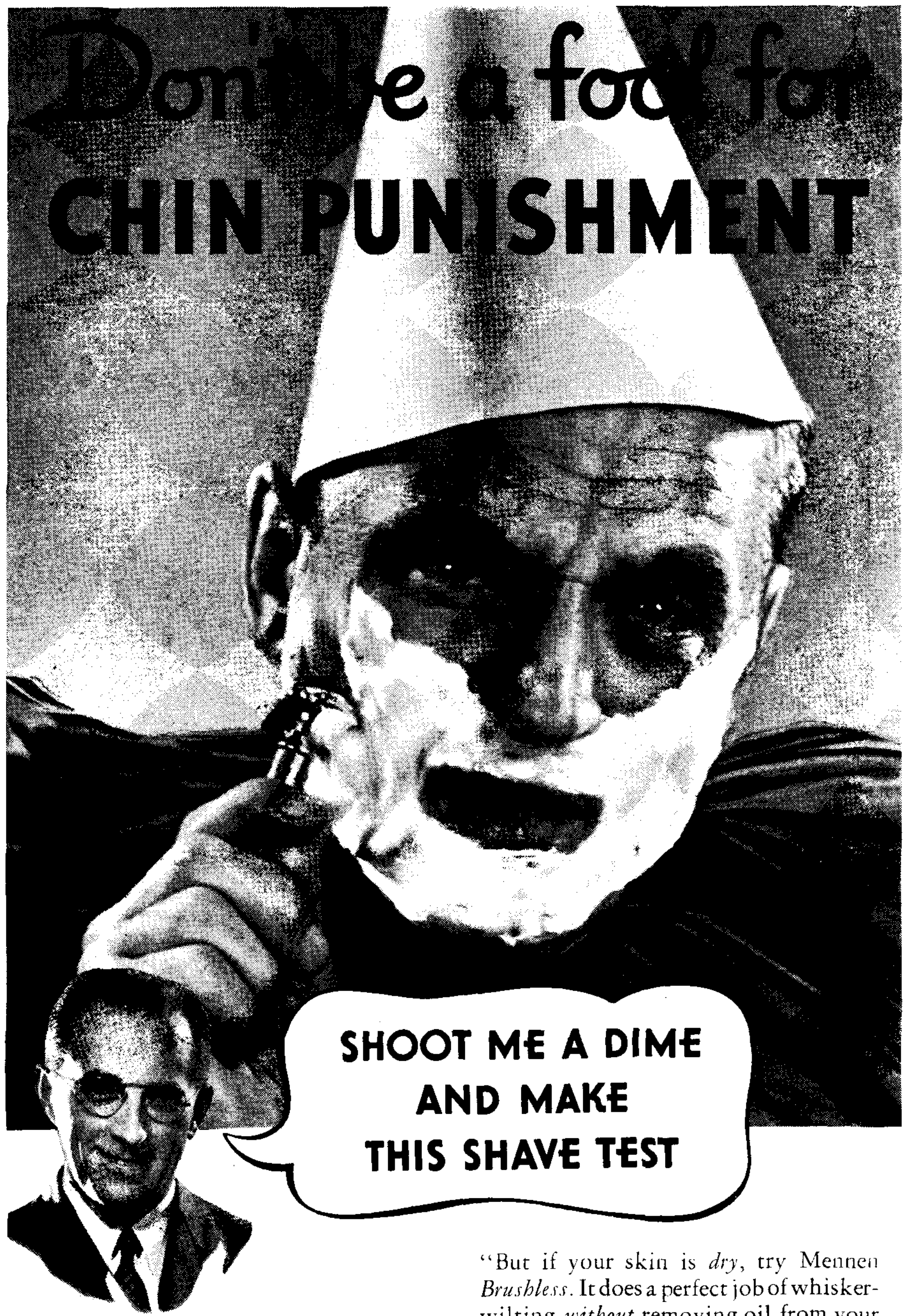

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W. G. MENNEN speaking:

"MEN . . . what fools we've ALL been! For years we've resigned ourselves to the idea that the morning shave had to be more or less painful. But it's not true! I've found the answer.

"You see . . . there are two types of skin, oily and dry . . . and I make a shaving cream especially for each of them. Simple, isn't it; but it enables me to do for you what you will agree has never been done before:

"If your skin is *oily*, see what Mennen *Lather* Shave will do for you. It removes excess oil from your beard, so the lather and water can get right into the whiskers. And it flushes grease and dirt out of your pores, too.

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"Believe me . . . these shaving creams offer you a new kind of shaving comfort And to show you I mean business, listen to this: For one thin dime I'll send you my Skin Tester Kit, containing demonstration sizes of five (5) of my products. Included are tubes of both my *Lather* and *Brushless* shaves. Make the test . . . try both creams . . . one is the answer to *your* shaving problem! Think of it . . five Mennen products for ten cents! And if you're wondering how I make money on a deal like that, the answer is I don't . . I'm just betting that the kit will make you a *regular* Mennen user."

After the shave . . . Use Mennen Skin Balm – *A refreshing lotion in cream form. Quickly absorbed. Banishes razor-rawness. Conditions skin, prevents irritation, chapping. It's greaseless, too.*

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5 PRODUCTS FOR 10¢

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Name ....

Address ....

(Continued from page 45)

Within the office the languid conversation of Dr. Higginbotham and Dr. Crothers continued.

"Dr. Crothers," said the Sage of Secaucus in his smoothest tone. "If you will forgive a question. . . . Are you coeducational here at Vernon?"

"Coeducational?" wavered Mr. Tod Saylor.

"The young ladies I saw on the campus as I came in," continued Dr. Higginbotham.

"Oh, those," said Mr. Tod Saylor Crothers, rising to the peak of his career. "Those were members of the boys' families who came here for the holiday when the boys couldn't get home."

Dr. Higginbotham's smile in reply was frozen on his face by a cry which seemed to come from somewhere under his feet. It was a shriek of torture, outraged dignity and impassioned truculency.

AT THE same moment from the waiting-room came an uproar composed of falling chairs and bodies, curses, screams, maledictions and supplications. As he was about to turn to examine this, the demoniac screech from the direction of the window leading onto the campus reached a piercing high.

"I'm being murdered!" howled Mrs. Osborn, but Dr. Higginbotham, looking through the window could tell that she exaggerated. The only people near her were two young men, named respectively Mose Dunstan and Bill Herman, who were galloping up from the foot of the campus and in no event would be likely to harm Mrs. Osborn, who was waving a butcher knife she had rescued from the domestic science laboratory.

It was at this point that love entered. Dr. Higginbotham, looking through the open door to the reception room, saw Miss Patsy Unger with her arms grimly clasped about the person of a gentleman who was to turn out to be Dean Ellison. At first blush one might have thought that Miss Unger was trying to protect the good dean from his assailants but closer inspection would have shown that she had his arms so firmly pinned that he could do no damage to Mr. Mutt Mannix, who was standing close by, a little worried about events.

Mr. Saylor, seeing that things had reached a pass, kept his head to the point of dealing with Mrs. Osborn, who was now at the window brandishing her weapon and calling for blood.

"Come right around and come in," said Mr. Saylor, who most assuredly didn't want her on the outside yelling murder.

The result was that the office of Dean Ellison was soon filled with Dean Ellison, Mrs. Osborn, Dr. Higginbotham, Mr. Saylor and various members of the Vernon Preparatory School student body. The latter looked both a bit apprehensive and altogether sunk.

"Then you're not Dr. Crothers and there is no Vernon Preparatory School," Dr. Higginbotham was finally saying to Mr. Saylor, when he could get the strands all together in his hands. Mr. Saylor admitted it.

"Arrest them, that's what I say!" yelled Mrs. Osborn, and Dean Ellison nodded in grave approval.

"And have all the attendant publicity?" asked Dr. Higginbotham, with a lifted eyebrow. "Personally and on behalf of Secaucus Academy, I should certainly not like that."

"You may not like it," cried Mrs. Osborn, "but you weren't locked in the cellar. I like it very much. I'll show these young murderers!"

It was then that Mose Dunstan became important.

"Would you like to see a print of one of the pictures we took of you climbing out of the cellar window?" he asked Mrs. Osborn. "It shows your bloomers."

Upon which Mrs. Osborn uttered a bloodcurdling yell and started after Mr. Dunstan with the knife. This relieved the press in the dean's office and also gave the dean a new thought.

"Perhaps there is something in what you say about publicity, Dr. Higginbotham," he said. "After all, we are a young ladies' school and I don't believe the parents would be pleased."

It was then that Mr. Mannix, entirely unshattered by the turn of events, got to the matter at issue.

"How about the game Saturday?" he asked. "Does that still go?"

Dean Ellison looked at Dr. Higginbotham in horror, but that gentleman was entirely unmoved.

"Why, I see no reason why there should be any change in that plan," he said. "If this publicity would be bad, the cancellation of the game would be just as unfortunate. It has been widely advertised and there would be no end of talk if anything happened now."

This was too much for Dean Ellison.

"You may have your own good reasons, Dr. Higginbotham," he said coldly, "and you may find it excellent to have your young people associating with these hoodlums, but I shouldn't think that the parents would be pleased."

"Dean Ellison," said Dr. Higginbotham kindly. "I'll tell you a little secret. I have an English assistant named Smithers, who is better known as Pip-pip Smithers. Mr. Smithers has been very insistent upon having the game through some slight misapprehension about the gentlemanly quality of the opponents, and I think it would be a great lesson for him. It might even cure him."

It was at this moment that another flurry occurred in the reception room and two newcomers entered. One was Mr. Googs Lynn, looking repentant but brave. Upon sight of the other, Dr. Higginbotham uttered a cry.

"Pip-pip!" he cried. "Where in the name of heaven did you come from?"

MR. SMITHERS was standing now with the light of the martyr in his eyes, proudly and courageously.

"I drove up to see for myself," he said with dignity, "and I must say that I have discovered something so remarkable that I felt I must recount it to you immediately. This young man here"—he pointed to Mr. Lynn—"is one of the finest young men I have ever met. He has come here to confess that he has done wrong, but I want to add that his attitude has been admirable. He has been obsessed with an ideal. . . . As others have before him. . . . As, I may say frankly, I have been myself. He has sought the better life, and I ask that you forgive him. . . ."

"The ideal, eh?" said Dr. Higginbotham.

"Yes, sir," said Pip-pip sternly. "If I may say so, the English ideal of sportsmanship and . . ."

"Now, Pip-pip, really," broke in Dr. Higginbotham, "you're making a nationalist out of me. English, indeed. Why, quite the contrary. I've never seen anything more vigorously American. It's almost a perfect example of American go-getterism, of resourcefulness and energy. Not only do I approve of it, but I am not saying a word about exposing the young men and am insisting upon the game being played on Saturday as scheduled. How do you like that? I like it all right except for those poor young fellows of ours down there at Secaucus. . . . I'm afraid they'll get the everlasting stuffing knocked out of them!"

This being the first completely good news Mr. Mutt Mannix had heard in over a week, he reacted normally.

He walked over and grasped Dr. Higginbotham's hand and began to pump it.

"You said it, Doc," cried Mr. Mannix with the utmost enthusiasm.

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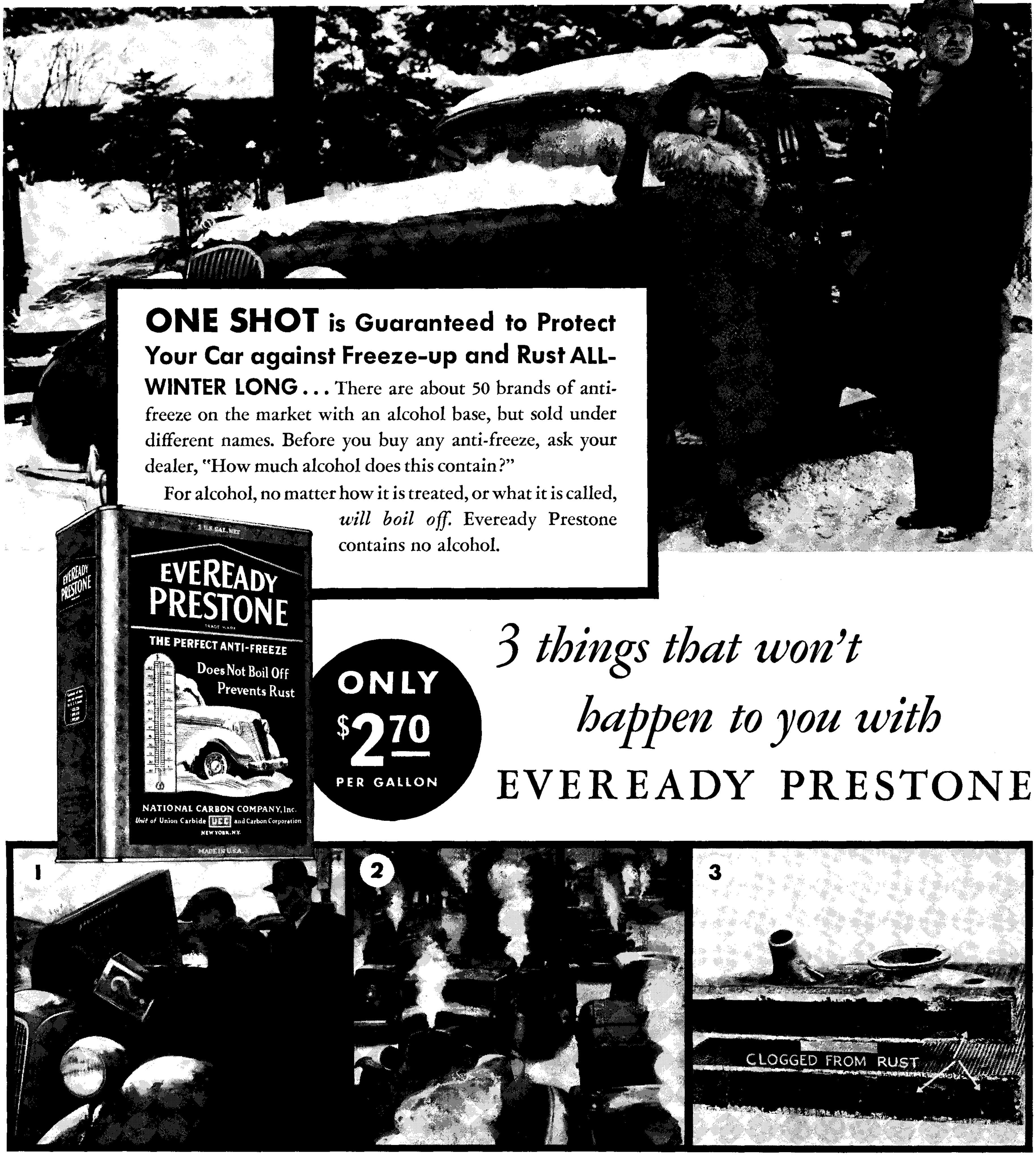
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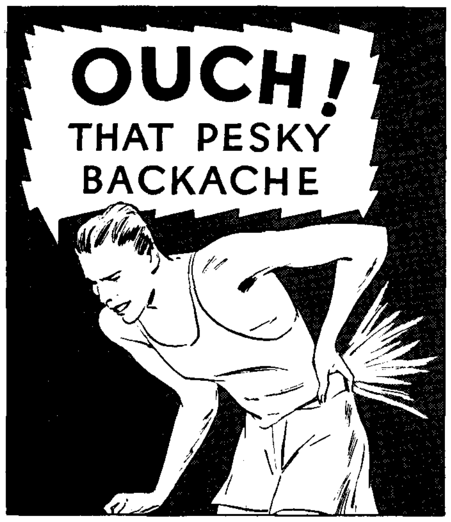

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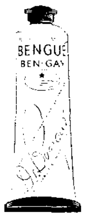

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FINEST FOR FOUNTAIN PENS

Smart Ponies

Continued from page 20

ton, the gallant chestnut winner of 1919; the horse of destiny, speedy Flying Ebony; the immortal Zev which won in 1923.

But John Madden died and his son, Ed, calmly sold the great brood mares and the great stallions and the fast youngsters which pranced in the Madden barns.

"When I am older perhaps I too shall enjoy watching horses run and training them to run," he said quietly. "But I love to play polo and I'm young enough to play it. And I shall train the horses which I ride for polo and that shall be my life."

So young Madden learned all there was to be learned about polo ponies. That is, he learned all he could, for the training of polo ponies is not something for which there are hard and fast rules. He learned the theories of other men, and those theories which he liked he allowed to cling to his mind and those which he didn't like he discarded. Today, after many years of it, he has definite ideas on how to train horses for polo—he hastens to add that they may not be the best ideas but they are his and with them he gets results.

There was a time when it was thought necessary that polo ponies be small; under 14.2 hands was once the rule. It was thought, too, that they must be mustangs or at least the descendants of hardy, tough western mustangs. At this time there was a polo rule about offside play, a rule much like the hockey rule in regard to off side. This rule was done away with and immediately the hard-hitting, long-driving, open, so-called American type of play came into being. Now your ponies (they still called them ponies even though they were 16 hands high) had to be fast. As a rule a very small horse isn't as fast as a medium-sized horse or a large horse. Of course there have been horses like Black Gold and Peanuts and a pretty fast horse called Brevity to prove that the rule has exceptions but in the main the larger horses were more powerful and speedier. And of course—of this there can be no doubt—thoroughbred horses were universally faster than "cold-blooded" horses.

Looking for Sprinters

Today many ponies playing big-league polo are all "hot blood." A great many of them are three-quarters thoroughbred. The government, actively interested in improving the breed, has released a great many thoroughbred stallions in the West and the blood of these superb horses is found in many horses playing now on Long Island, at Aiken or in California. There are still many ponies playing which make no pretensions at all to royal blood but these are found in decreasing numbers of late years. Blood, after all, does tell—and it tells no lies on the polo fields.

So men like Madden began looking for fast thoroughbreds and then they set to work to train them. They didn't buy $5,000 or $10,000 stake horses from the tracks. They didn't need any sustained speed over a mile or so. They wanted horses which go like the very devil for bursts of fifty or sixty yards. Almost any plater could do that.

Madden began haunting the tracks picking up a horse here for $150, another here for $200. Soon he had a sizable string and he began his training. Some of the horses were yearlings, most were two or three years old and sometimes he has picked up a five-year-old.

"It takes about a year to train a horse for slow polo," he says. "If he isn't good by then he'll never be good."

His first step was to teach the horse that he was just a horse and not a king or queen. He'd play with the horse, let the grooms play with it, treat it well, mind you, but he'd stand for no pampering. If a horse sulked he'd work it anyhow.

Madden always starts his training indoors. He has an indoor ring on his farm with walls padded for about six feet from the floor. When the horse looks around it can see nothing but dull brown walls. The windows are placed high so that it can't see outside.

A Pony's Test of Courage

"A horse is like a child in many ways," Madden says. "It is difficult to get its whole attention. Work with a horse outside and there are a lot of distractions. A plane buzzing overhead will get the horse's attention. A sharp breeze will bother it and make it forget what you're trying to teach. A patch of brilliant foliage will require investigation. That's why I start my training indoors. At first? At first I merely walk the horse around the ring—day after day I do this but I carry a mallet in my hand. Casually I swing the mallet and soon the horse accepts the fact that when he has a man on his back that man is going to be carrying and swinging a mallet.

"The horse by now has gotten a lot of nonsense out of its head. The horse finally gets to realize that it isn't any prima donna with thousands paying it homage. No, it's just a horse—none the less lovable for that fact, and as far as polo goes a great deal more valuable.

"Then I try figure eights," Madden continues. "This teaches the horse to turn quickly. Of course by now I know whether it is worth going on with its training. When I buy the horse in the first place I look for certain things. I look for good conformation, for straight hind legs, a sensible head, and I look for a sense of balance and handiness. But often, of course, you get fooled."

Now a ball is tossed onto the tanbark of the indoor ring and Madden takes occasional wallops at the ball the while maneuvering the horse through figure eights, making him wheel suddenly and now and then letting him bump against the padded walls just to show the horse that it won't hurt.

If the horse is ordinarily tractable and ordinarily smart, this has taken about three months. Then the horse is brought outside and Madden hopes that he'll remember everything that he's been taught. Now the horse is taught to start fast and to stop suddenly. Then the pony must be taught to run straight ahead. This is his test of courage. No matter what lies in front the polo pony must go right at it if the rider so directs. Many ponies, perfect otherwise, become mallet shy or become reluctant to dash headlong into a wild melee of riders, ponies and swinging mallets. The finishing touches are given to him in actual games—perhaps informal brushes with grooms playing the part of players—which is a mean statement for some of the best players are found in the stables, just as so many of our golf players come from the rank of golf caddies.

This is known as "slow" polo. A horse must graduate from that before he is ready for the big league. Then he is ready to be sold. Madden himself sells very few ponies except to friends and teammates who play with him in Kentucky. There was a time when the sale of polo ponies brought fortunes to those who had trained them. Jupiter back in 1928 brought $22,000 in an auction while Judy went for $13,000. Bonita and Adela brought $15,000 each. Santos Vega and Perinola went for $14,000 each. That put the sale of polo ponies into the big-money class. But that, alas, was in 1928. Today even the top-notch players seldom pay more than $2,500 for their horses. The second-flight players find themselves contented with horses that cost $1,000 or under that, while the dilettante players of Hollywood and other centers of part-time polo can get plenty of acceptable mounts for $500.

Polo ponies in the main are trained—not bred. A few courageous men are experimenting with the breeding of horses to be used exclusively for polo. Ed McVitty of Garden City tried it but gave it up. Averell Harriman and Godfrey Preece are trying to breed polo ponies. It would be great, polo players say, if horses were born, so to speak, with polo mallets in their hands. But of course traits that are needed in good polo ponies are distinctly acquired traits.

Breeding is a long and expensive—very expensive—process and today polo ponies don't bring the prices they once did. The best way is the Madden way and the Fred Post way. Madden and most polo-wise men say that Fred Post knows more about training polo ponies than anyone in the game.

"Post has a groom on his farm named Fred Tredwell," Madden says. "That man is to my mind the best of us all."

There are vogues for different types of polo ponies as there are for hats and for colored shirts. For a long time the vogue was for Argentine ponies. The Argentine ponies were excellent because the Argentine players are for the most part more than players—they are trainers as well. They didn't leave the training of the ponies to hired men. They first give a polo pony a year of cow work on the range. The work they do at this is similar to the work they are going to do later at Meadow Brook or Hurlingham.

Scoring by Accident

A few years ago James C. Cooley and Louis E. Stoddard compiled a list of what they thought to be the greatest polo ponies in history. All kinds of horses made this select company. They called Harry Payne Whitney's Cottontail, a California-bred bay gelding, the greatest.

Undoubtedly the ponies used by the American players last June in matches against the British team in England were a big factor in the victory of the visiting team. Eric Pedley rode a great horse, Beche de Luxe, one of Wrightman's great string of Argentine stock. He also rode Foolproof and Playwright, two Hawaiian-bred horses owned by Jim Spalding of California. Stewart Iglehart's Brown Fern performed magnificently, as did Guatamozin for Winston Guest and Yarara for Mike Phipps.

Often you see a pony score a goal by kicking the ball through the uprights. Those who aren't polo-wise immediately pay tribute to the intelligence of the horse. Actually the horse didn't know quite what it was all about. Ponies score goals sometimes but it's sheer accident. Their intelligence doesn't go that far. Obedience and quick responsiveness are the two important factors in making a polo pony a great polo pony. These are two qualities which have to be developed in the horse, for after all even the smartest polo ponies are born just with four feet, not with a polo-wise brain. Mr. Madden, Mr. Post and the others who make polo ponies out of horses attend to that.

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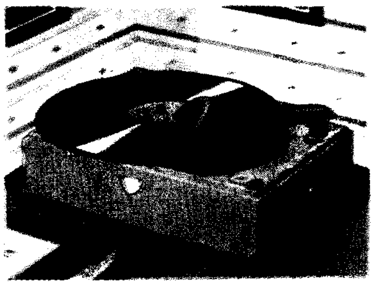
(LEFT) Magic Voice, Magic Brain, Magic Eye Console RCA Victor Model 9K-2. This splendid set has Metal Tubes and more than a dozen other modern RCA Victor features. Covers the whole range of domestic and foreign broadcasts. And yet it costs only $129.95.



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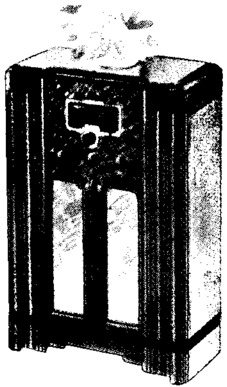

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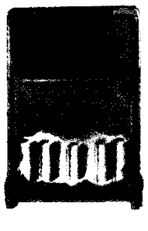

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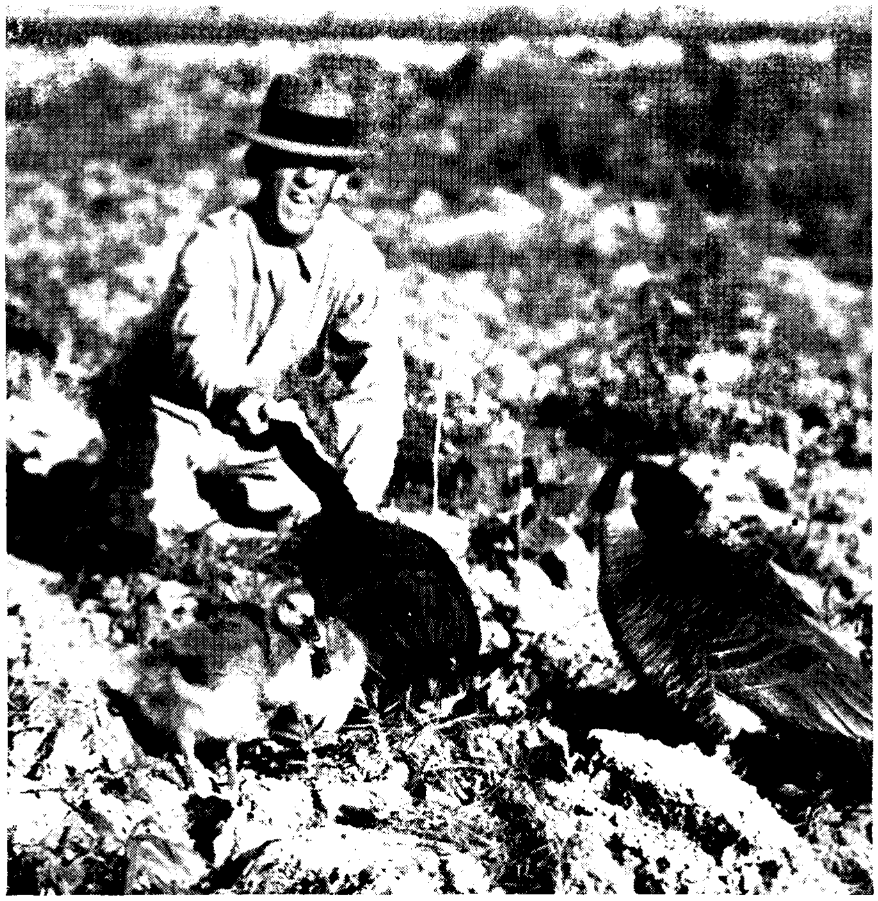
Bird in the Hand

By Harris Dickson

The most wary of birds feed from his hand, a trained owl helps him hunt predators. He knows more about wild life than do most of the books on that subject. Meet Dave Atwood

PHOTOGRAPHED FOR COLLIER'S BY FRANCIS B. GAUTHIER



Wild turkeys, the most unapproachable of all wild life, eat from Dave's hand

HUNTERS have such a propensity for swapping lies and joshing the credulous listener that I didn't believe what the boys told me about an eccentric hermit in Attala County, Mississippi. Their yarns of his uncanny kinship with animals sounded too fantastic, too much like Kipling's Jungle Book where Mowgli the man-cub lived among the wolves, speaking their language and thinking their thoughts. Or like "Elsie Venner" the little girl who had such a creepy complex for playing with snakes.

The hunters told their tales explicitly, using what Shakespeare calls the "lie with circumstance," that one David C. Atwood, Route 3, Kosciusko, Mississippi, had actually tamed wild turkeys, the most unapproachable of all creatures that range our woods. Gentled them so that droves came trooping in at dusk from distant feeding grounds to gather around Atwood's house and eat out of his hand. It seemed incredible, because during my own years of outdoor rambles I had never glimpsed so much as a feather, and the veteran sportsman who kills one always boasts of his exploit. Our quail, too, the common partridge, is considered irreconcilable. Plantation children try to make pets of them but they invariably die in captivity.

Nevertheless, my friend Harry Addkinson insists that one day he was driving along a country road with this remarkable person when Dave pointed to a pair of quail that perched on the fence.

"Easy, Harry, easy. Draw a little nigher. Now stop."

To Harry's amazement Dave leaned from the car window and opened a casual conversation with Bob White in a language that Bob understood, and both birds soon flew down from the fence to stand beside their running board as friends and neighbors. After chatting a while, without perceptibly changing his tone, Dave made some remark which caused the quail to whir up and vanish.

"Why did they fly away?" Harry asked.

"I gave their danger signal—cluck, cluck, danger, danger."

At another time Clarence Morgan, district attorney at Kosciusko, told me of standing with him near the bridge below Atwood's house when Dave suggested, "Clarence, would you like to see a fine covey?"

"Sure. Where are they?"

"Out yonder. I'll call 'em."

A few chirps brought the partridges, thirteen of them, some flying and others running in single file along the corn row to flock around the friend who never harmed them. Dave knelt and scratched up dry earth for his pets to dust themselves, then they lighted all over his hat and shoulders.

"Mr. Dickson," the district attorney smiled, "I don't ask you to believe that. Wouldn't believe it myself if I hadn't seen it."

Dave, the Wild-life Wizard

Such yarns aroused my curiosity. I wanted to see, and Harry Addkinson went to Attala with me because his friend the recluse might not talk to an unaccredited stranger.

I visited Dave Atwood as a skeptic, and for three days we roamed his red hills together.

Dave had never read a book except the Bible. He doesn't know what other naturalists have discovered, and he must have learned all his curious facts by observation.

My first day I spent in getting acquainted with the wild-life wizard, who isn't at all the shaggy-bearded hermit that I expected. Hermits don't live with a wife and eight children, or receive twenty callers on Sunday afternoon. Atwood is clean-shaven, sixty years old, wiry, thin-visaged. His light eyes, either blue or gray, twinkle with kindness and humor. Often when alone in the woods he'll drop down and roll over, convulsed with laughter at some comedy that no other human would understand, for Dave reads their minds and knows why animals cut such funny capers.

He's a religious person and loves to preach. My greatest trouble was to sidetrack him, hold him down to facts for this article. Every time he squared himself in an oratorical attitude and began a sermon, I'd have to switch him off.

"Wait, Dave, wait. We'll set up a tent tomorrow and let you hold your camp meeting. Now I want to hear about how you got rid of owls."

On our walks together—Dave can outwalk anybody's horse—I saw my first wild turkeys, alive and slipping like shadows through the underbrush. Unless Dave had been with me I should never have seen one of the hundreds that surrounded us. Not a chestnut-breasted gobbler would have strutted before my eyes, while every shy hen would have kept herself invisible.

His home is on a hilltop, a four-room shack of unpainted boards, primitive as that of any pioneer who came adventuring to this new land in covered-wagon days. As evening deepens we see his turkeys coming home, picking their way across the fallow fields or emerging from the somber forests. Patriarchal gobblers with long beards march alone in isolated dignity; trim young hens in groups of twos or threes. Fifty, maybe seventy-five of them, climb the slope and pay no attention to me except by keeping their prudent distance, but gather round their friend as Dave throws out corn. He holds a few grains in his palm, and favorite hens eat unafraid. All the time they seem to be carrying on a confidential gossip with him about the events of their day.

One by one they fly up into trees near his house, each to its own special limb, and settle down for the night. We hear an angry mutter if one rude gobbler jostles another, perhaps a scuffle and a fall. Soon the lodgings are quiet and everybody is gone to sleep, sure of Dave's defense against predatory owls or beasts that walk in darkness.

"Look at that fellow," he points to a wary old Tom. "This is his second visit to my house and he can't quite make up his mind. He'll watch these birds for a few days and see what happens to them."

Doubting Thomas reconnoitered the premises and inspected Dave's accommodations but decided not to risk it. Not yet. When the others had all flown into trees he started back to the swamp.

"See him," Dave chuckled. "He'll go away now, maybe a mile or so, roosting

(Continued on page 52)

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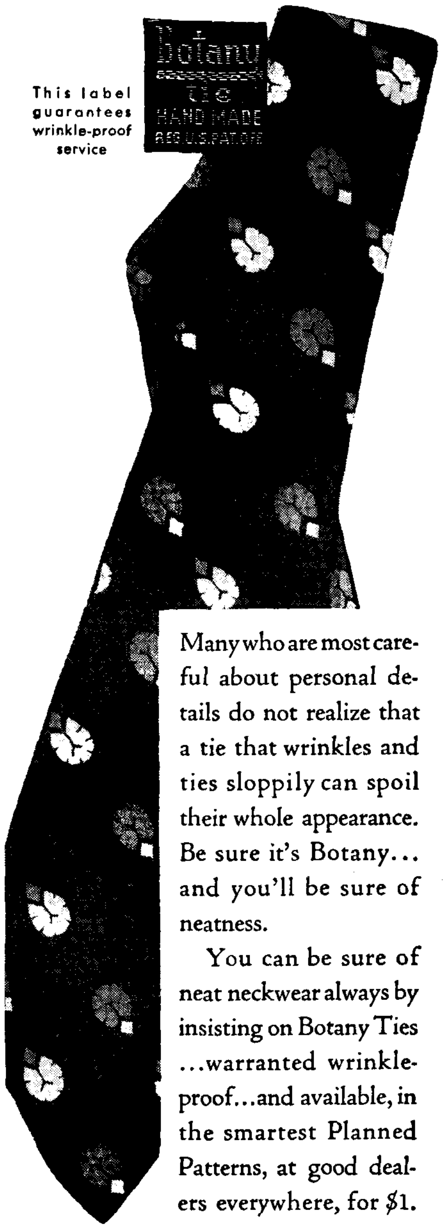
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(Continued from page 51)

nearer each night, then if things look safe he'll pick a nice limb for himself and stay here."

Most of those that roost in his trees are "hand reared" from eggs that Dave had found and hatched by incubator, or under chicken hens. Turkey mothers born on the lot may range ten or twelve miles, as far as Big Black Swamp, but return with their broods at sunset, and wild turkeys that Dave has never seen will follow them.

When they first venture in from the swamp, wild turkeys don't know what corn is. Dave tosses it to them and they leap aside regarding it suspiciously until sophisticated turkeys jeer at their ignorance and say that corn is good to eat. In the fall a mother leads her brood to their first home-coming and the chicks are afraid of Dave, but Mamma whispers, "He's not your enemy," and they soon make friends.

Dave's father graduated with distinguished honor at the University of Virginia, but was a dreamer from whom the son inherited cultivated fields and financial innocence. Dave has no book learning. For an education he wandered among birds and beasts. His acres grew up in jungle and he would have lost them except for a generous friend who bought the mortgaged lands and deeded back a life interest. Now the sheriff pesters Dave no more and he's free to follow his natural bent.

Red knolls and dank creek bottoms in Attala County furnish an excellent range for two kinds of native turkeys. The swamp variety is a red chestnut brown, one pound to four pounds lighter than hill birds, which are darker in color. This indigenous stock had been pretty well killed out and was becoming extinct when Dave Atwood began to preserve it on his own lands and adjoining tracts under his control, some four thousand acres.

With a Gun and an Owl

Wherever turkeys are plentiful for Thanksgiving dinner every day, all kinds of varmints will congregate. Before Dave declared war on them his property swarmed with foxes, possums, minks; owls flapped overhead by night and sailing hawks by day. Crows in the air and serpents on the ground devoured the eggs. The turkey didn't have a Chinaman's chance until one lone man thinned out its enemies. How did he do it? Here's his own story, like the fables of Baron Munchausen, yet perfectly true.

"First I teamed up with some crows to shoot the owls. Next I trained a horned owl to help me kill the hawks and crows."

Believe it or not. Dave Atwood goes out with a pump gun on one shoulder and Zeddy on the other. Zeddy was his horned owl that he never kept confined, so when Dave started out hunting for hawks he first had to hoot up Zeddy from the woods.

After Zeddy's lamented death, Dave trained a more bloodthirsty owl, for when a hawk was shot down the owl pounced on him and jerked off his head, then returned to his stump and pranced triumphantly.

We were sitting on his front gallery when he told me this yarn, and being from Missouri I scoffed at it, "You've got to show me. I want to see that myself."

"All right. I'll prove it by killing a hawk for you within fifteen minutes. Come along with me and see how it's done."

Dave took up his gun and I followed him around the house to a box in the back yard from which he brought out a horned owl. The utterly wild creature had been caught only a few days before.

At an open spot in the woods Dave tied his owl to a bush on the ground while we concealed ourselves beneath some overhanging branches, I being intensely curious to see what he'd do. After hooting a time or two like a horned owl, he followed it up by the caw of the crow and the whistle of the hawk. Perfect mimicry. Almost at once a real crow answered him, flying above our heads and circling around the owl.

Diet of a Snake

"Watch him," Dave whispered. "He'll go off now to collect his family and tell the hawks."

That's precisely what the crow did and things happened quickly. Before the departing crow got out of sight a Cooper hawk lighted on a decayed limb but made no effort to harry the owl until reinforcements arrived. Dave's first shot dropped him, well short of the fifteen minutes within which he'd promised to kill a hawk.

Philbert By FRANK OWEN

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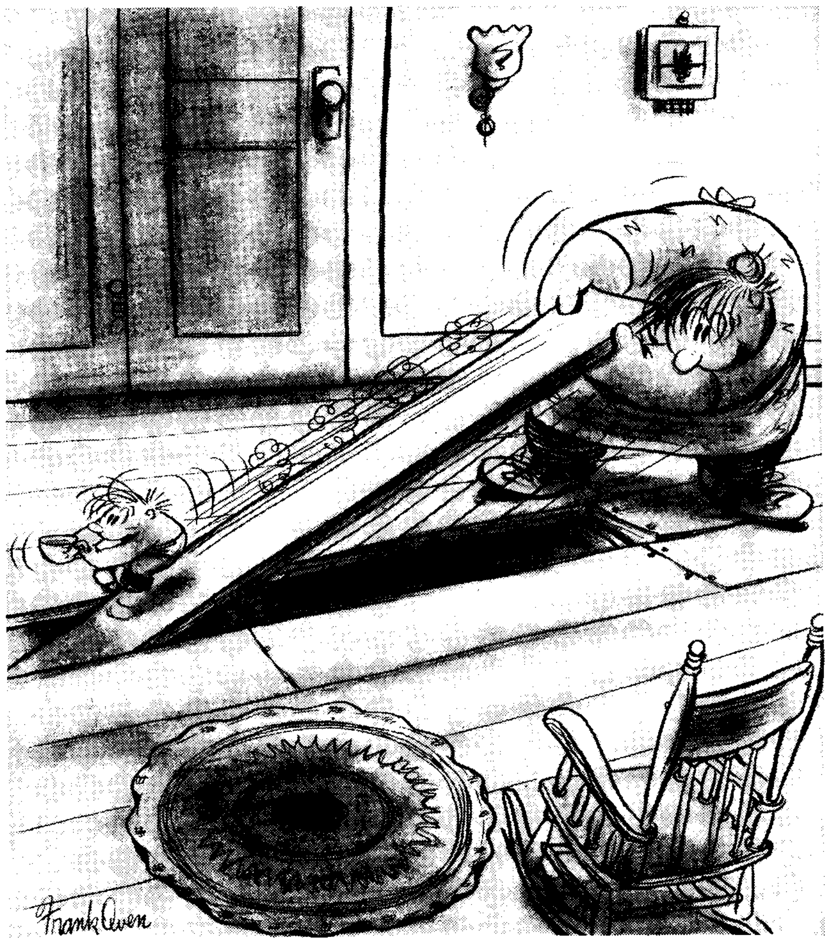

"Yoo-hoo, Mrs. Dooley! Here comes that cup of sugar back I borrowed!"

Brer Fox loves white meat, dark meat, young, old and eggs. He finds a turkey hen on the nest and eats her first, covering up the eggs. He frequently carries off eggs to bury in separate places as dogs bury their bones. This tireless killer will scout the feeding territory of a brood, tracking them for miles, and doesn't leave a survivor. It may be sheer deviltry that leads him to pile up bodies in one stack as a sportsman displays his kill before the camera.

Sly as he is, Reynard never gets away with it, not when Dave Atwood goes after him.

"I go to where one of my hens has been killed," he says, "and tie her feet to a double-spring trap. Maybe you don't think I hide that trap under damp leaves sprinkled with dust to appear natural! The fox always comes back, always returns to a half-eaten hen, and my trap nabs him. I have caught every single fox that ever killed one of my turkeys."

Unless he's baked and served with sweet potatoes the possum is a repulsive varment that hunts in the dark by smell-sight. He noses out a turkey nest and eats the eggs—would also eat the hen if he could catch her. But she flies up on a limb and Brer Possum isn't quick enough, like Brer Fox, to leap into the air and bring down a flying turkey. Mrs. Turkey sits helplessly eying Brer Possum while he devours her eggs. She won't come down until he slinks away at daylight; then she builds another nest.

"'Tain't true, Mr. Dickson," Dave answered my question. "That yarn is what Teddy Roosevelt used to call a nature fake. I've heard folks argue powerful strong that a snake stuffs himself full of eggs, then wraps around a sapling to smash 'em on his insides. But he don't. The highland moccasin swallows just three turkey eggs and lets the acid in his stomach dissolve their shells. They get digested in three days, so on the third night, always the third night, he goes for more to the same nest, where I trap him."

"Don't believe it," I contradicted. "Old-timers tell me that nobody can trap a snake. Never been done."

"Well, *I* trap 'em, hundreds, maybe thousands. Use a double-spring Victor and brace the springs. Of course you know that a snake can't pick up anything except by pressing against it. Got no fingers to feed his mouth. So I set a turkey egg on the pan of my trap, and when Mr. Moccasin bears down on the egg he releases the trap, and it grips him back of the neck. I've caught many a chicken snake over six feet long, and blunt-tails the same way."

Besides destroying their nests the highland moccasin captures grown turkeys in daylight. The venomous varment coils near a path that turkeys travel and waits until one passes within reach of his deadly fangs. A mottled body flashes into the sunshine and draws back as the doomed hen flutters on. He knows exactly how long he must wait until his poison takes effect, then glides through the brush to find a dinner. A sniff or two assures him that she is dead and he proceeds to swallow the carcass beginning at the head. Her bulging breast chokes him and he must disgorge to try again, unless Dave shows up with a shotgun. Or Dave may discover the half-devoured hen and remove her from the nest, leaving one egg on his trap as a bait for Mr. Moccasin.

Turkeys come first but Dave also makes his property a paradise for quail, gathering eggs in the spring to set under bantam hens. While we sat talking on his gallery a small white bantam, not much bigger than a partridge, hopped up in my lap so trustfully that I asked Dave:

"How can this tiny creature defend her brood and teach them to take care of themselves?"

"You'd be surprised. Country hens know a heap more than city chickens that don't have to watch for hawks. After she hatches out I keep her penned up with the brood until the little quail learn her way of talking, then turn them loose, and they never leave their foster mother. The covey will come here with her, scramble up my steps and follow me into the house. She weans them when they are fully developed and she's ready to lay again.

They Are Not Alike

"Mr. Dickson," he continues, "wild creatures may all look alike to you; to me they are different as one man differs from another. See that pair of turkey hens. Exactly alike? No. They walk differently, talk differently, and their dispositions are not the same. That one on the left is friendly and comes to me; the other one I can't go near."

Dave Atwood has accumulated droves of turkeys, a few of which he sells at, say, $50 per trio to zoölogical gardens and for restocking depleted game refuges. Orders come from all over the United States. If Chicago wants authentic specimens for Lincoln Park, they write to Dave.

One bird in a crate at the express office is worth a hundred in the bush. They may eat out of his hand, but he has the devil's own time catching them without injury.

For his trap he selects a brushy spot where dense undergrowth hides the wire netting, about seven feet high and so artfully camouflaged that I pass within three feet without seeing it. Wide flanges, like the wings of a fish trap, guide the turkeys, and a trail of corn is supposed to lure them inside. Near the opening he builds a blind and conceals himself until they enter; then he rushes out with a long-handled dip net and scoops them up. If the scoop fails, that particular turkey shies away and is forever safe from going to a zoo.

While I was with him he trapped a trio for shipment to Albany, New York. After a frantic beating of wings against the trap, Dave's scoop secured them, but one little hen died of fright. Poor thing, her timid heart stopped beating, and Dave agonized over it before he caught another hen.

People imagine that he raises turkeys for profit. It's not true. He raises them for love and only accepts what small profit may be forced upon him. At the express office, bidding farewell to his trio, Dave hovered around their crate like an anxious mother and said, "I'm worried because that man in Albany might not take good care of my birds."

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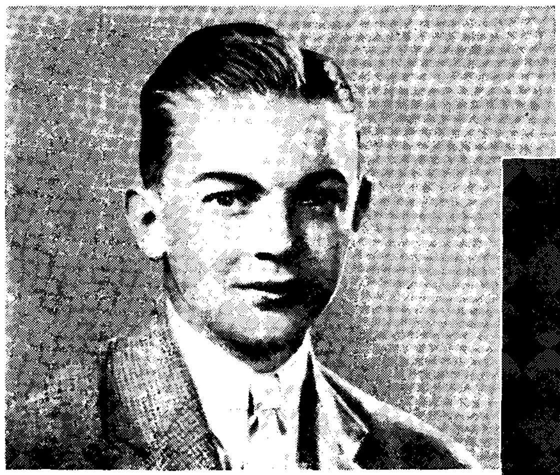

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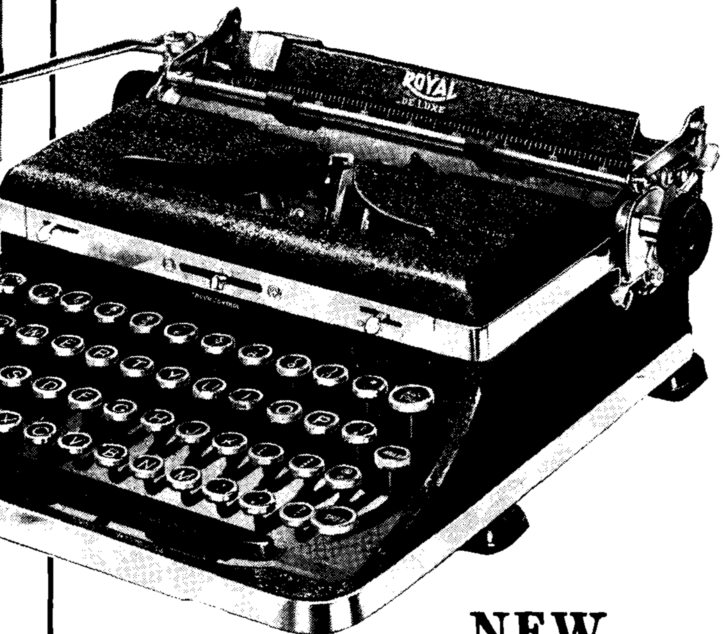

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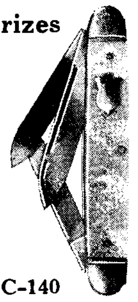
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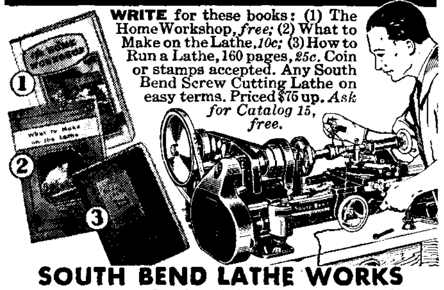

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Strange Meeting

Continued from page 9

"They say," the Bhutanese announced in precise English, "that your *mem-sahib* is already here."

Was this some strange custom of the country, the offering of a wife to strangers? Griff believed that he'd read something like that. Anyhow, he mustn't start out by antagonizing the natives.

"Tell them that I've made a vow to abstain from women until I have accomplished this task. That will satisfy them."

The Bhutanese caravan leader stared at Griff. "They say," he said, "that your white *mem-sahib* is waiting for you."

"I have no . . . wait a minute." Griff, now, was frowning far worse than his man. "Damn," he said. "I'll bet it's horse-face. She might have come over the shorter trail, if she had the luck of the English. Marmalade-puss! Well, show me where she is and I'll start her on the way back again."

"Then she *is* your *mem-sahib?* The agreement was that we take only you . . . *mem-sahibs* have bathing-tubs and much food and heavy packs and—"

Griff said, "How'd you like a slap on the schnozzle?" which was too American for the Bhutanese, and, next, "Show me where the *mem-sahib* rests."

THERE was only a native woman, wearing a flat green cap with a red circle of cloth in front, which harmonized with the smeared color on her face, in the hut to which Griff was taken, but there was a brilliant-dyed yak-cloth curtain hung over a corner of the room.

The curtain moved. Griff heard the splash of water.

"Madam," he called, "hurry up with your bath. You're starting back to Darjeeling just as soon as you've finished." Serve her right. A night crossing the pass, with flares ahead to make the scene look like Dante's Inferno. "Make it snappy," Griff went on. "Hurry it up."

The splashing stopped. A low, husky, woman's voice said, "Look in that little bag, Mr. Cannon. There's talc. On top. Or somewhere. Please."

Griff growled. "Oh, Lord. Talc in Tibet. I—"

"It's in a blue tin." A hand, a bare arm, came around the curtain. "I'm freezing to death."

Griff found the tin, placed it in her hand. "Put on warm clothes," he said. "You'll have a cold trip tonight."

He missed what she said. It sounded a good deal like "Pooh!"

Griff lit a cigarette. The native woman promptly put up her hand for one. If it wasn't one woman wanting something, it was another.

Outside, Cannon could hear the sounds of the village. Pariah dogs snarling. A guttural shout. The clanging of a bell, and the clatter of pots as the caravan cook prepared the evening meal. More boiled mutton.

He, Griff Cannon, was going to make short work of this woman. Absolutely. No allowing her tears to get under his hide. Let her write a book about tulips, or Toledo, either in Spain or America, or tobacco. But not Tibet. Not in *his* caravan, on an expedition to check up on gold-bearing rock.

He'd ignore the bathing and the talc—it had some sort of elusive perfume in it—and the sound of garments being drawn on. He'd say, firmly and grimly, with a frozen face such as the vice-resident had put on at Darjeeling: "Madam, I regret the inconvenience and expense to which you have been put, but I assure you that it is out of the question for you to continue. In the first place, my caravan contract forbids additional whites. In the second, it would be too dangerous. In the third, I don't want women along. In the fourth . . ."

But all he could say was, "Oh."

Annmarie Catherwood said gravely, "Mr. Griffith Cannon," and held out her hand. "Thank you for the talc."

She came about to Griff's shoulder. Her eyes were at once cool and excited, and shone frankly. She wore a mackinaw of a blue as dark as her eyes.

"The talc," Griff said. "Of course. Talc. Yes."

That was how pretty she was.

"You talk like my father," the girl said. "Oh. Of course. Yes."

"I . . . look here; the vice-resident said you—"

Annmarie Catherwood took her hand away. "I know what he said. That you ran out of Darjeeling as soon as you heard about me. Are you afraid of girls? Or are you one of those strong men who cannot permit women about?" While Griff stared, she crossed the dirt floor, picked up a fur cap, and carefully put it on. "Well," she insisted, "which is it, Mr. Cannon?"

Griff blurted: "Just because you're pretty . . . that's all the more reason why you can't go—"

"Say 'shouldn't go.' I haven't enough money to pay for a return to Darjeeling. Nor will I allow you to do that for me." She looked up at him. "From what I've heard, I needn't be fearful of going ahead with you. Although"—slowly—"I'd go anyhow, you know."

"Why?" Griff pulled himself together. "Who wants to read about Tibet? If I were you I'd write about silk stockings instead of felt boots—"

Annmarie smiled and glanced down at the thick wrappings around her legs. She said, "I'm not really bowlegged, Mr. Cannon," and then, with a deadly seriousness, "nor am I writing a book. I'm—"

There was a scream, a wild wail, outside. Griff, instantly, watched the native woman on the floor, saw that she was alarmed. Trouble. "Stay here," he ordered the girl, and went out quickly.

He was back in minutes, and grinning. "Fight between a caravan coolie and a villager. A big shot. Which makes me sit pretty. I hoped to pick up someone who knows the Tashilor hill country, and he does, and he'll come along. He thinks I saved his life. So we're going to gnaw a mutton bone together in a few minutes, and then we'll be brothers."

"I'm hungry, too," said Annmarie.

AFTER all, Griff decided, there was no harm in allowing the girl to stay long enough for food. A fellow could be adamant without being heartless.

"Am I going to be a brother to you, also?" he asked.

Instead of smiling, the girl's eyes darkened. "How can you say such a horrible thing?" she demanded. "How could . . . but you don't know."

Griff, sitting beside her later at the fire, learned. Her brother had gone with an English oil expedition into Tibet, and had vanished. Simply disappeared. There had been no trace of him. She thought that she might succeed where armed men had failed; at least she would not be suspected, and she might learn where he was. When she'd heard that Cannon was bound for the Tashilor country, she had hurried to join him. . . .

"Is this all straight?" Griff asked. It put a different side to the picture. Not all good, either. He was being paid to report on gold-bearing rock, and anything which might make this more difficult wasn't fair to his company. But the girl had a real reason for being where she was.

"It's the truth, if that's what you mean," said Annmarie.

"You aren't working me? Getting me to take you along so you can write a book and say things about the uncouth Yank engineer?"

Annmarie said, "Look at me."

Griff did.

Then he said, "Don't make me dress for dinner."

He ate his portion of mutton with the Tibetan, who, for the event, had donned a red woolen robe and turned out to be a lesser red lama, who spent time in the village caring for his flocks. Kar'jong was a burly man with shrewd eyes; Griff felt no love for his new brother, but the man knew the Tashilor country.

Cannon arranged for additional payment to the caravan leader. He explained that the *mem-sahib* was really his *mem-sahib* and must be taken along. Griff agreed that if water were needed to be carried for her bathing it would be paid for at so much a bucket.

In the morning, Griff's "brother" made more noise and commotion than was necessary to start the rest of the caravan.

"He goes to Tashilor lamasery," the caravan leader explained. "He is a lama, but not while in his village. Here he has flocks and silver and a house and bricks of tea. And a wife. Now he is giving orders to her and to his brothers. He is the first husband. But since there are not enough women in this land, a wife is married to her husband's brothers. When Kar'jong departs, a brother takes the woman. If there are many brothers, the woman sends all but one to tend the flocks."

"Nice custom. Must make a lot of fights."

"Who," the caravan leader shrugged, "would fight over such a woman?"

The caravan started, with Griff riding next to the girl. Often, as they rode ahead, the cliffs hung sheer over the edge of a roaring river. The rocks were coated with green and yellow moss which formed a bed for the dwarf rhododendron bushes in full flower, white, cream, crimson, sulphur-yellow. The little valley had birch and mountain ash in bud, but, above, snow topped the pines.

The valley ended. Tibet began. Chasms and rocks and a high plain across which the wind snarled, blowing stinging red dust into the girl's and Griff's cold faces. They camped that night in the protection of a cliff, and when the tent had been pegged down, food and tea prepared, consumed, and the fire out, the girl called to Cannon, cheerfully:

"Come to bed," she said.

Griff had seen his sleeping bag taken into the tent. And the girl's. "I'm not sleepy yet," he said.

SHE came to the front of the tent and pulled the flap aside. The red eye of the fire was winking out. The night was black, although there were far cold stars. Griff had to guess at her face.

"Don't be a fool," Annmarie said. "The men probably talked last night because I slept in the hut and you in your tent. It's time to sleep." She reached out her hand and pulled him to the opening. "Don't be a fool," she repeated. "I'm not. I'd have come with anyone; do you hear? Anyone! No matter what happened. I'm supposed to be your wife. That doesn't worry me. I'm here for a reason. Nothing else counts. Now that you know that, come to bed."

The tent, inside, was black. Like ink. Griff slid out of his outer clothes, and into the thick bag . . . how warm it was!

Annmarie said, "Are you asleep?"

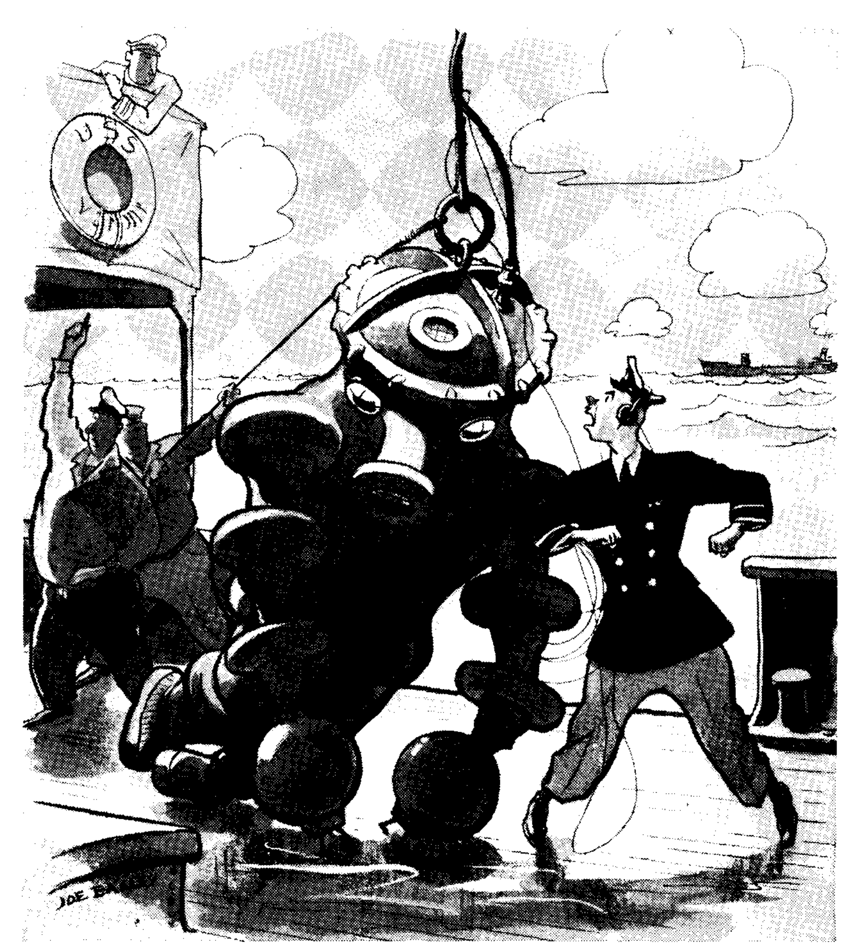
"No."

"Are you really going to find gold? How will you get it out?"

Wise girl. Safe thing to talk about. Griff said, "I don't know. That goes for both questions. The second isn't my worry."

"You've been many places. It's what I'd want to do. I can only write about men and women. Doing things. Principally not doing things." She was silent a long time; then she said, "Greg laughed at everything, you know. I don't care so much if he's dead. If he's where he

(*Continued on page* 56)



"Smile when you say that!"

JOSEPH EASLEY

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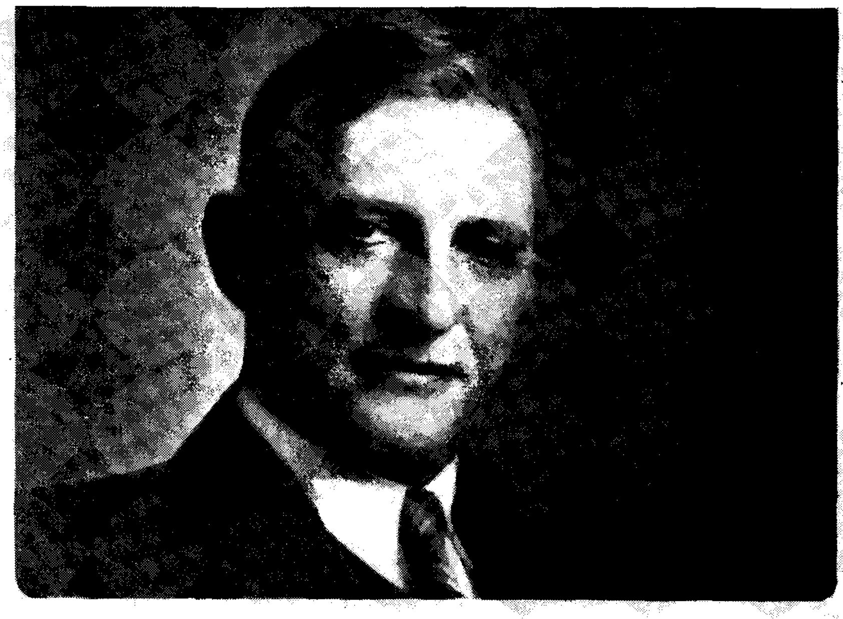

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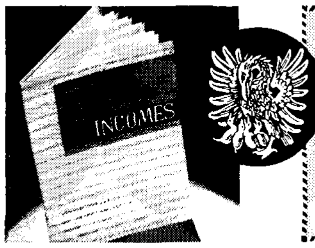

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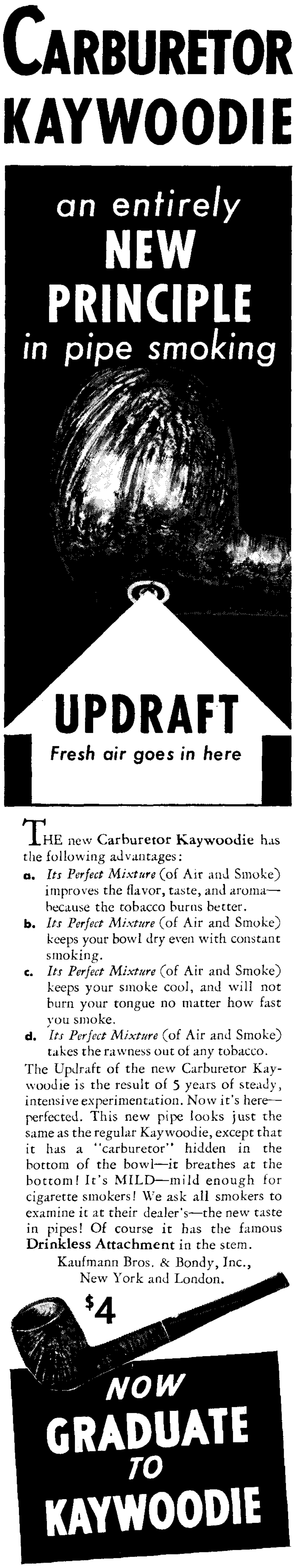

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(Continued from page 55)

couldn't laugh any more . . . that's what I'm afraid of. There're terrible stories about the Tibetans. They're devil worshipers. Even if I do no good, I had to come. Can you understand that?"

Griff said, "Yes. Don't think about it."

"My brother . . ."

"Don't cry," Griff said hastily. "Please don't." He had to cheer her up somehow. "Now take this brother of mine," said Griff. "Old greasy-face. Kar'jong. Anyone could have my share of him."

Annmarie said slowly, "He looks me over . . . I don't like him."

"Tomorrow I'll work on him."

"And have him leave us? I've caused you enough trouble."

"No trouble at all. A pleasure." Quietly, voice steady, Griff took over the conversation. He told the girl about the Sierra Madres. How you went after gold. There was a fascination in examining, testing, rock. In finding what nature had so cleverly concealed . . . he kept talking in a low voice until her questions became fewer and fewer; then he stopped talking entirely.

Griff lay staring at the darkness. A sweet kid. Brave kid. She breathed so softly that he heard no sound of it. Once she moved; she moved again. The sleeping bag made a little harsh noise. Then Griff could feel it close to his, and, somehow, the girl moved so that her head was close to his.

There was perfume in Cannon's nostrils when, finally, he slept also.

Tea, a buckwheat mush, in the morning. A spoonful of jam. The icy air of the plateau. A cigarette. Then the day's march . . . Yatung village, with the walls and square stone fort, and Tibetans crowding around . . . Gna'tsa on the next day, after crossing a stream which threw up little tentacles of frozen spray and chilled them miserably . . . a lamasery above Galingkha, where Kar'jong disappeared during the long prayer hour.

THEN they left the road to Lhasa, turning east toward Tashilor, along a harder way than Cannon had ever traversed. The girl never faltered. When a pony fell two thousand feet from the trail, she may have whitened, but she said nothing. She did not complain; she asked for no rests. And, somehow, every night, at the halt, she managed to appear fresh, sweet, smiling.

"You're a good companion," Griff told her, a day's march from the lamasery. He would have liked to have said much more. "By the way, has brother Muttontallow been trying his sex appeal on you lately?"

Annmarie shook her head.

"When we're at Tashilor, you have your work to do. I won't bother you at it. I've something I must do. Don't spend time helping me. Promise."

Griff said, "I'll promise you anything."

"I said that to you when we started, didn't I?"

Griff's voice shook a little: "I'll collect some day."

"Whenever you wish." She asked, "You like me, don't you?"

"I . . . I . . . oh, Lord, have a cigarette!"

"You should say, 'Lady, have a cigarette.' Please."

As, sitting on the rock, they smoked companionably, her hand went over the man's, and, instantly, both trembled until their fingers intertwined.

Kar'jong, the Tibetan lama, found them so. He said, "*P'ebpa Tashilor*," and Griff's fund of words was enough for him to know the first.

"We arrive tomorrow," he agreed, in English, as he nodded. "Don't pull any funny stuff, brother. When I was at Madison, and an undergrad, I was known as the terror of the house. The freshmen brothers hated the sight of me. You may be a lama to the natives, but you are just the guy who howled for help as far as I'm concerned . . . and it was me, not your devils, that saved you."

Kar'jong thrust out his tongue politely, as if pleased.

It was noon when the lamasery was visible, seen after a sharp bend in the trail. High on a cliff it clung, the whitish gray walls seeming a part of the rock above and below. There was a long stairway finally leading to a lower gate, on the towered gateway of which a grim, hideous figure was carved and gilded.

Kar'jong led the way, now, into an empty interior which was a warren of stairs, landings and dark, cavernous rooms, all built of stone and mud and blackened by century-old smoke. Dust from the floor blew up into the girl's and Griff's eyes. The caravan leader, to act as interpreter, coughed incessantly.

THEY met the first living person in the lamasery, a red lama with prayer wheel and beads; they passed through a room in which were matchlocks, slings, bows, and spears, and into another, where a few lamps burned. Here gods and devils glared down from niches in the wall, row on row, and here, squatting on the floor, were lamas at their prayers.

Kar'jong waited until the din lessened; then he spoke to one of the priests in red, and motioned for Cannon to remain in this room. He, however, left with the priest.

"He's supposed to get me permission to examine the country," Griff said. "I wouldn't be surprised if it were the expedition your brother was with that started my company in this. I went over the geological reports, and . . . but how are you going to find out anything here? It's impossible."

Annmarie herself was downcast.

"I've got to try," she insisted.

Griff said, "Don't have 'em give us thirty days. If this is the parlor, I'd hate to see the dungeon."

"I'll be careful. I'll—"

Kar'jong was back. He took man and girl and Bhutanese leader along a corridor where frescoes were sprawled on the walls, and to a room hung with heavy red and orange and yellow cloth. There was an old man on a raised platform, with bell, cup for tea, skull, and prayer wheel on a stand beside him; behind the ancient lama were strange embroideries: man and beast, arms, legs and torsos, women's breasts over which rodents ran . . .

The old lama, head of Tashilor lamasery, looked at Cannon for a long time, and then at the girl, and, briefly, at the Bhutanese. He said something, and the caravan leader translated: "He says that you and Kar'jong are brothers."

"Tell him that is true," said Griff.

The old lama poured tea, and drank, as he listened to Kar'jong again. Once he frowned, twice he nodded. At the end he picked up a long knife, and pointed it at the lesser lama, as if warning him against lies. Kar'jong wriggled all over in his anxiety to assure the old man.

The Bhutanese began, in a whisper, to explain. The sahib could go above the lamasery, into the mountains, if he wished. Permission was granted. The sahib must abide by all rules and laws. The *mem-sahib* likewise. She could not go up into the hills, since that was forbidden. If either broke a law of the lamasery, they must take what punishment was the custom. That was all.

"Easy as easy," said Griff.

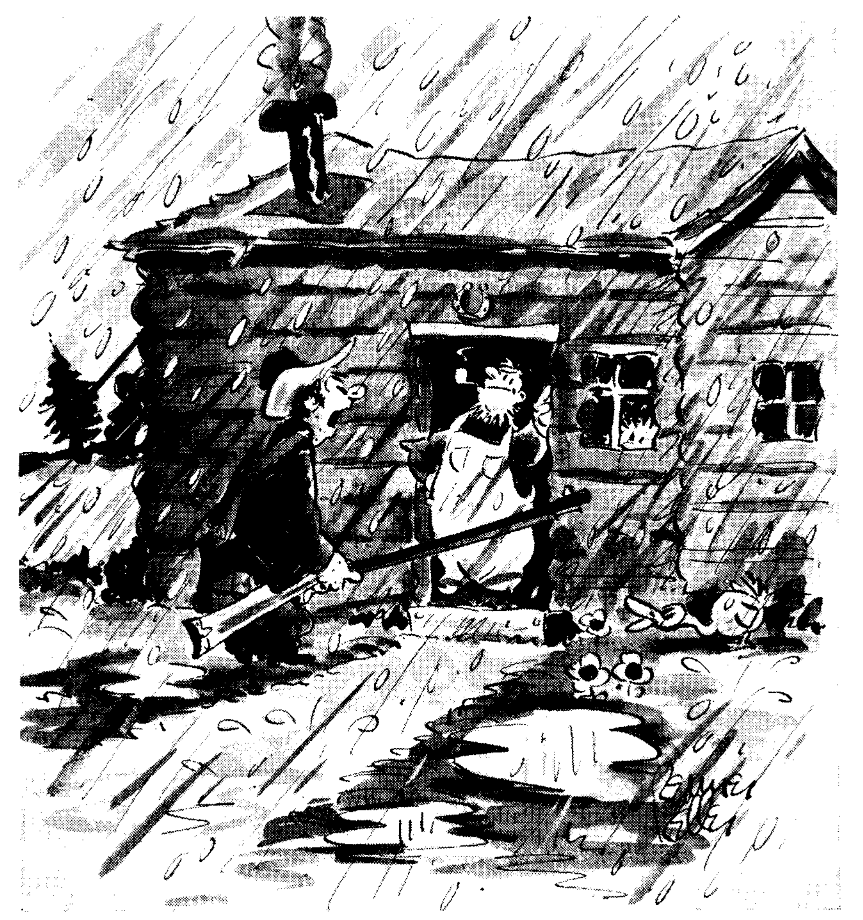
They were given a protected angle in the lamasery in which to camp. Kar'jong brought rancid butter as a delicacy, and a chunk of half-roasted yak meat. He ate most of it himself, and kept smiling all over his face.

"You keep away from him," Griff said to the girl. "I think he has ideas. I wish I'd fixed it so he went with me. Notice how he's been talking things up with the two lamas who're to be guides? For two cents I wouldn't—"

"Nothing is going to happen to me," Annmarie said. "You promised. Why, this is the Tibetans' holy place. And I'll have our men here."

Griff, the next morning spoke with the Bhutanese. The answer satisfied him: "She is the wife of my sahib."

(Continued on page 58)



"If it's a nice day tomorrow, Pa wants to know if you'd like to git our feud goin' again?"

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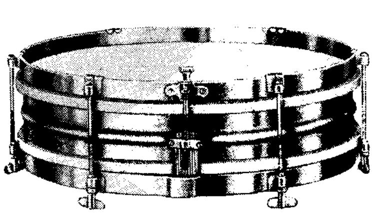


THERE'S A
GOOD YEAR
BATTERY
NOW

(Continued from page 56)

The tools of Griff's trade were in his pockets. He said to Annmarie, "Have dinner on the table when I get back, woman. Thick soup and no salad and a steak and gobs of potato and . . . take care of yourself, sweetheart."

"You," said Annmarie, "are just like a man. It will be mutton, with no caper sauce."

"I think I'm growing wool," Griff grinned.

He had a good day. Now and again he stuffed specimen bits of rock into his pocket, after a brief examination. He watched the time closely. On experimental journeys like this, before, he had done a bit of testing in the field, especially when keen to see what besides gold was in the rock, but today he did none of this. His kit of glass vials, rubber and metal protected, remained unused.

At three he decided to return down the unmarked trail; at five minutes past three a boulder almost tumbled him to death. Griff, turning, observed the lama behind him, grinning foolishly.

The boulder might have been accidentally loosened, but Griff made the second lama, like his fellow, walk ahead of him.

The cool sun slid out of sight. Griff was positive that he was on a different path, but there was nothing to be done about it. He could see the tiny glow of red light which was a fire; they must be well to the north of the lamasery. But so long as the path was downward, he said nothing.

It grew darker, more chill. They reached the plateau as the moon showed its silver edge, and the lamasery when it was in plain vision.

Cannon passed the two lamas, moving quickly toward the rock stairway; his feet, rather than his eyes, told him that something lay across the lower stairs. The body of one of his caravan men. Heart pounding, Cannon began to race up the stairs, taking them three at a time. The lamas behind him set up a shout. Griff reached the first black chamber, headed for the dim opening, came to the corridor, and then men swarmed him down.

Someone was hammering his head against stone. He felt pain, and then felt nothing.

A light, a shimmer, gold, tortured his eyes. He lay without moving, and then was aware that his wrists had been bound together tightly, with what seemed wire. He was lying on rock.

Then he heard a voice as harsh and metallic as the minerals. "Got you, eh, old chap?"

Griff said, "Where are you? Who are you?" His head throbbed, his entire body ached. "I can't see anything . . ."

"You'll learn to use your eyes here. I have. Funny how a chap learns. Even to live when you can't die. I've been here . . . but who are *you?*"

It came to Griff that he knew the other, unseen, man. "You," he said, "are Catherwood—"

"What! You came after me? I'm clear at the other end of the dungeon. They have me chained again. Variety of wire. Diabolical. If you twist you cut off your wrist. Tried it once. Didn't kill me. Yes, I'm Catherwood. Did my sister organize relief? Are there more of you? Is she—"

Griff groaned. "She's here, somewhere."

IN THE silence Cannon could hear rats scampering about; their noise was like that of little wings.

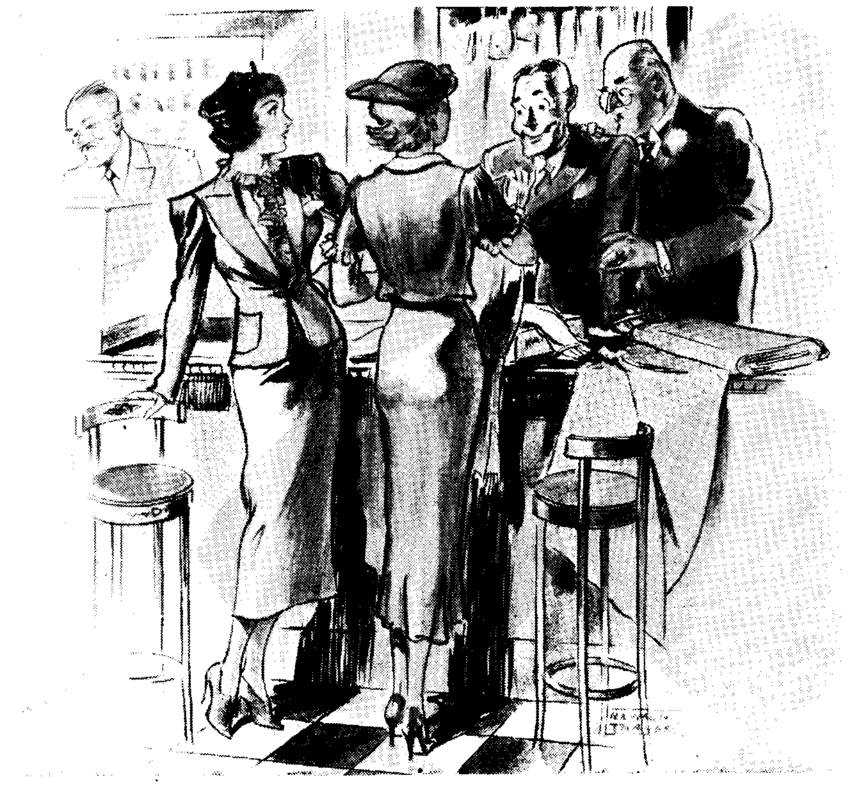
"Then it's . . . it's she . . . man, how could you be such an ass? I heard the lamas talking when they brought you here, but I supposed it was some native woman. I didn't associate it with a white man. I . . . d'you know what's happened?"

"One of my men's been killed. There must have been a fight. My leader would fight if—"

"Here's what took place. I've got it now. A chap learns to put things together when he's chained. Eh? You left the lamasery. A Tibetan's your brother. When it was sundown, he claimed your wife. Is Annmarie your wife? Must be, eh? He claimed her. Lamas can have women the hour of sundown. Dawn. That's all. Your men put up a fight. You're responsible for what they do. So they grabbed you. You can't keep your wife from your brothers. Eh? That's the rule here."

Griff's wrists worked; the strong thin wire merely cut into flesh.

The hoarse voice went on, "Don't strain. No good. Tried. Many times. Don't think, either. Bad." His words became louder, shrill, "Oh, damn that



"We've decided to make an exception of you in our 'Greet the public with a smile' policy, Mr. Tridge" RAYMOND THAYER light! Damn those words! I've scratched at them . . . bit at them . . . but you can't get them away! If we could remove the words . . . been there for centuries . . . we go free. That's the law. A god wrote 'em. Said that in the presence of innocent men the words would disappear. Annmarie! I can't stand more. I—"

Griff tried to move. He said, suddenly, his voice shaking, "Hold everything. The war is just starting." His heart pounded more heavily than on the stairway. "I think . . . perhaps . . ."

"Beat out your brains," Catherwood said. "Don't think."

But Griff didn't hear him. He moved his wired wrists slowly to the right; he found the pocket of his mackinaw and twisted his shoulders so that he was able to get the fingers of his left hand into the pocket. His kit. He must get it out, not let it drop where it'd be too far off to reach, to work on. It was out. On the floor. Then began a slow, slow task. It was impossible for him to remove the metal, rubber-lined cap to get at the glass stopper within. So, getting one vial from the kit, he got his fingers around it and, with his teeth, twisted. Cap off. Stopper off. Careful now. Mustn't sear his mouth. . . .

Cannon held the vial with his bound left hand. Slowly, very slowly, he began to move the bottle until the contents slowly dripped down on the wire. On his hand. The breath in him exploded with pain as acid seared him, burned deep. He had to stand it. More acid. Which was going to give first, his courage or the wire? More acid. How slowly the confounded stuff worked. Silver, nitric. . . . Free!

He could hear Catherwood whimpering with excitement. In front of Cannon was the metal placard, with the light before it. He himself was half crazed with pain. He reached down and seized another vial; he half yelled, "So they want to keep us here as long as the words remain, do they? I'll show 'em!"

He tore cloth from his flannel shirt, let acid run down the face of the placard, and swabbed at it . . . the letters on it were brighter than before.

Catherwood, staring at the gleaming placard, began to chatter.

"Gold," he screamed. "I came for oil . . . oil to bring gold! Gold!"

"Gold," Griff said. He was cold as ice as he selected a different vial. Aqua regia. Not used in gold testing, but a check for platinum, and a fellow never knew what he might find . . . and gold was soluble in it . . .

As if wiped away by a Tibetan god, the words vanished, leaving only the flat golden surface.

"The lamas come before the first prayer hour," Catherwood said. "To examine the placard, replenish the lamp, bring food. We'll go free. Get Annmarie away. You haven't . . . a cigarette, old chap? I haven't smoked for . . ."

Griff, shivering, said, "Annmarie!"

SHE, on her part, was in despair. What had already happened was nightmare . . . she had seen the caravan leader pinioned for arguing in her defense, seen one of the men hurled down the stairway. She had felt Kar'jong's hand on her shoulder, and only the end of the sunset hour had saved her.

The night, for her as well as the men, was endless, but the morning came too swiftly. A little gray light slid through the high, not to be reached, window. She huddled on her yak-skin pallet when she heard footsteps. Kar'jong. With a lamp in his hand and a smile on his face. But before the Tibetan could cross to her, there were more lights, and lamas, and the old abbot.

The head of the lamasery was curt. Kar'jong, he said, would bring a curse on the lamasery if he took his brother's wife as his own before true dawn. He had known how men were, and had seen to it that Kar'jong was watched through the night. Kar'jong bowed to the floor, pleading; he had thought the sun was already out of her bed or he would not have sought that of his woman. . . .

It was then that a lama rushed into the room, panting with excitement; the abbot followed him out, leaving Kar'jong and the girl alone. She crept slowly to a corner of the room; Kar'jong stood watching her and, as he watched, the sun shot up like flame.

Annmarie cried out, once. Griff's name. Then she was caught. The red robe of the lama was against her face. Sun flashed in her eyes. Her coat was pulled off. Her sweater. . . .

"Griff! Oh, Griff!"

In her ears was a confusion of sound. The abbot had returned; he snapped, "*De na namk'a z'yan z'yi* . . . a sign from heaven!" but through it, through the babble of the lamas, Annmarie heard what fairly stopped the beating of her heart.

"THE old marines," Griff called. "You can't beat 'em, darling. Move aside a bit, will you? That's better. A little more."

Kar'jong had turned. Cannon, smiling, came a step closer, and with disarming friendliness put his hand on the Tibetan's bare shoulder. Griff had a vial in his hand; he let drops trickle down, and the Tibetan instantly screamed with pain. As he opened his mouth Cannon forgot the pain of his right wrist and smashed him squarely, heavily.

Catherwood gasped, but the old abbot nodded. It was not right for a brother to take a brother's wife unless the first husband were absent or imprisoned . . .

Annmarie whispered, "Griff! Greg! I'd given up. I . . . oh, darlings, darlings! Can we get away? Are we—"

"What way is that to talk?" Griff demanded. "I've just started my work here. I'm the Lord High Executioner now. When I whisper, the boys think it's the voice of heaven. I'm in the Tibetan Who's Who. Maybe they'll make a statue of me and worship it. Have they hurt you? Did that sheep—"

"He didn't . . . Greg . . . you're so thin . . . and, Griff . . . they've burned you . . ."

"I missed up on dinner," Griff said. "How about breakfast?"

The old abbot was talking. It was evident that the gods looked with great favor on the white stranger. As for Kar'jong, he must pay half of his flocks to the lamasery . . .

Catherwood had been stroking his sister's hand. "Took your ring, eh? Usually don't take gold. Don't value it. Or are you too modern to wear one? Or . . . ha! . . . not married?"

"Greg," said Annmarie, "don't be nasty. You can't make love in sleeping bags. And I . . . I was so cold in mine. The pig let me freeze, Greg."

Griff, red, wondered at Catherwood's swift return to reason, sanity. The girl's brother was laughing.

The caravan leader had been brought; the Bhutanese said, "We are not to die." And then, "You are alive, Lord Catherwood?"

Griff let that sink in. Griff Cannon, the roughneck engineer. Tough guy. He said slowly, "There's no reason why you two can't get away from here. You can have enough animals and men. I'll—"

"That's how he is," said Annmarie. "I don't think he likes me, Greg."

"Ha," said Catherwood. "Doesn't he?" He turned fiercely on Cannon. "What d'ye mean by triflin' with my sister? Eh? Damn it, even if you don't want to marry her, you might kiss the wench. . . ."

"I said kiss her, old chap! You don't need to choke her to death!"

Neither Annmarie nor Griff heard what Catherwood was saying.

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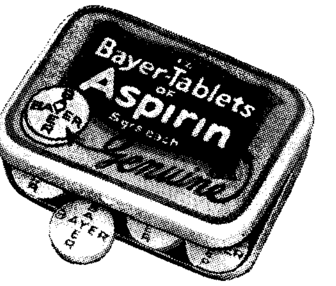

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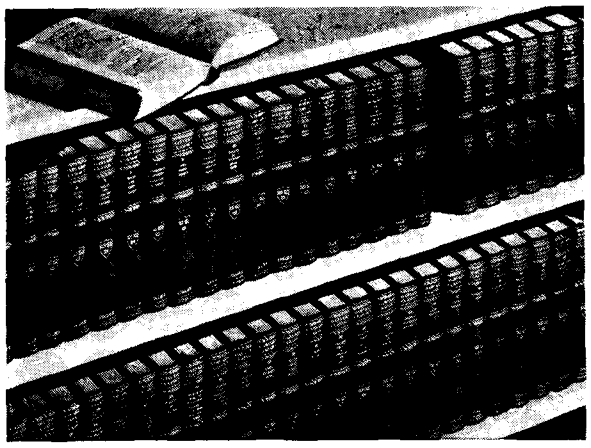

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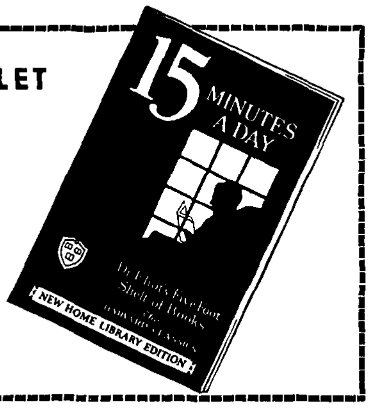


Buckaroo

Continued from page 13

on his accomplishments he was doomed to a sad disappointment.

Mary saw him coming a block away. In the time it took him to reach the stand she had an opportunity to take in the new outfit, and to study the new way he walked and acted. It wasn't the Joe she knew. When he sat down she said, "Well, cowboy, you couldn't take it, could you?"

It wasn't exactly the kind of a reception Joe had planned, but they couldn't argue about it just then. And they couldn't argue about it later sitting down in the hotel bar. There were too many other people claiming Joe's attention. But later on, when he took her home, they got together on it.

Walking along the dark street Mary said, "You're having a good time, aren't you, Joe?"

"Sure," he said. "Why not? You only live once."

"Yes," she said.

"What I thought," Joe said, "was that we'd get married and travel together the way Sis and Breezy do."

"Yes," Mary said. Then she said, "What about the ranch?"

Joe said, "Oh, that. I got a lot of time yet. Why bury yourself out in the hills when you can have some fun?"

"You're going to keep on riding?" Mary said.

"What's wrong with that?"

"Nothing," she said, "except that I've seen them before. You do one of two things: You keep on playin' a good-time Charlie to a bunch of saddle bums and wind up in an alcoholic ward, or one of those buckers will throw you clear up in the cheap seats and you'll spend the rest of your life in a wheel chair."

"I guess I know what I'm doin'," Joe said.

"Sure. Sure, you do. You'll get it just like the rest of them."

It annoyed him slightly. Maybe she didn't know he was a champion.

"Say, I can ride those things," Joe said. "I can ride anything on four legs that's got hair on it."

"You sound pretty good," Mary said, "to hear you tell it. You better save that for your public. You don't have to go shinin' your buttons around me."

Her voice sounded tired and discouraged. Joe couldn't understand her, but that remark made him mad. It didn't exactly mean that you were a fourflusher, and it didn't exactly mean that you were anything else. It meant that when you rode a horse you just polished the buttons on the inside of the spur leathers instead of really gigging him the way you were supposed to. It meant that you were putting up a big front and not being exactly honest about it.

Joe started to protest but she stopped him. "You have it your way. Go on and be a hero. Let's not talk about it."

THEY walked on down the street in silence. It was a little different, Joe thought, from the last time they had walked here, but he still couldn't see where the trouble lay.

He walked up on the porch with her when they got home and tried to kiss her good night. At first she said, "No," and pulled away from him. He grabbed her by the arms and held her. She didn't struggle then, but when he kissed her she stood passive, unresponsive. He released her and she stood away from him.

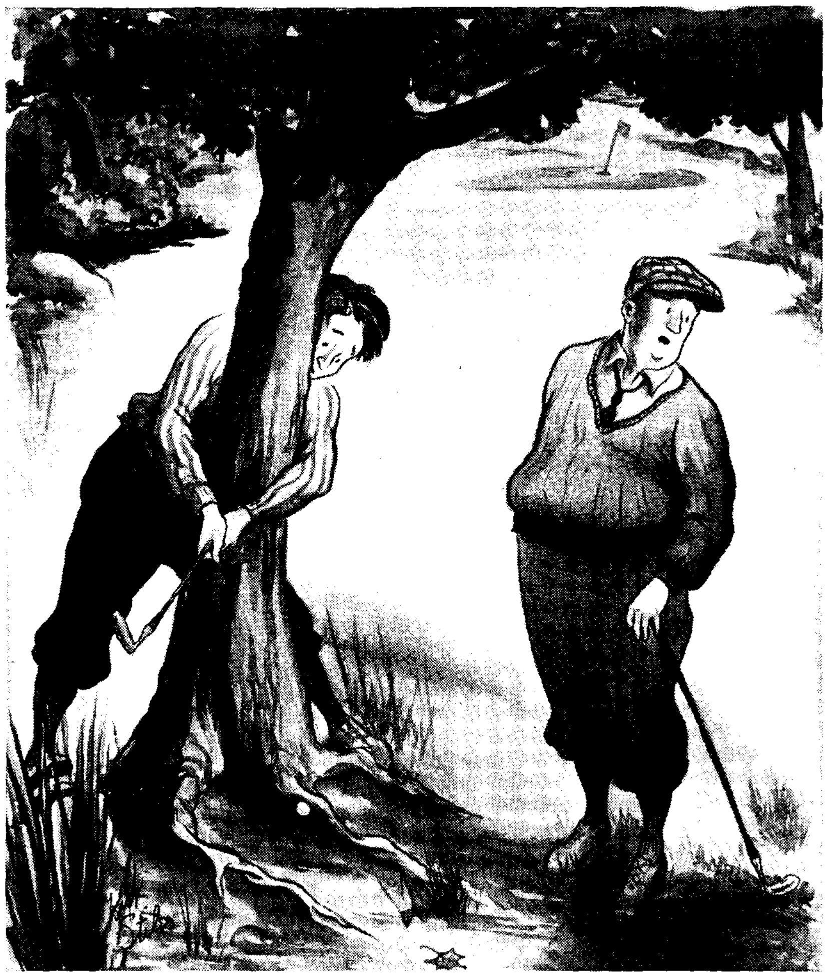
She said, "You have learned a lot, haven't you, Joe?"

"Meaning?" Joe said.

"Meaning," she said, "that you'd better go. And not come back."

He went down the steps two at a time in a furious rush. He had the white hat pushed back, and out in the street there

(Continued on page 62)



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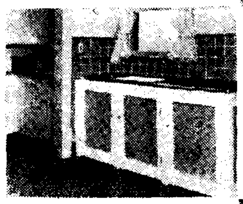

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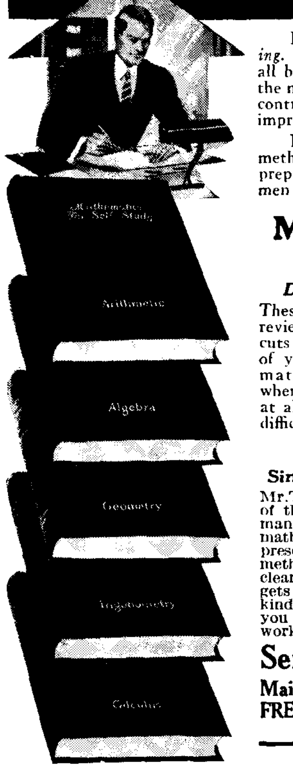

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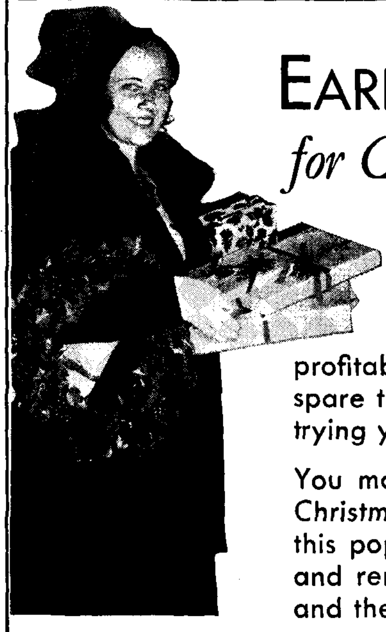

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THERE'S A GOODYEAR
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(Continued from page 61)

was a breeze blowing and it felt cool and good on his face. He needed a drink, he guessed. Giving him the air!

He couldn't know that after he had gone she stood in the deep shadow on the porch, huddled against the door, crying quite silently and for a long time.

The time hung pretty heavily on his hands for a day or two, but after Breezy and Sis hit town it was better.

He was drinking too much but the first three days of the show went off all right. His rides were not sensational but they were adequate and with a good ride in the finals he stood a chance of placing in the money.

He saw Mary several times in the crowd but she never looked at him, and he made no effort to speak to her. But sometimes during the evenings he would walk across the deserted infield and stand in the shadows underneath the bleachers looking toward the lights of the stand. He would stay there for a long time, smoking. She always went home alone, he noticed, and for some reason that made him feel good.

After she left the grounds he would go back to the hotel and lie still in the dark room wondering where it had gone wrong. He couldn't see that he was to blame for anything. He finally decided that she had just been amusing herself all along, and had never been serious about it the way he was. She just wasn't his type of girl, he guessed. The kind of a girl he wanted was one like Sis. A girl that was a good sport, and liked to ramble around, and liked the excitement and gaiety of the life she led. Joe would go to sleep thinking that, and trying to forget Mary.

THEY rode the finals off in a night show. Joe came out from town about eight o'clock and drove his car around in back by the chutes and parked it. He opened the back door and dragged his gear out on the ground. There were a fine saddle, a pair of chaps, and spurs, and a rope.

Joe put the chaps back in the car along with the rope. They let you wear chaps the first days of the show but in the finals they made you ride slick.

He sat down on the running-board and buckled on the spurs and picked the saddle up by the horn and started for the infield.

It was cold. It had rained during the late afternoon and the night air was sharp. The arena was palely brilliant in the white glare of the arcs, and beyond their radiance he could see the blurred mass of faces in the grandstand.

The ground was soft and springy under Joe's feet. There was a breeze blowing and he could smell the damp earth and the air after the rain, and the smell of horses and hay and leather. Somebody slapped him on the shoulder as he went through the back gate. He dumped his saddle near the chutes and went over to draw for a horse out of someone's hat. He picked a big bay called Widowmaker.

After a while he spotted Sis perched up on the top rail of the corral and went over to talk to her until his number was up.

When they called his name he went over to the chute to put his rig on the bay. The rules read that way: "Each contestant to saddle his own mount and no two men to pull the cinch on any one horse. . . . All horses to be flanked by one man appointed by the committee. . . ."

Joe let the saddle down from the top, and when it touched, the bay started squealing and kicking hell out of the chute. He got his front feet up and started to climb out. One of the hands was beating him in the face with a hat.

He'd be tough enough, Joe guessed. He held the saddle up by the horn until the horse quieted down and then let it ease down on his back. The straw-headed kid who was doing the flanking looked up and said, "Maybe he don't like it."

"Maybe not," Joe said.

He climbed down and fished through the bars of the chute with an iron hook and pulled the dangling cinch up under the horse's belly. He put the latigo through the cinch ring and pulled it tight and tied it.

The straw-headed kid let smoke come out his nose and talked past the cigarette in his mouth. "Don't let him fool you," he said. "He may run thirteen, fourteen hundred and have harness sores all over him from pullin' a plow, but he's a bucker. When he hits bottom he lights so hard he's like to jar your damn' brains out." He was grinning.

"Not that it makes any difference," he said. "It don't take no brains to ride a bronc."

Joe heard his name coming out of the amplifiers. "Ladies and gentlemen. Joe Cotton, of Cody, Wyoming, coming out of Chute Number Six on Widowmaker. Joe Cotton. . . ."

Joe let himself down from the top on his arms and got aboard. He could feel the horse tensed and trembling beneath him. He got his feet set in the stirrups and shifted his pants around in the saddle until it felt right, and started yelling, "Turn him out! I can't ride him in here!"

In the fraction of a second before the bay made his first jump Joe thought of what Mary had said about shining his buttons, and about getting thrown up in the cheap seats. It still made him mad. He'd show her, he guessed.

He came out with the hackamore in his left hand and carrying his right hand in the air. He put both hooks in the bay's shoulders and scratched him from the neck clear back to the tail.

When he got two jumps out of the chute he knew he'd picked a tough one. The straw-headed kid hadn't exaggerated any. Every time the bay hit bottom Joe could feel himself loosen up in the saddle. His head snapped so hard that it made him dizzy and his nose started to bleed, but he kept spurring the bay every time he jumped.

He could see the two pickup men cruising alongside and when he heard the timer's whistle that ended his ride officially they came in close to take him off. Joe got one arm around the pickup man's shoulders and kicked his feet out of the stirrups and let go. The bay went on down the infield, trying to get rid of the empty saddle with one of the hazers riding alongside reaching for the hackamore.

THE pickup man set Joe down over by the stands. The muscles in his legs were tight and knotted and he couldn't walk very well, but he could hear the crowd yelling and that made him feel good. He'd showed Mary all right, he guessed. Maybe now she'd realize how good he was.

He met Breezy over by the gate. Breezy was bringing his saddle in. He stopped long enough to say, "Well, kid, it's you or me. You sure picked yourself a horse."

Joe squatted on his heels with his back against the fence and rolled a cigarette while he waited for one of the hands to bring his saddle back from the lower gate. Somebody rode up with his rig and dropped it on the ground. Joe picked it up and started for his car. He went out through the back gate and stowed the saddle away. He heard the announcer bawling Breezy's name and started back for the infield.

Joe got to the gate just in time to see Breezy and a blue roan go down in a fighting, milling heap. He had a fleeting vision of Sis jumping down from the top of the corral and then he was running through the heavy wet dust.

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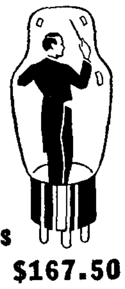

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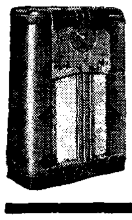

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After that things were confused, and after the confusion had passed he and Sis were sitting in the waiting-room of a hospital. He was rolling cigarettes and smoking them one after another. Sis was sitting rigidly erect in a straight chair with her hands clasped in her lap, and the knuckles white from clenching them so hard. He supposed he should say something, Joe thought, but he couldn't think of anything that would help. They sat for a long time without speaking.

The doctor came in finally. Joe got up out of his chair. He could think better on his feet.

"How is he, Doc?"

"A fracture of the pelvic girdle," the doctor said. "I . . . ah . . . I understand he's a rodeo performer. He won't be able to ride for at least a year. Perhaps never."

"He'll be all right though?" Joe said.

"If you mean by being all right that he'll not die, yes."

"Yeah," Joe said.

Sis didn't say a word all the way back to the hotel. Joe parked the car out in front and took her through the lobby and up in the elevator to her room. When he opened the door for her he decided he had to say something.

"That's tough luck, Sis," Joe said. "Not bein' able to ride. I'm sorry."

"Sorry," Sis said. The way she said it made Joe look at her. She had tears in her eyes, but she was actually smiling.

"Sorry," she said. "I'm not sorry. I'm glad. Glad, you hear me? He won't die," she said, "and he won't be able to ride any more. You don't see that, do you?"

"No, Sis. I don't," Joe said.

"For a whole year," Sis said, "he'll be mine. For a whole year we won't have to move around and I won't have to share him with all the short sports that hang around a winner. For a whole year I won't have to see him making himself cheap by drinking too much, and talking about how good he is, and throwing away the money that he worked for. And I won't have to see other people making a fool of him by drinking his whisky and talking and laughing at him behind his back. Sorry?" she said. "I'm so glad! See?"

"Yeah," Joe said. "Yeah. I see."

He didn't see, but it gave him something to think about walking down the hall. It made it tough on you when you had to change your ideas of people and the things they thought. You'd never think that Sis felt that way about things, seeing her apparently enjoying them the way he had. But you could be wrong about people very easily.

HE UNLOCKED the door of his own room and went inside. He turned on the light and when he swung away from the door he saw himself in the mirror, and then he knew what Sis meant. She didn't care about the money Breezy made, or the fancy clothes he wore, or the fact that people recognized him in public and made a fuss over him. The thing she cared about was Breezy himself.

It was pretty easy, Joe thought, to fool yourself and get wrong ideas about what things were valuable, but it was never too late to change, and he knew then just what he had to do.

He got his war bag out of the corner and started digging around in the bottom of it until he found what he wanted. He sat down on the edge of the bed and undressed, deliberately, and dressed again, just as deliberately, in his jeans, and blue shirt, and plain boots, and jumper, and flat-crowned hat. It made him feel better right away.

He rolled the fancy clothes up in a bundle and handed them to the first person he met in the hall. He could see the man looking at him in astonishment, but he went on along the corridor walking fast. He felt fine.

He backed the car away from the curb and then sent it forward along Central Avenue for two blocks, and then turned right on LeGrange Street. The moon was cold and bright over the town, and the street lamps threw a multiple reflection on the wet pavement. He drove past The Island and over the bridge outside of town, and over the bumpy dirt road, squinting his eyes against the stream of headlights coming from the rodeo grounds. Mary would still be there, he guessed.

He went in at the upper gate and parked the car, and got out and started walking in back of the deserted bleachers. When he came into the range of the light from the stand he stopped. He saw Mary raise her head and look at him for a long moment. He could never say anything, he knew, to explain the way he felt, so he stood there as though rooted while she looked at him with that grave, questioning air, seeing him as he had been when he first came there, with the same clothes and the same eager, shy friendliness.

It seemed to Joe that he stood still for a long time. Finally he went forward again, and let his legs fold and sat on one of the stools.

He said, "Coffee."

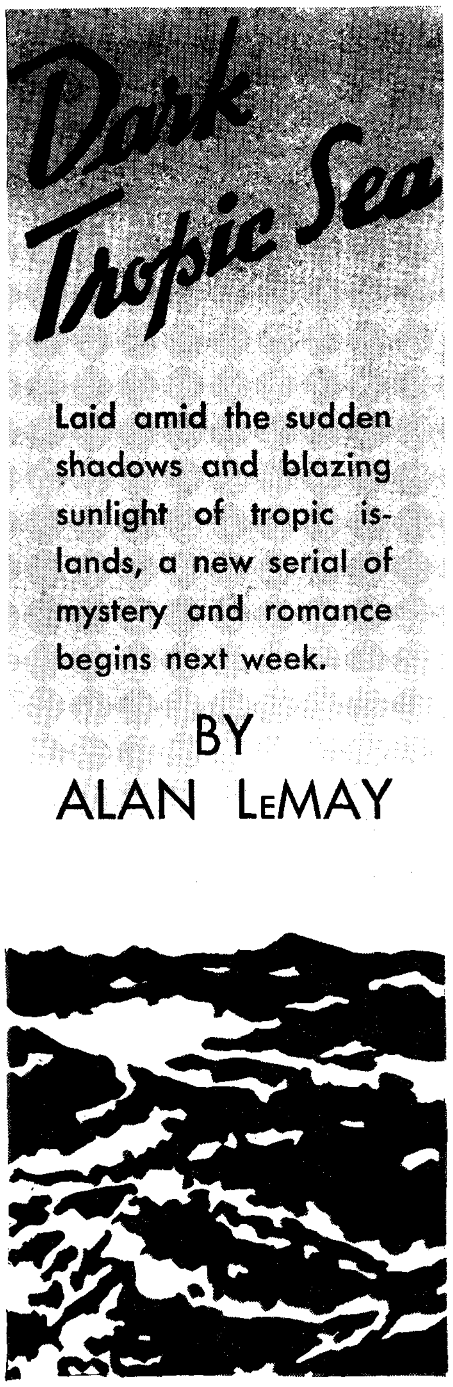
"How do you like it, cowboy?"

"Black," Joe said.

He said, "When do you get off shift here, anyway?"

"Say, listen . . ." Mary said, but it was all right, Joe knew, because she was grinning at him. "You do work fast, don't you, cowboy?"

"Yeah," Joe said, except that it wasn't necessary to work fast now. He guessed he'd be around for a long time to come.



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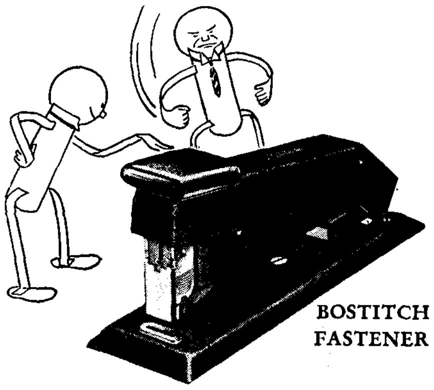

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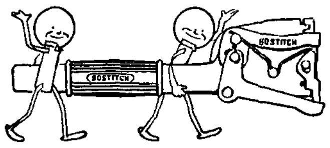

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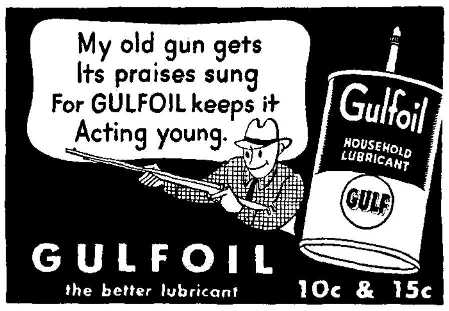

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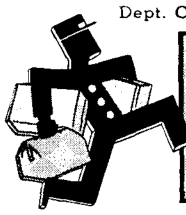

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The Dumb Gods Speak

Continued from page 21

"Not I. I am perfectly serious. My time is up here. The International Bureau is closing its doors before long. They are dismantling the observatory today. As soon as you can do that little trick for me, sir, I'm off."

"Back to the old country?"

"Not just yet. Will half past two suit you?"

"Any time you say. Of course, you know that these lightning marriages are altogether a new departure. If you had come to me only a year ago I should have had to tell you that you would have had to wait at least a month. However, we need not go into that. A prayer book, your identification papers and two witnesses are all that are needed nowadays."

"Fine. We will be here at half past two, prompt."

"CAN'T you tell me a little more about it?" Mr. Haverley invited with a twinkle in his pleasant gray eyes.

"It isn't a long story," Mark confided. "I just happened to find the right girl, we are closing the bureau in a hurry, and that's about the beginning and the end of it. She has been working with us there since it opened. Her name is Oronoff—Catherine Oronoff."

"Does she belong to the great family of Oronoffs?"

Mark nodded.

"Yes. She has hardly ever mentioned it, but she is a princess. Now, tell me something else, sir. Is there an American lawyer here or do I have to wait till we get to Paris?"

"When are you going to Paris?"

"Any moment."

"I should wait till I got there then.... Does she know that she is marrying a multimillionaire?" the consul asked curiously.

"I shouldn't think so," was the doubtful reply. "Money is not a thing one talks about, and I do not think she knows any Americans."

"Do you know the young lady's age?"

"Twenty-five."

"Was she born in Russia?"

"Born at one of their country places there. Came away when she was five years old. Lived in Paris most of the time since."

"She must bring identification papers or her passport," Mr. Haverley said, "and so must you. Now, may I have a word with you on my own?"

"Go right ahead," Mark invited. "Why not?"

"I am not surprised to hear that you are giving up the International Bureau," the consul said gravely. "The whole of Nice is talking about your establishment. I had a cable this morning from Washington about half a yard long. I should have been compelled to come and see you today, anyway."

"I don't see what Washington has got to worry about," Mark observed.

"I don't think they quite understand your connection with Cheng," Mr. Haverley confided.

"They don't need to."

"Is Mr. Cheng a philanthropic pacifist?"

"He is an idealist and he is just as keen upon the abolition of war as I am," Mark assured his listener. "But, above all things in the world, he is a Chinese. When Japan made that colossal blunder and tried to seize the Philippines they gave China the first chance she has had for many generations of coming to her own again. Cheng is the one man to help her. There will be some startling news for all the world before long, Mr. Haverley, but we are not talking just for the moment."

"Other people," the consul remarked dryly, "seem to be doing the talking."

"Does it matter much?" Mark asked. "We have powerful friends, you know. The French authorities know all about us."

"Do they?" said the consul doubtfully.

"Anyway," Mark concluded, rising to his feet, "I came here to get married, not to talk politics. However, as we have arrived so far, I will tell you this, sir: We have perhaps gone the limit at the bureau. We have been obliged to. It will work out all right but we have finished down here. Half my instruments have already been dispatched and the other half are being packed, and our staff is melting away. We are transferring our energies to another field of activity."

"Perhaps you are wise. I am going to be quite frank with you, Mark. For your age you are an important figure in the world and everyone realizes that you are one of the Council of Seven who are likely at any time to offer civilization a great surprise. At the same time, even in Washington you seem to have created a certain feeling of uneasiness. Everyone knows that you are responsible for the presence of a large number of American ex-service men in the Chinese army and flying corps. It is also believed that you have lent China a great deal of money, most of which has been spent upon munitions of war."

"I shall not deny either of those charges," Mark said, "but even if I were to admit their whole truth, I should ask you to believe that both Cheng and myself are working for one thing only, and that we are out to avoid bloodshed, rather than to encourage it."

"I shall continue to speak frankly," Mr. Haverley went on. "No one doubts your ultimate aims, but there is an idea, not in Washington only, that you have been living with your head too much in the clouds and that Mr. Cheng, a very brilliant man, I understand, is a trifle unscrupulous."

MARK, who had sat down again, was showing signs of impatience.

"Does this gossip really matter?" he asked a little coldly.

"I am no windbag and you know it," was the firm rejoinder. "I am leading up to something. The Soviet has sent over one of its own council and a posse of detectives to look for their missing leader, Retsky. I am breaking a confidence, Mark, and I shall have to make peace with my conscience afterwards. They are coming straight to Nice to start their inquiries."

Mark folded his arms and leaned back in his chair.

"Well?"

"A few minutes ago, you said that your ally, Prince Cheng, was an idealist. He is also a pacifist. He wants peace for the world. So do you. We all know that this Russian had different ideas. There is no reason why one should not speak frankly about him. He was a man of doubtful character. He was a hindrance, a menace to any great pacifist movement that could be conceived. You see what I am driving at, Mark?"

"I hear what you say."

"Now, you have come here this morning to tell me that you are going to marry the Princess Catherine Oronoff. I knew her before you, Mark. Do you ever talk politics with her?"

"Very seldom. The motto of the bureau is silence."

"Catherine Oronoff is the good angel of the whole colony of Russian refugees here," the consul continued, "and I can assure you of my own knowledge that

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there are a great many. She attends their meetings every week, talks to them, shares, I believe, to some extent in their wistful patriotism. They still love Russia, these people. The princess, as you told me just now, is one of the leading figures in your bureau."

"And then?" Mark asked.

HE WAS looking very grim, this tall young man with the thoughtful, but deeply lined face. The freckles seemed to have disappeared. His eyes were hard.

"Nothing more for the present. I leave it at that, Mark. Go away and think it over. All I will say is this: If you are going to marry the Princess Oronoff, the sooner you do it and take her and yourself away from Nice the better."

Mark rose to his feet. It was a small room in which they had been seated and he seemed for a moment or two to have become dominant, almost threatening, especially as he stood with a frown upon his face looking down at the consul, a man of small and delicate stature. His momentary anger, however, passed. He held out his hand.

"I am much obliged to you, sir, for the warning," he said. "I will be seeing you, then, at about two-thirty."

"I will be waiting for you, Mark," Mr. Haverley promised. . . .

Mark left the consulate in a somewhat curious frame of mind. Nothing that he had been told was news to him. He had known from the first that the whole of Catherine's interests outside the bureau were devoted to visits upon and the furtherance of various schemes to help the refugees from her country. He appreciated, even admired her attitude. He had only within the last few hours looked forward with delight to the time when he might offer to help her. The fact that the Russian government was deeply concerned at the disappearance of its leader was only natural, and he had even heard a hint of the coming of the Soviet envoys. Yet, for some reason or other, the consul's whole attitude had been marked with a sort of nervous anxiety which, although he was by no means hypersensitive, had left him with a vague sense of uneasiness which he found it difficult to shake off. . . .

He called in at the bank where he was received with respect, almost with awe, possibly due to the fact that he was by far their largest depositor. He made an appointment for later in the day and afterward strolled to the flower market and watched the string of trucks issuing all the time from the back gates of the bureau, laden with cases of machinery for the steamers down in the port. He even went as far as the quay and watched the cranes at work loading.

AT HALF past eleven he returned to the bureau. His first thrill of the morning came when he entered Catherine's office and found her seated at her desk with a pile of papers before her. She was alone in her office and she welcomed him with a little laugh which sounded like music. Her eyes seemed still filled with the light of the night before; her hands were outstretched toward him.

"You are late," she complained. "Quick—someone may come in!"

He laid the huge bunch of violets he had been carrying on the desk and held her for a moment in his arms.

"It was getting so hard to work here," she confided, "because I was hoping all the time that you would come. Nothing has changed?"

"Nothing will ever change," he assured her. "Except your name," he added a moment afterwards. "At half past two this afternoon you will be Catherine Humberstone."

"It is not possible," she murmured happily. "And you have seen that fellow Cheng? He will have to be a witness."

"I expect he will be in directly. Sit down and have a cigarette while I finish these letters. Oh!"

The door had opened and Mr. Cheng entered. He made his usual formal bow to Catherine and nodded to Mark. He came across the room to them, lightfooted yet deliberate, as usual, in all his movements.

"I was just going to look for you," Mark told him. "Catherine Oronoff and I have a favor to ask."

Catherine's wonderful composure seemed for a moment to have left her. There was a distinct blush upon her cheeks as she glanced across at Mark. Cheng looked from one to the other. Something in the man appeared to be changed. He seemed to have drawn himself aloof.

"What can there be that you and Catherine Oronoff wish to tell me?" he demanded.

"Nothing so very extraordinary," Mark replied. "We've fixed up to get married at half past two—that's all. We want you to be a witness."

There was something about the brief silence that followed which seemed to Mark more sinister, more disconcerting than any spoken words. The aristocrat of gentle speech and gracious manners seemed to have changed into a cold figure of stone. There was an icy finality about his words.

"The marriage," he pronounced, "is utterly and entirely impossible."

PERHAPS for the first time in his life Mark knew what it was to feel the fire of a furious uncontrollable anger leading him on toward madness. He moved a step nearer to Cheng and there was murder in his eyes. It was because the moment seemed so full of deadly possibilities that Catherine, with an effort, sprang from her chair and stood by his side. She caught hold of his arm and held him tightly. Cheng remained motionless. Not a muscle of his body or, it seemed, of his face had moved. Only his eyes were filled with a sudden sadness.

"Mark!" she begged. "Mark! My dear—he cannot mean it! Mr. Cheng," she went on, turning toward him, "how can you say anything so terrible? What have you to do with Mark and me?"

Mark's blind fury was passing. He found he could control his speech.

"Answer that question, Cheng," he demanded. "What right have you to come between us? How dare you stand there and tell us that our marriage is impossible?"

"I am to blame," Mr. Cheng admitted. "I owed you my entire confidence, Mark, and I withheld some part of it."

"There is no situation you could create nor any arguments you could use which would keep Catherine and me apart," Mark insisted passionately. "What have you to do with it, anyway? Who gave you the right to interfere between us? Have you lost your senses, Cheng?"

Mr. Cheng remained aloof, sphinxlike, as it seemed to both of them in those first few minutes—entirely inhuman.

"I will explain," he said. "I should have foreseen this, or the possibility of it. I am sorry."

Mark was rough, almost brutal, in his speech. He felt himself hating the man who had been his close friend for fifteen years. Catherine's embrace had soothed him only so far that he was able to control his actions.

"It would have been better," Cheng continued, "if I had taken you both into my confidence. I am, as you know, a somewhat silent person. Some of the schemes I have built up in my mind I have never spoken of to any living creature. I shall now tell you of one of them

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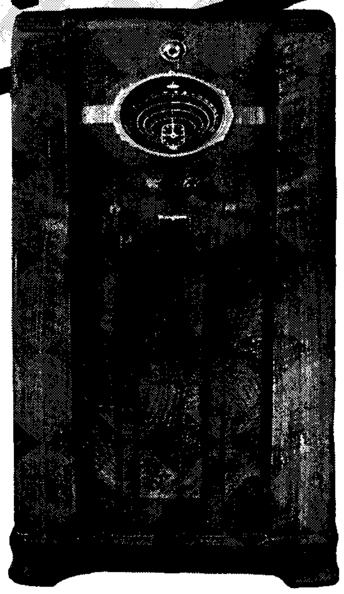

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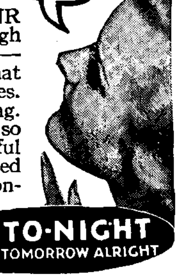

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(Continued from page 65)

which has been with me ever since I spent those two years in Russia."

"You were there as long as that?" Catherine murmured.

"Two years and a month. Always under another name, always on my guard, always in danger of my life. I shall tell you what I believe to be the truth, that no man alive today has seen so much of and understands so well the Russian—shall I use the English phrase and say, the Russian 'man in the street'? I do not mean the wealthy tradesman, not the man who has battened upon these changed conditions or who enjoys the robes of authority, but the Russian, that great class starting with the farmer and the industrial worker and ending with the peasant; that is where, if any of the soul of Russia survives, it is to be found. I know what they want. I know what must come to Russia to set *her free. It is all planned. It is all* inevitable. It will come, Mark. It will come, Catherine Oronoff. You could not stop it if you would—nor I. We simply have to bow our heads."

Catherine, still clinging to Mark's arm, was listening intently to every word. The man by her side was filled only with bitter impatience.

"Russia can be saved and will be saved," Cheng proceeded, "but in one way only. She will be saved by the return of some form of monarchical government."

CATHERINE'S exclamation was one of sheer amazement. Her eyes were fixed upon Cheng.

"The heads of the army will take the lead when they realize that, thanks to the genius of your father, Mark Humberstone, and you who have followed in his footsteps, fighting is no longer of any avail. Soldiering will be an extinct profession. They will go back, those men who were to have become mercenaries, to the soil or to the factories, and the government which has overridden them for these last miserable years and trained them to face an inglorious death will exist no longer. They will have offered to them a gift which they will eagerly accept—government by a limited monarchy such as England possesses. That is part of my scheme—an inevitable part. It is founded upon a deep study of Russian psychology. They demand some form of absolute but not unlicensed autocracy. They will have it. The world at large only smiled and looked upon it as a comic opera when Alexander the Grand Duke was proclaimed Czar of Russia in Paris some two years ago. I arranged that. It was a simple affair then but, although he does not know it, within twelve months Alexander's coronation will be repeated in Moscow. My great mistake has been not to have taken him, or the only woman whom the Russians would accept as their czarina, into my confidence."

"Does Alexander know anything of this?" Catherine asked.

"Nothing," Mr. Cheng replied. "It was not wise to tell him. He has been removed from all fear of poverty, though, and he believes that the income which is paid to him comes from estates which have never been confiscated. He is living a life of dignity, but in partial seclusion."

"And the woman?" Mark Humberstone demanded.

"There is only one amongst the noble families of Russia which never, in the old days of tyranny, earned the curses of even a single peasant. They were always beloved. The memory of them is venerated today by thousands who were once their serfs and then their dependants. That is the family of Oronoff of which Catherine Oronoff is the head."

"So?" Mark muttered.

"It was because of my plans," Cheng concluded "that I sought out Catherine Oronoff in Paris and through my agents offered her an ample salary and protection here. I deeply regret what has happened, Mark, because you are the last person in the world upon whom I would willingly inflict pain or disappointment, but our great plan for the rebuilding of the world has started and gains momentum every hour. It must go on, like a juggernaut. There are human beings who must suffer. There are many who will lose their lives before the new world runs smoothly."

Catherine shook her head.

"It is magnificent," she admitted reluctantly, "but it can never be. I have suffered, as every one of my race has suffered, so that I wonder sometimes that I have survived. Now I have found Mark, and I have found my new life."

There was a glow on Mark's face as he drew her closer to him.

"You hear that, Cheng?" he cried with *a thrill of triumph in his tone. "I don't* need to tell you how I am feeling about it. It would take a stronger power than has ever yet been born into the world to separate us. You have heard Catherine's decision from her own lips. Carry on your scheme, if you like. The scheme is all right—but Alexander will have to find another woman to rule with him."

"I do not ask you, just as I have not asked the princess, to make any sacrifice or to come to any decision," Cheng reminded him gravely. "The fate which governs us all will take that into her keeping."

"Fate has already decided," was the emphatic rejoinder. "At half past two this afternoon, Catherine will become Mrs. Mark Humberstone. You can go somewhere else to find your czarina."

"It is unfortunate that you should have made any such plans, Mark," Cheng regretted, "but this marriage is an impossibility."

"Have you appointed yourself my guardian or Catherine's?" Mark demanded with a calmness which surprised himself.

"I am not your guardian," was the suave reply. "I never pretended to be. There is without doubt much affection between you and Catherine Oronoff. That very affection should make you pause. What have you to offer, Mark, to compare with the happiness which Catherine Oronoff will feel when she rules over the great kingdom of her subjects, when she knows that she is beloved by all of them for bringing back happiness and prosperity to her country? What life have you to offer compared with that?"

"She happens to be my woman," Mark answered firmly, "and I am not going to lose her."

CATHERINE was still clinging to him but it was plain that she, too, was suffering. She would have interposed but Cheng raised his hand.

"But, Mark," he persisted, "do you not understand? I know these Russians. A *czar alone would never strike the right* note. There is no other family so beloved throughout the whole of Russia as the Oronoffs. Catherine is the one possible savior of her country. Russia from next year onward will be climbing step by step. Soon she will be holding out her arms to those miserable exiles whom you find in every city in Europe. She will gather back all her children. Catherine will have brought happiness to millions. You think nothing of this? It is a small thing?"

"It is all a picture of what may happen," Mark answered. "It savors too much of fantasy. You waste your breath, Cheng. You come of a race which doesn't see life as we see it. The woman we care for, to us, means everything. For me Catherine is the only woman, and I am not giving her up."

He felt her fingers digging into his

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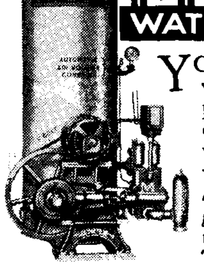

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arm. He looked down and saw that she was trembling. She met the question in his eyes bravely.

"I am not asking you for myself, Catherine," he begged, "but tell Cheng that he is wasting his breath."

"I think he knows it," Catherine said, looking courageously across at the grave, motionless figure. "I shall keep my word to Mark because I love him and I could love no one else. What you say," she went on, "sounds wonderful, but you must find another bride for Alexander."

"I am answered," was the almost inaudible reply.

AGAIN for a moment there was that look of almost childish incredulity in Cheng's face. It was as though he failed to understand the sense of the words to which he had been listening. His silence possessed strange qualities. It was as though he were waiting for something to happen. Mark passed his hand through Catherine's arm.

"We will say *au revoir*, Cheng," he concluded. "Think it over and if you change your mind—half past two at the American consulate."

"I will remember," Cheng promised.

"I think," Mark suggested, as Catherine and he, half an hour later, sat outside a café at the far end of the Promenade and sipped their cocktails, "that I shall drive you away somewhere into the hills—St. Paul, say—for lunch and then take you straight to the consulate."

She laughed at him.

"My dear," she exclaimed, "you do not really suppose that I am going to be married in my office frock?"

"You look sweet enough," he told her. "Somehow or other I don't fancy letting you go into that bureau again."

She shook her head.

"You need not mind that," she assured him. "Nothing will happen to me, I promise you. And then Nadia, my maid, is there—my old nurse, really. She would never forgive me if I went off without a word."

"You don't mean to tell me that you have a wedding dress waiting for you?"

"Well, I have a frock I have never worn," she acknowledged, "and a new and quite delightful fur. I hope you will think I look nice. I am certainly not going to be married like this—unless you insist."

"I suppose," he yielded, "that this is the one day in your life on which you must have your own way!"

"Then I also demand another cocktail," she laughed.

He summoned a waiter and gave the order.

"My compliments to your barman, Henri. He has the touch—or perhaps anything would taste good today. What a morning!"

"Marvelous," Catherine assented.

Before them the Baie des Anges stretched, a glittering expanse of deep blue with tiny little specks of white in the far distance. A pleasant breeze was blowing. The passers-by seemed to Mark curiously human and pleasant. They brought with them an atmosphere of everyday life, of contented and cheerful minds. The tragic interlude at the bureau was forgotten—by Catherine as well as Mark. It seemed to have slipped out of their lives. They were enfolded in the gorgeous present. Yet the minutes sped away. Their glasses were empty; the stream of passers-by grew thinner as the hour for *déjeuner* arrived. Catherine rose lightly to her feet.

"And now?"

"I am going back with you," he said, as he paid his bill with an amazing tip, and afterward handed her into the car. "I shall be within a few yards watching your door like a dog."

She laughed—as gaily as though no cloud even for a moment had hovered over this perfect morning.

"You need not worry," she assured him. "Mr. Cheng has gone to pay his farewell visit of ceremony upon the mayor. I believe he is to lunch there. You know how careful he is on all those matters of etiquette. He would face assassination sooner than not pay a formal call where it was expected."

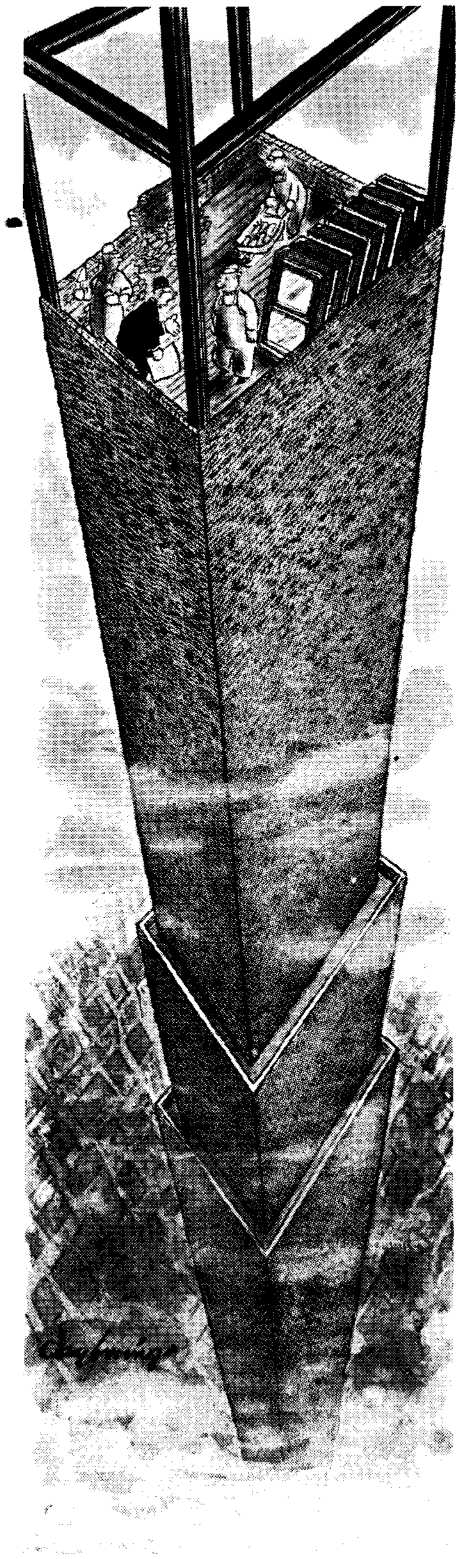
"Then I shall take the risk of making myself a little more like a bridegroom," Mark decided.

"EVERYTHING goes according to plan," Mark announced joyfully as he filled Catherine's glass with the white wine of the country and watched the arrival of the chicken. "We have an hour for lunch, half an hour to dawdle and half an hour to get to the consulate."

"Wonderful," she murmured. "I always said that you were a born administrator, Mark. You should turn your chair a few inches and look down in the valley. There is a meadow there where the jonquils are growing wild just like the cowslips in England."

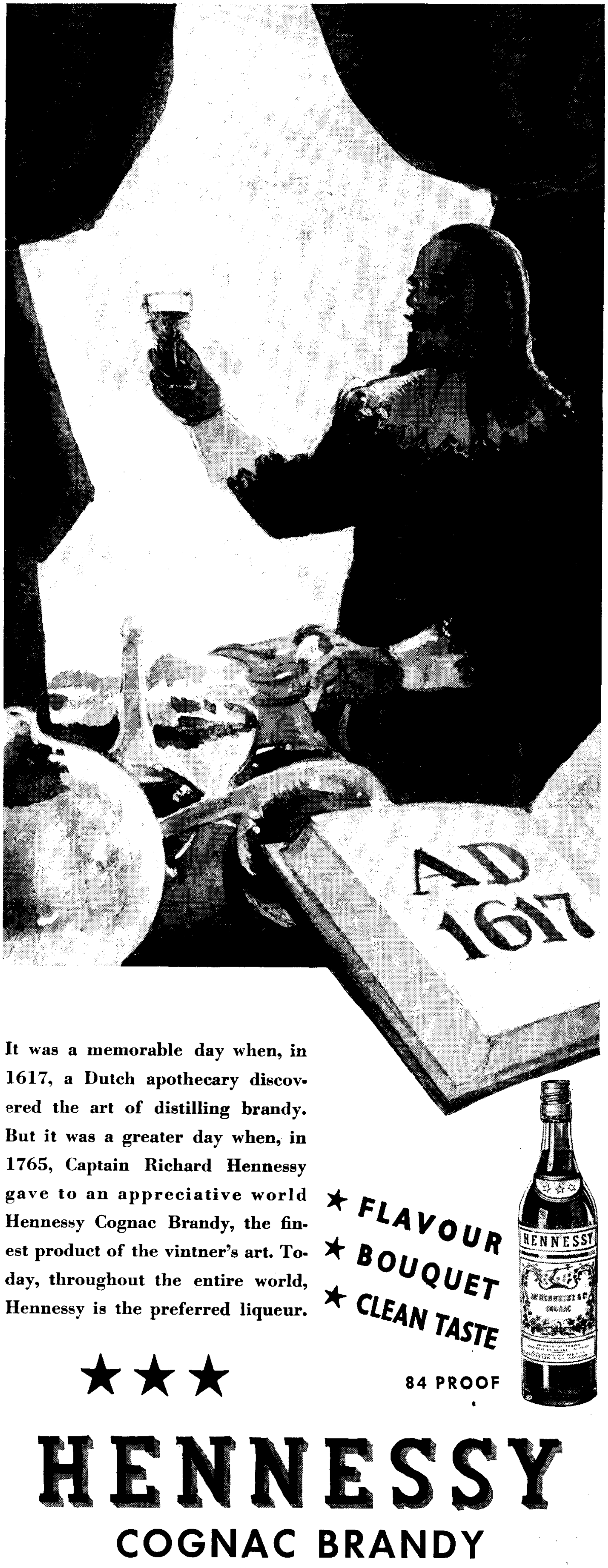
"I can see everything I want to see in the world without turning my head," he told her. "Of course, I am getting balmy,

(Continued on page 68)



JAY IRVING

"Well, what *did* you think they were?"



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STOP
THERE'S A
GOODYEAR
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NOW!

(Continued from page 67)

am I not? But then it is just one day out of a lifetime—"

"And I never dreamed that it would come," she whispered.

"It wouldn't if I had left you with Cheng much longer. You're not sorry, Catherine?"

"Should I be here if I were?" she asked, smiling across at him, just the one sort of smile he was aching to see upon her lips at that particular moment.

"We will do plenty for your country," he assured her eagerly, "as soon as things are really settling down. You shall buy back any one of your country places that you like and we will re-establish the people on the land. You will be able to do almost as much for Russia as though you were its czarina."

"Are you really so frightfully rich, Mark?"

"Hatefully. It is not I who am responsible. It is the lawyers who patented every little thing my father invented, and then, of course, the Humberstone television—although we have not given the whole of that away—has been a huge success. The money comes rolling in and there is scarcely anyone to share it."

"WHAT on earth shall we do about it all?" she laughed. "Why, I had to make my own frocks and hats until Mr. Cheng came along and engaged me for the bureau. I often wondered," she went on, "why he was so firm about my coming. Now I know."

"I am sorry for old Cheng," Mark declared. "Serves him right for having been so secretive. That was the Grand Duke who spoke to you at Monte Carlo, wasn't it?"

"Of course it was. He is my cousin. I have known him, although we have not met so very often, all my life. I was present at Versailles two years ago when he was crowned czar. It seemed to me a very empty ceremony then."

"What is he like?"

"Well, he is fifteen years older than I am," Catherine replied, "and I am afraid that when things were so terribly hopeless and there seemed to be no position he could hold in life he was a little careless. He drank too much and spent too much of his time in this part of the country. I believe that he is quite capable of changing all that, though. As soon as Mr. Cheng thinks that the time has come to give him a hint he will be a different man."

"Cheng is quite the most extraordinary personage I have ever known," Mark reflected. "I don't feel really intimate with him now, although while we were in college we practically lived together. You are not afraid of him, are you, Catherine?"

"I would not dare to say that I was not—just a little," she confessed. "Remember, I have seen a great deal of his life and watched his methods. I have seen him overcome so many difficulties. I was never so surprised in my life as when he brought Hou Hsi down from that château in the mountains, with her retinue of ladies in waiting and priests."

"He is queer about women," Mark observed. "It is not that I have ever heard him speak disrespectfully of them but a woman never seems to mean to him anything except the most insignificant pawn upon the board. He married Hou Hsi because she was the direct descendant of the great empress whom all China revered, and with her as his wife he could obtain a quicker hold upon the people. He evidently sought you out because you were an Oronoff, the most beloved family in Russia, as he told us himself, and therefore all the more likely to draw the people back to their old sympathies. Apart from you two I have never heard the name of a woman pass his lips, or ever seen him look at one as though she were a human being."

"Whatever happens to us in the future," Catherine meditated, "we are three strange people, Mark. I, since I left school, have had only one thought—Russia. My life has been given to working for poor exiles, trying to help as many as I could and dreaming that some day Russia might once more become a great country. And you—your whole life has been spent in trying to be faithful to your father's legacy. I heard your name years before I ever dreamed of seeing you. It was you who in some mysterious way were to abolish armaments and bring peace into the world. And there is Prince Cheng who, since the days when he left China as a boy and came to the West, has done nothing but build up his great scheme of bringing China back to her place among the nations of the world. It was your father who made his dream possible. I like to think the story is true that from your laboratories at Beaumont Park you sent a message of warning to the Mikado that if he touched any American possession his fleet would perish."

"It is true," Mark acknowledged. "My father was great enough to realize that he could never convince the world without giving them definite proof, but it would have broken his heart had he been alive when the disaster happened. He hated human suffering. They all say that he was never the same man after he realized that he held entirely in his own hands the control over the lives or deaths of millions."

She shivered as she pushed away her coffee cup, rose from the table and took his arm.

"Finished for the day, Mark," she cried. "No more horrors. Here we have found our way into the very garden of life and everything is wonderful."

They walked slowly along the ramparts and back again. They spoke no more of those things which lay beyond their vision. All the throbbing drama of a world in suspense was swept away into the background. She leaned upon his arm and they talked in odd snatches. They breathed in content. They gave themselves up to happiness. Mark had a sudden idea, as they made their way reluctantly back onto the terrace.

"Catherine," he whispered, leaning down. "Why not here—afterwards? We have our dressing cases with us."

He waved his hand toward the hotel.

"People do stay here," he went on. "Many artists I know have lived here for a time."

"I think it would be the most wonderful thing that ever happened," she replied.

THEY found madame. Monsieur, too, joined the trio. They all trooped upstairs. There was one little suite—two simple, plainly furnished rooms, spotlessly clean, with beds which madame could assure the world were as good as any in France—a view unsurpassable, air the finest to be had, unless one mounted to the hills where it was still cold. The bathroom between them was a little crude but there was plenty of water. The rooms were promised next week to a great English artist. Till then they were free. The whole affair was arranged in a few minutes.

When they left, the dark-visaged chambermaid was setting out Catherine's toilet things upon the table of the room which she had chosen, and Mark's dressing case and small trunk, which had been fetched in from the car, had been opened out in the adjoining apartment. Madame was busy filling bowls with flowers, dragging out sheets and towels from her lavender chest. Monsieur had made his way down to the cellar where there remained still a few bottles of a famous vintage, and Mark and Catherine, alone together in Mark's coupé, were flying down the zigzag lanes toward the broad main road which led to Nice.

THE consulate in the Boulevard Victor Hugo was looking very gay indeed that afternoon. Both its flags were floating gently in the breeze and two enormous bowls of flowers graced the small landing table. Mr. Haverley, a little flurried and distinctly nervous, was wearing the black-tailed coat of ceremony and had a flower in his buttonhole. A very beautiful nosegay of white roses tied up with white ribbon was in a vase upon his desk. The two clerks who were to act as witnesses each wore a buttonhole. The only dour face in the room was the face of the Russian maid, Nadia, who sat on a hard chair in a corner waiting.

"A long time," Mr. Haverley remarked to his head clerk, "since we had anything of this sort. Nearly six months, I see," he went on, turning over the pages of a thick volume which stood upon the desk. "Very simple, though. Quite different from what it used to be. All over in a few minutes. You see where you sign, both of you?"

The clerk nodded. His companion hurried to the door and threw it open. Catherine, in a very becoming gray frock, entered the room, a most entrancing vision. Mark, with his hand upon her arm, led her to the desk behind which Mr. Haverley was standing.

"Punctual to the minute, my dear young people," the latter said, welcoming them. "I am very happy to see you both. I have two of my clerks here for witnesses in case you find any difficulty, Mark."

The young man smiled.

"That's very good of you, sir," he acknowledged. "As a matter of fact, except for the ring, I had forgotten all about these trivial details."

"I must warn you," Mr. Haverley went on, "that this is a very prosaic business. Nothing in the nature of a ceremony or anything of that sort. I shall just read a line or two from this book, ask you two simple questions and the whole thing is pretty well over. No need to rush it, you know. If either of you are nervous, for instance, we can gossip for a few minutes."

Catherine raised her eyes and he saw that what he had taken for a sudden fit of shyness was the one emotion which is unmistakable. It was absolute and blissful happiness which shone out of her eyes.

"I do not think that I am nervous," she said. "There is no need to wait for me."

"Or me," Mark echoed, producing the ring from his waistcoat pocket.

"Very well, then," the consul began, reopening the volume which lay upon the desk before him. "I shall read to you—"

He broke off and looked towards the slowly opening door with a frown upon his forehead. One of the waiting clerks leaped up and moved across the room. The man who had entered was tall and exceedingly thin. His fine features were wasted as though with illness. He wore a long gray beard. His clothes had seen better days. He had rather the air of a person who was walking in a dream. When the clerk addressed him brusquely he made no sign of having heard. Mr. Haverley leaned forward with an angry exclamation framed upon his lips. It was never uttered. He remained dumb—staring at the newcomer.

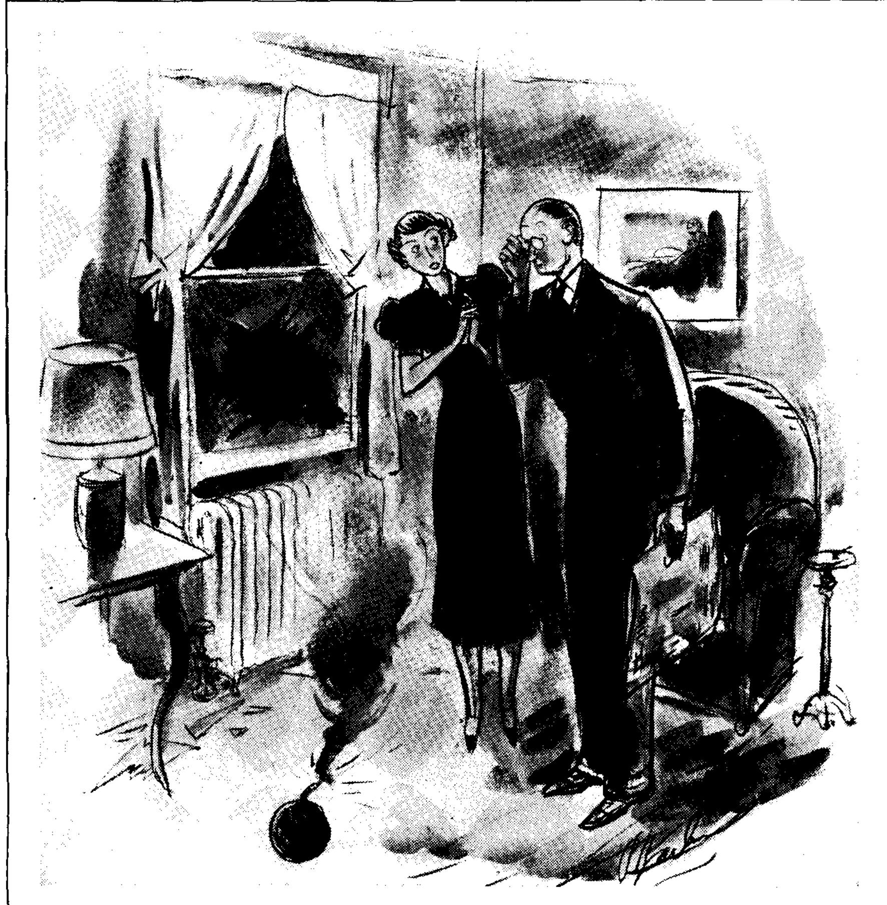
MARK followed suit, but the intrusion meant nothing to him. The man was a stranger. Then he looked across the room and saw a queer thing. Nadia, the Russian maid, was on her knees. Catherine at last caught the sense of something unusual. She, too, turned round. A little cry broke from her lips. Before Mark realized what she was about to do she was on her knees with her hands clasped and her head downcast. The newcomer raised his hand and there was something in the droop of his long wasted fingers entirely ecclesiastical. Mr. Haverley was puzzled.

"You wish to attend—er—the ceremony, sir?" he asked.

The other shook his head.

"There must be no ceremony," he said.

(To be continued next week)



"Have you any enemies, dear?"

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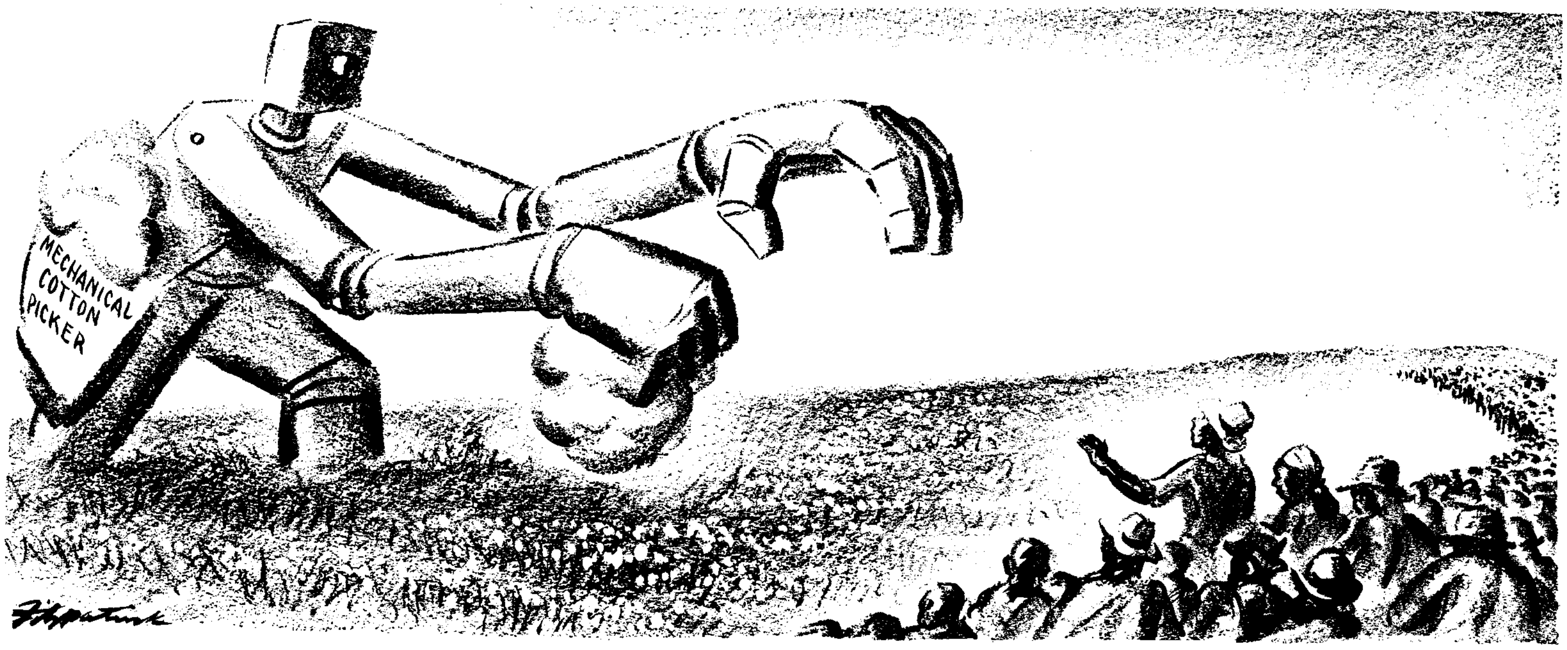

Machines Won't Wait

AN EXPERIMENTAL machine recently tested on a cotton farm in Stoneville, Mississippi, did the work of eighty-two men in one eight-hour day.

The huge machine, invented by the brothers John D. and Mack Rust, of Memphis, Tennessee, is still in the experimental stage. Experts from the Department of Agriculture and other organizations refrained from pronouncing it perfect. Hand pickers seem still to do better though slower work.

The menace of a successful cotton-picking machine to the jobs of myriads of workers in the cotton fields is so obvious that even the inventors of this new machine are alarmed. If one machine attended by a few men can do the work of eighty laborers, all experience tells us that the machine will be used.

Not even the Rust brothers, the inventors, could prevent the utilization of such a labor-saving machine. Other men are undoubtedly working on other ideas for cotton-picking machines. Many of the most important industrial inventions have been separately contrived by more than one inventor. Once a problem exists, many minds are attracted and almost simultaneously original ideas are patented.

Since 1850 two thousand applications for patents on cotton pickers have been filed at Washington. Actually, fourteen hundred patents have been granted. The dream of making an efficient cotton picker is not new. If the Rust brothers have not succeeded, it is a safe guess that someone else will. At best the social problem of introducing efficient machines into the harvesting of cotton can only be deferred.

As it happened, while John Rust was demonstrating the cotton picker in Mississippi, his brother, Mack Rust, was showing another model in Russia. World competition will be added to other forces compelling the adoption of cheaper and more efficient methods of cotton picking.

The technocrats, who raised such a hullabaloo, preached the idea that machines are responsible for unemployment. In any long view of conditions this is not true. Generally speaking, mechanical industry has continued to provide an increasing proportion of jobs held by Americans.

Since 1879, for example, eighteen new manufacturing industries have arisen. In 1929 these new industries employed more than a million workers, one out of every eight at work in American factories. The electrical industry with its 328,722 workers is new. The automobile industry with its more than half a million workers is new. Rubber, gasoline, typewriters, fountain pens, gasoline, aluminum, aircraft, radios, phonographs, motion pictures, asbestos, to mention only the obvious, were all developed within the lifetime of a man not yet ripe enough to qualify for an old-age pension.

It is perfectly plain to any consideration not wholly prejudiced or superficial that new inventions have created more jobs by far than they have destroyed. More than that, new inventions have made possible the vast increase in national income.

Estimates of national income go back only to 1899. That year as a nation we produced about fifteen and a half billions. The output for every gainful worker, including the unemployed, was only $547. Thirty years later, in 1929, the national income was eighty-three billions. The output for every worker was $1,719. No similar increase in productivity had ever before been recorded. Industrial invention was responsible.

Hitherto, however, the great nations have accepted the vast gains of organized industry without giving much consideration to those who were turned out of familiar jobs by the new inventions. The Southern Negroes and whites employed in cotton picking are a peculiarly helpless group. They are skilled in cotton farming and in little else.

Cotton picking at best is tedious and ill-paid labor. Few who can choose prefer cotton picking to other kinds of employment. A successful mechanical picker would, in the long run, emancipate the great army of cotton pickers from the drudgery of their present employment. Few would pick cotton by hand if machines were available.

Labor-saving machines, beyond all denial, do free men and women from drudgery. Those immediately freed still want to eat and sleep and somehow to acquire the revenues for self-support. Past records show that those displaced by some revolutionary invention experience delay and difficulty in finding new jobs. After a time other work is generally found but too much suffering is meanwhile involved.

The mechanical cotton picker on the eve of practical success is, furthermore, merely another of the new labor-saving machines. Recent lean years of production seem to have stimulated invention. Machinery has been improved in many factories and the output for every man has increased.

Studies made by the National Industrial Conference Board indicate that the actual increased production has been greatly exaggerated by loose alarmists. Still the increase is real. During the thirty years from 1899 to 1929 the output per man has doubled in American factories. Working hours decreased about fifteen per cent and the proportion of the national income paid wage and salaried workers grew.

In after years those displaced by the cotton picker and similar inventions may look back upon the machine as their emancipator from meagerly paid drudgery. Meantime, there is the immediate future to be considered practically.

The cotton-growing states and the federal government will do well to waste little time in putting their brightest minds to work on this problem. It will be here soon enough. Hundreds of thousands of men and women deprived of their regular means of support by a new machine can't be ignored. The human problem of readjustment had best be worked out while the engineers put the finishing touches on the machine.

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